

# BRITANNIA<sup>and</sup> EVE

FEBRUARY  
1933

1½

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# BRITANNIA and EVE

Vol. 6, No. 2. FEBRUARY, 1933

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by Mackinlay

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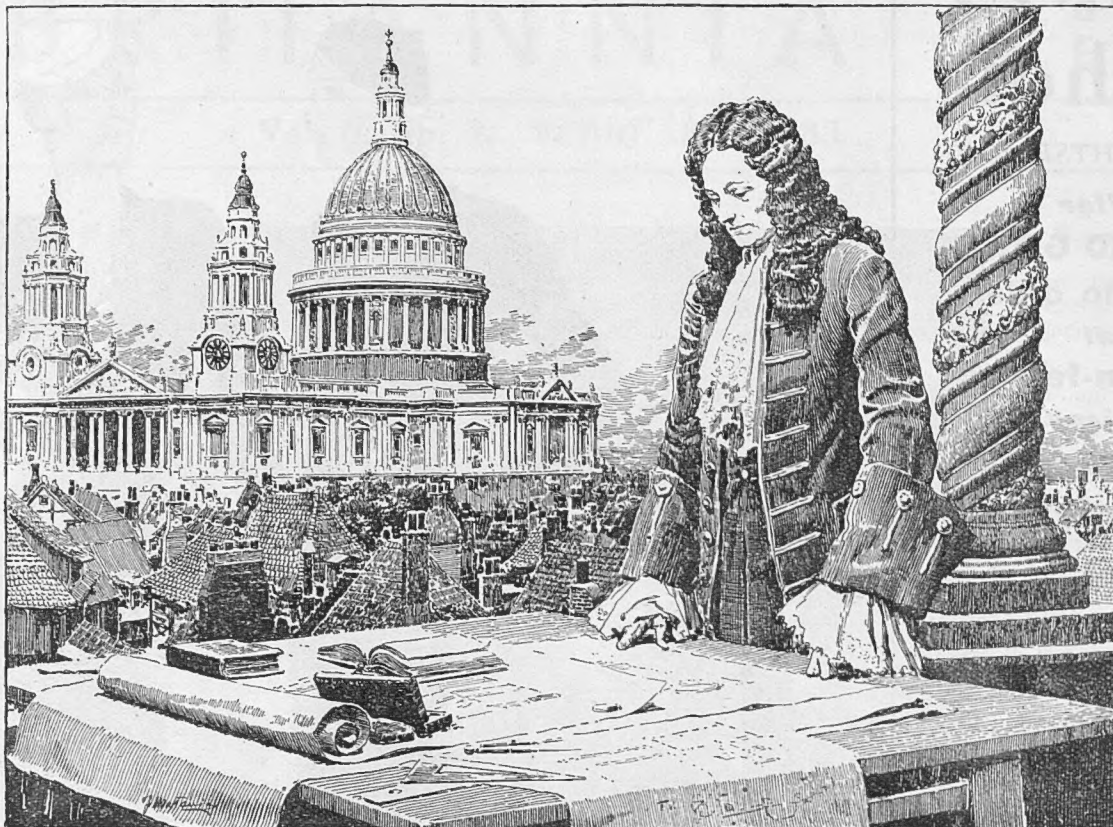
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Exceptionally smart—a Redingote with new dropped revers, dashing gauntlet cuffs, and an inner vestee of vividly striped silk. The skirt is cut with a deep wrap-over buttoned pleat and a shaped side-pocket. In a range of new lightweight spring woollens—navy, black, and many attractive shades.

**9½ gns.**





*Specialty drawn by Fortunio Malania, R.I.*

# Great Builders of History

## *Sir Christopher Wren*

AMONG the Great Builders of the World none deserves a more honoured place than Sir Christopher Wren, the tercentenary of whose birth has recently been celebrated. During a long life of continued activity he designed and built St. Paul's Cathedral, fifty City churches, and countless other edifices in all parts of the country.

The great builders of the world are not all concerned with marble, stone or steel. The builders of health have done work of great value to mankind. And in the realms of health "Ovaltine" has rendered helpful service.

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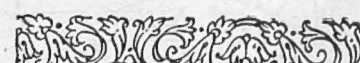
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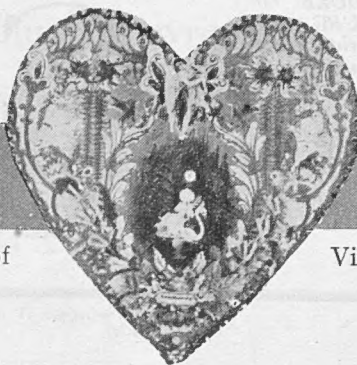


# B R I T A N N I A and E V E

## Calendar for February



1833



A Trio of

1933

Victorian Valentines



### 1st, WEDNESDAY.

Sixteen years ago to-day (1917) Germany began "Unrestricted Naval Warfare." On the same day the battle around La Bassée started.  
George Cruikshank, cartoonist and illustrator, died, 1878, eight years after Dickens.

### 2nd, THURSDAY.—*Scottish Quarter Day. Candlemas, the ceremony of the Blessing of the Candles, commemorating the Purification of the Virgin Mary.*

### 3rd, FRIDAY.

Two years ago to-day (1931) New Zealand was rocked with a devastating earthquake. There were 160 dead.  
Sixty-two years ago (1871) there died T. W. Robertson, whose play "Caste" set the standard for Victorian dramatists.

### 4th, SATURDAY.

*Sun rises 7.36. Sun sets 4.52. Lighting up time 5.22.*  
The ancient Ashanti city of Kumasi razed by the British punitive force in 1874.

### 5th, SUNDAY.—*Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.*

5th, Sun.—THOMAS CARLYLE, the century's most vigorous man of letters, died on this day in 1881.

### 6th, MONDAY.

John Henry Brodribb born, 1838. He lived to become SIR HENRY IRVING, the greatest actor of his generation.  
This is the day of St. Dorothy, the Virgin Martyr, who died in A.D. 304.

### 7th, TUESDAY.

The London, Chatham and Dover Railway opened eighty-nine years ago (1844). It was destined to be the butt of much criticism. It is now part of the eastern section of the Southern Railway.

### 8th, WEDNESDAY.—*Half-Quarter Day.*

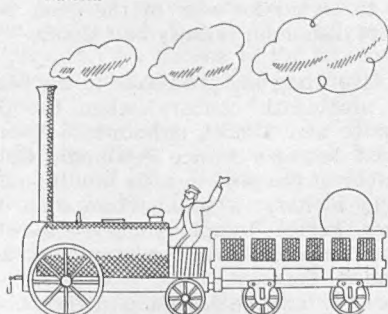
Fotheringhay Castle is haunted this night by the ghost of Mary Queen of Scots, who was judicially murdered within its walls 347 years ago.

### 9th, THURSDAY.

LORD CARSON, Irish patriot and one of the greatest masters of legal invective, born seventy-nine years ago to-day (1854).  
Evelyn Wood born in 1838. He entered the Royal Navy, served as a midshipman in the Crimean War, but lived to become a Field Marshal, and one of his country's best-loved soldiers.

### 10th, FRIDAY.

LORD LISTER died in 1912, having done more than any other man to make the world free from septicemia.  
The Serbians withdrew to Corfu in 1916 on this day, a battered but still fighting little nation.



### 11th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises 7.24. Sun sets 5.5. Lighting up time 5.35.*

THOMAS ALVA EDISON born eighty-six years ago to-day (1847). He was destined to pass through poverty to world fame and the certainty of a permanent place in history.  
The Welch Guards were formed on this day in 1915, and took their place in the Brigade of Guards.

### 12th, SUNDAY.—*Septuagesima.*

12th, Sun.—China, inspired by Dr. Sun Yat Sen, declared itself a Republic twenty-one years ago (1912).

### 13th, MONDAY.

Three events that recall memories: Spain experimented with a Republic sixty years ago, but soon returned to a Monarchy; Wagner died in Venice fifty years ago; and Lord Randolph Churchill, whose political brilliance fizzled out so tragically in the 'nineties, was born in 1849.

### 14th, TUESDAY.

An obscure Italian saint gives his name to this day, *St. Valentine*. But modern lovers scorn the quaint Victorian habit of sending decorated cards to the one they love most.



### 15th, WEDNESDAY.

Five years ago to-day the EARL OF OXFORD died (1928).  
Exactly one hundred years ago to-day a Quaker (Joseph Pease) was admitted to Parliament.  
The U.S.S. "Maine" blown up in Havana Harbour, and the Spanish-American War ensued (1898).

### 16th, THURSDAY.

A war-weary world, loaded down with the further responsibilities of peace, became thrilled at the news of the opening of Tutankhamen's tomb; and for many a day afterwards "Tut" became a word in common usage (1923).

### 17th, FRIDAY.

Ninety years ago to-day (1843) Sir Charles Napier marched on Miani, a Sind village, with an army of 2,800 men, and completely routed the hosts of the Mirs of Sind. The result of the victory was the annexation of Sind.  
On this day in 1917 the Battle of Ancre was begun.

### 18th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises 7.11. Sun sets 5.18. Lighting up time 5.48.*

The three hundred and eighty-seventh anniversary of the great reformer Martin Luther. The Cameroons were finally captured from the Germans seventeen years ago.

### 19th, SUNDAY.—*Sexagesima.*

19th, Sun.—Ninety years ago to-day (1843) there was born in Madrid to two musicians called PATII a daughter, to be christened Adelina. She was destined to become world famous as a singer. She died the wife of her third husband, Baron Cederström, a Swede.

### 20th, MONDAY.

The Dardanelles bombarded for the first time (1915).  
Joseph Hume died on this day in 1855, after a political career which had saved his country hundreds of thousands of pounds.  
In 1932 Kingsford-Smith landed at Port Darwin with air mail from Britain after a flight of twelve days.  
First regular air mail service to Cape Town left Croydon (1932).

### 21st, TUESDAY.

The walls of Jericho fell, but not to the blast of a trumpet, on this day in 1918; and Allenby's troops marched in.  
Thirty years ago there passed away a great stage favourite of the nineteenth century, Miss Kate Vaughan.

### 22nd, WEDNESDAY.

The two hundred and first anniversary of the birth of George Washington.  
Corot, the great French artist, died in 1875.  
LORD BADEN-POWELL was born seventy-six years ago. The fame that he won as defender of Mafeking was nothing to the fame he later won as founder of the Boy Scout movement.

### 23rd, THURSDAY.

Who remembers Charles Shirley Brooks to-day? He was one of the men who established the great "Punch" tradition of British humour. He wielded a witty Victorian pen and died on this day in 1874.  
It is also the three hundred and first anniversary of the birth of Pepys the diarist.

### 24th, FRIDAY.—*St. Matthias Day. New Moon.*

On this day sixteen years ago General Maude captured Kut-el-Mara, which had been surrendered to the Turks by General Townsend, when he could hold out no longer, on April 29th, 1916.  
Sir Malcolm Campbell set up new land speed record of 253.968 m.p.h. (1932).  
25th, SATURDAY.—*Sun rises 6.57. Sun sets 5.29. Lighting up time 5.59.*  
The Germans evacuated their advanced Ancre positions on this day in 1917, and the British troops occupied the commanding position. Poland was incorporated with the Russian Empire a century ago.  
On this day 210 years ago Sir Christopher Wren died.

### 26th, SUNDAY.—*Quinquagesima. Shrove Sunday.*

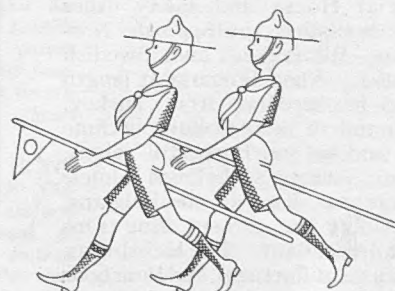
26th, Sun.—Eighty-one years ago (1852) the troopship "Birkenhead" went down on its voyage to India, the men standing to attention and awaiting the orders of their officers with stoic courage. Four hundred and thirty-six lives were lost.

### 27th, MONDAY.

ELLEN TERRY was born eighty-five years ago to-day (1848).  
In 1918 Germany had a taste of the terror which its own air raiders had struck into the hearts of English civilians, when several squadrons were sent across the Rhine on a successful bombing expedition.

### 28th, TUESDAY.—*Shrove Tuesday. Enjoy your pancakes this day, as to-morrow will be Lent.*

Eleven years ago PRINCESS MARY, the only daughter of the King and Queen, was married in London to Viscount Lascelles, afterwards Earl of Harewood.  
Two years ago on this day the first African air mail left Croydon.







**FRANCIS, DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG**, who founded the world connections of the Coburg dynasty. One of his sons, Ferdinand, married Princess Antonia Kohary; the other, Leopold, founded the Belgian royal dynasty, and was the grandfather of Princess Louise of Belgium

# The Curse of the Coburgs

*Adapted from the Hungarian of Gustav Rab*

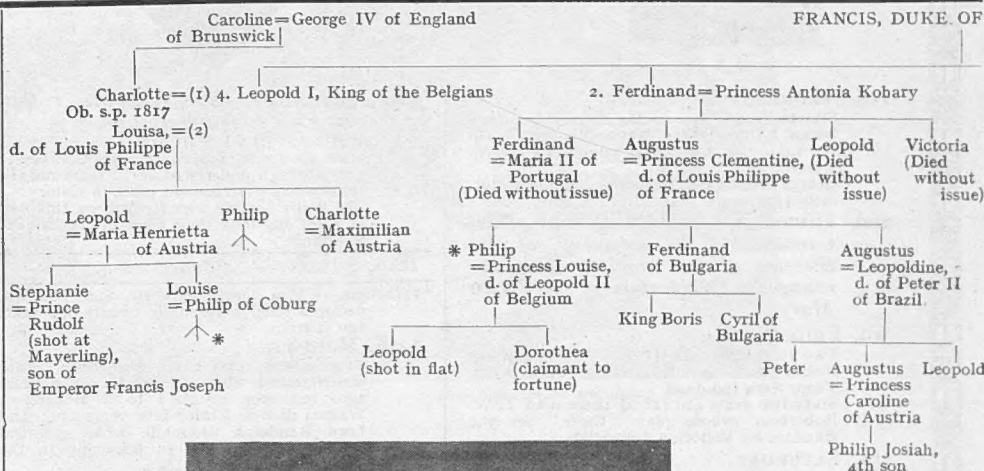


**PRINCESS LOUISE OF BELGIUM**, who married Prince Philip of Coburg in 1875, a most unhappy marriage, which was dissolved in 1906

FOR the last hundred years and more the members of the House of Coburg have been known as the "brothers- and sisters-in-law" of Crowned Europe. Certainly no other family has produced royal brides and bridegrooms with such profusion. The genealogical trees of European royal families bud and flower with Coburgs on almost every branch. What other distinguished families have achieved by arms or guile the Coburgs have accomplished by marriage. There is scarcely a crowned or uncrowned royalty in Europe which is not linked with the former rulers of the little German principality. The recent marriage of Princess Sybil of Coburg with Prince Gustav, the grandson of the King of Sweden, was but the coping stone of a matrimonial alliance of unparalleled proportions.

In Great Britain the marriage of Albert of Saxe-Coburg to Queen Victoria not only ensured a Coburg succession to the British throne, but through the marriages of the great Queen's large family introduced Coburg blood into the German Imperial House and many other lesser dynasties, the Spanish, Norwegian, Rumanian and Swedish included. When Bulgaria at length gained her freedom from Turkey, Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg became king, and his son Boris still reigns. Queen Victoria's beloved uncle Leopold was King of the Belgians, and Albert the present king is his direct descendant. The Habsburgs, Braganzas of Portugal, and Bourbons of France are other royalties entwined in the Coburg marriage net.

Fortune has certainly turned a



**PRINCE PHILIP OF COBURG**, who married Princess Louise of Belgium. He died in 1921

smiling countenance upon this race of princelings, but, as is so often the case when dealing with that wayward dame, it has been found that the smile has often been twisted into a grimace.

Inextricably interwoven with the story of the Coburg rise to greatness is the sinister tale of the Doomed Coburg Millions, a fortune over which a curse seems to have hung from one generation to another. There are perhaps many of the Coburg house who would be ready to sacrifice all the lustre and glory which the many marriages have added to

their name to be rid for ever of the curse with its long record of dishonour, misery and shame.

THE story of the curse goes back to the beginning of the nineteenth century, when the Coburgs were still poor and almost unknown. A marriage was arranged between Prince Ferdinand Coburg, a junior member of the now famous family, and Princess Antonia Kohary, a great Hungarian heiress, whose father, Prince Joseph Kohary, Chancellor of the Austrian Emperor, owned over 300,000 acres of the best land in Hungary.

From the very first the accession of the Coburgs to the vast Kohary fortune was beset by troubles. It was discovered that the estate was entailed in favour of the male line, and as the law stood Princess



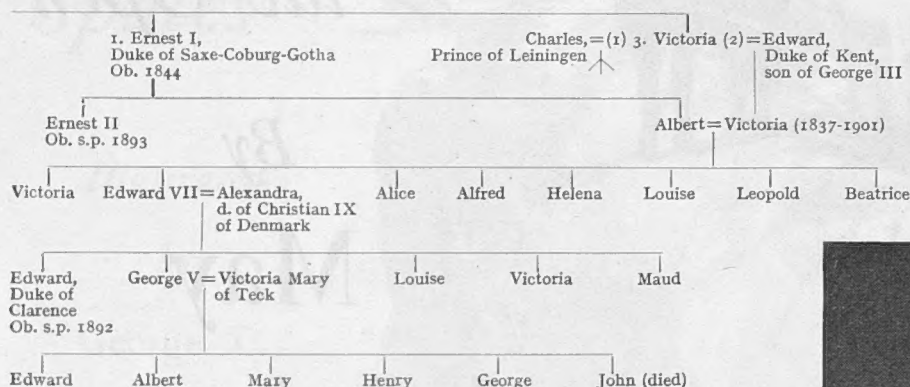
**PRINCESS DOROTHEA COBURG**, whose lawsuit with Prince Cyril of Bulgaria and Prince Philip Josiah of Coburg about her father's inheritance has kept the legal world of the Continent busy for the past ten years



# Linked to the Destinies of Europe by one Royal Marriage after another, cheated of a vast fortune—now dwindling after long litigation—the House of Coburg has written its story in tragedy and tears . . . Ever since a Monk's Curse fell on the Kohary Millions

## By Vibart Dixon

SAXE-COBURG. Ob. 1806



**PRINCESS GUSTAV-ADOLF OF SWEDEN**  
(née Princess Sybil of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha).  
This girl's marriage to the King of Sweden's grandson took place recently



Antonia, Prince Joseph's only child, being a woman, had no right to succeed.

Such an obstacle might have seemed insuperable to most people, but not to so astute a man as Chancellor Kohary and his ambitious son-in-law. The simple if somewhat drastic expedient was resorted to of persuading the Emperor to issue a "filiation" order, which meant that for all legal purposes Princess Antonia was henceforth a boy!

At first it seemed that this bold and unscrupulous move would go unchallenged, but, unknown to the conspirators, there lived, hidden away in a Benedictine monastery, a certain monk called Emericus Kohary, a distant relation, who could claim that he was in direct male descent from the founder of the family. True to the vows of his calling, whereby he had renounced all worldly possessions, the pious brother made no claim for himself, but was able to produce other members of his family who were indisputably of the same descent and indisputably male! It seems, however, that his motives were not quite so altruistic as might have been supposed. Years ago he had himself been jilted by his wealthy cousin Princess Antonia, and jealousy added a spur to his righteous indignation. Brother Emericus accompanied his protest with a threat that, should Prince Kohary persist in his purpose, "Then verily shall I pray to the Lord Almighty, to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation."

So far from being deterred by this menace, the "boy" Princess and her father induced the Bishop to inflict penance on Brother Emericus for the sin of cursing and swearing! Thus while Prince Ferdinand Coburg and his bride were celebrating their triumph with festivities which were the talk of the countryside for many a long day, their unfortunate relative was sitting in his penitential cell brooding over his



**CAMILLA RYBIKA**, alias Lottie Gregovic, the girl who aspired to become a Coburg princess. She shot her lover, Prince Leopold of Coburg, poured vitriol over his face, and then shot herself through the heart

**PRINCE LEOPOLD OF COBURG** in the uniform of a lieutenant of Hussars. A portrait taken about the time of his affair with Camilla Rybika

wrongs. These broodings were fraught with tragic consequences to the objects of his hatred.

At dead of night a few days later, Brother Emericus stole forth to the church of Garam-St. Benedict, where stood the tombstone of Count Stephen Kohary, the founder of the family. Upon the tomb he lit seven oil wicks, and according to the ritual detailed in the Manuale Exorcisorum called down a terrible curse upon the descendants in the third and fourth degree of those who (Continued on page 102)



# When You

## *A Powerful Atonement Wide Open*

By

May  
Edginton



**D**ON'T let me hear either of you children belittle your father; don't let me hear you sneer about your father, don't let me hear one word of it again. *Your father's a wonderful man,*" Katy called out. She had flashed this at them so often that the cry seemed mechanised. Yet if their ears had been more attuned by experience to anything except the sounds ordinary to them, the baying of not-so-far-off wolves in winter, the strange musical call of the loon in the spring, the roaring of rapids and rivers when the snow and ice melted, they might have caught a new note in their mother's voice.

But they were only sixteen, and could not remember so much as seeing this father.

"You'd better start, Boy," said Katy, not in the rough voice that the years had given her, but in a voice with a trill to it like the sweet trill of the birds that Boy would hear as he drove the team through the forest tracks to the lake. "Have you no sense of your responsibilities?" she said. Then his look hurt her, as he glanced over his shoulder, turning away. It reproached her.

"Mother," answered the look, "have I ever failed in my responsibilities, the heavy responsibilities that you and father loaded on me?"

No. He had never failed, not since she first felt his baby lips at her breast and he only had to touch her to bring ecstasy; not since when, as a little boy of ten, he had one day lustily taken her place, sent her lovingly back indoors, and driven the team—which knew the way—through the forests to the lake, and from the lake

paddled his canoe, to meet the Hudson Bay Company's steamer at Simpson, nearest point of call, and to collect therefrom the twice-yearly consignment of goods wherewith to replenish the store.

She wished to-day she might put her arms round his shoulders before he set out and whisper: "He's coming; he's coming. What I told you and Baby has been *right*. Father is coming back to us all. You'll see—father is—a—wonderful—man!"

She did not quite dare.

For in her faith there was fear of faith planted; cruel and deep.

Kindly baying of dogs, and the team passed the open door, harnessed to the big empty sled—set now for the summer on the improvised wheelbase—that would come back heavy-laden. The light birch-bark canoe was on top.

She ran out, waving to him. Rough great husky—only sixteen years old! Well, there was that coming which would transform his life, fulfil all the longings which on occasion he had fiercely confessed to her after talks with tourists on the steamers, talks at the hunting camps he found on the banks of Swan Lake before you got to the Mackenzie River, and where he always picked orchids for her; talks with the priest; after reading—in the long dark days of their northerly winter—the books which she still had; after she had taught him and Baby to read. Sometimes she was sorry she had taught them. Still, they would have suspected; learned by sheer feeling, intuitions: "There's a grand world away from all this, Mum. Why don't us—all right, why don't we—go? Baby and me—Boy and me—we *don't*

*believe that father'll ever come home."*

**S**HE stood outside her store in the lovely light of one of the first June days, seeing the team disappear. He would be gone two—three—days.

She stared out with eyes dazed with wonder, joy and triumph.

A multitude of tender green, songs of wren and kinglet somewhere near her, sky of purest blue, all the world awaking, awaking for Archer's return!

If she looked north she would see a far horizon beginning the tremendous plains; closer about her in this wooded valley summer came gently. The sheen of lakes, the glad sound of released waterfalls, smell of balsam, wild flowers re-arisen from their winter grave; these were all over the earth as far as you could see.

That long, terrible, desolate killer, winter in the North West Territories, had again passed on.

The air was so clear that she could see the curl of smoke rising from the mission house three miles away at the Hudson Bay trading post which had lately succeeded the now disused, broken sheds which had served as trading post when she first came here as a bride. Trappers still sheltered in these battered sheds sometimes. Otherwise her store now stood alone.

"Oughta move, Mum," the children had said. But what were three miles? And they didn't, couldn't, understand. "We will, maybe," she had replied. The priest, she thought, understood.

The priest had never seen the children's father. Hardly any one of the traders and trappers who came to the post had known or could recall him, she thought.



# come HOME...

## *Drama of Murder and in the Spaces*

*Illustrated  
by*

George D.  
Alexander

But when a week ago his Reverence had stopped his dog team at her door and delivered the letter from the bunch of mail for which he travelled monthly fifty miles to collect for anyone within fifty miles around him—perhaps a dozen people and perhaps not—he had looked like a man who knows. Weil, who would recognise the miracle of answered prayer, the miracles of the soul's and the body's passions, the miracle of happiness found again, more surely than a man of God?

"Mum."

It was Baby, standing beside her.

"You'll lie down, my Baby, down on that mattress in the sun. Any pain, my love? Tell Mum."

Thin child with hectic cheekbones, nearly killed by the brutal winter! She had a tuberculous hip from that sharp chill two years ago, growing worse and worse. Katy knew. The priest had diagnosed it and said: "The little girl should go out of this hard climate into a place where she can breathe the good air all the time. We should anyway get her to the town." "Oh, Father, she's never been away from me; never away from this place." "Don't put it off," he had said. "I won't put it off," she had answered, "but she will fret for me."

"You must go, too, then."

How explain "I can't. I can't . . ."? Now on her heart there lay the letter written two months ago, delivered to her a week ago, which would save them all.

If she could tell pretty Baby . . . But her faith was too haunted by the old fear.

was going to paint the fence; to dress the store; to dress the living room; to deck all the joyful place. She was unwearying, needing no sleep. It seemed impossible for darkness to fall on such a day. To-morrow or next day—you could not in such a country reckon to a matter of twelve or even twenty-four hours—Archer would be home.

SHE went on feet light as Swings—Baby having fallen asleep—to the tiny slip of a room curtained off the store itself, where she had slept lately; Baby must have the biggest room with all the air in it for herself. Baby would lie in bed all to-morrow with that degree of pain and Boy would be far away driving his team leisurely, resting and listening to the songs of birds—yes, he was a dreamer, that husky. He would fish a bit, and bring home trout and grayling, and *inconnu*. He loved the sport with the fine gamy fish. He would linger to pick orchids for his mother on the shores of Swan Lake.

"God send Archer home to-morrow—when we could be alone."

*THEY slipped down  
an arm of the great  
river, soon narrowing  
and narrowing till it  
was little but a creek*

Baby had paid. Oh, how frail she looked! Katy put Baby to bed.

Light sweet night of the short summer, sun setting late and rising early—Katy was glad of it. "I'm going out to paint the fence," she said to the young girl when she had settled her in bed. She





She loved her children fiercely; but never so fiercely as she loved her man. Every fibre of her thrilled to the prayer; every nerve quivered at the prospect.

"When we are alone," she kept thinking.

On her bridal day seventeen years ago she had not suffered and enjoyed such sweet agonies of expectation as she suffered and enjoyed now.

She thought divinely and foolishly: "How greet him? How meet him? How much will he remember? He will remember everything."

"I remember everything," she thought, "everything; everything!" His voice saying laughingly: "I have told you your eyes are blue, darling?" And, just so that she could hear: "Come here, my dear." And: "I've thought of you all day." And "Sweetheart." And: "You are the loveliest woman in the world."

Not the tiniest memory of him had faded or been lost. She had them all. She had thought of him all the time while she struggled with the life to which he had left her; while she fed out of her own taxed strength her two big babies; and while she bartered with the Eskimo and Indian trappers, who were almost her only customers; and while she resisted over and over again the approaches of the few woman-hungry white trappers and traders who came her way.

These had not troubled her lately; they had begun—she had seen it, and kept a sharpened butcher's knife in the table drawer—to look at Baby.

When, before Boy took the job over, Katy drove her team on the two days' hike, out and back, to meet the steamer, leaving the children to mind the store—and that had at first been a terror; she had had to teach them wisdom early—she had thought, as she trudged and ran through forest and across plain beside the loaded homeward sled, of her lover. Sleeping beside the dogs at Swan Lake, she had dreamed—rough woman as she had become—of girlhood beauty, bridal days, arms about her. "You are the loveliest woman in the world."

Out of her long-ago strict girlhood she salved sonorous mighty beliefs: "If ye have faith ye shall move mountains."

Faith. He would come back to her. All through the rough, narrow, stark, primitive life, she affirmed the resolution: "I will move mountains."

So quick to love he was; so wonderful. Callous, light, faithless, cruel; a liar. No! Never a liar! "I'm leaving you. Back some day." He told her the truth cruelly always when he had begun to tire. Oh! the other women! Oh! the robbers! Oh! the terrors! The heart-break! But he had never lied to save her

in preparation for the banquet she would cook. In the living-room she put wild flowers, in jam jars and fish tins. She cared for Baby maternally and tenderly, made her bed, fed her, settled her for one of those invalid days that grew more and more frequent. She made herself tea. She sold some tobacco to an Indian



*THEN, looking up, Katy saw framed sight. She saw another woman for*

pain. Therefore he was coming now, because he said he would.

SHE saw the dawn rise in glory over the new day, and ceased from her labours. The fence was painted; she had plucked a stringy chicken, sleeping, from the fowl run and chopped its head off, and hung it up in the lean-to scullery

called Red Desmond, who was on his urgent, frightened way north.

She was untired. Not for sixteen long years had her blood coursed so rich and warm, had her strength risen in her like this, vital and young. She sang; her throat could have sung forever. There was no death. Her heart would beat forever.

Now she took a looking-glass from the



store; it had come with the last consignment and, looking in it once, she had thrust it away again to the bottom of a pile of gaudy blankets. But she could not forget it and what she had seen in it. Now she hung it up above her bed and looked again. What will he see? What will he think when he comes in?

pulled his letter from her bosom: "My darling, have you still blue eyes for me? Here is your worthless husband at last! I heard of you and the children—my son and daughter; do I deserve them? No!—from a rough diamond trekking east. It was in Edmonton. Edmonton, remember? I did not tell him you were

quisites attached. The Lord moves in a mysterious way. I'm coming to see you all, to fetch you all. Katy, my sweet, we're going home. England. Blue-eyes shall dress in Paris . . ."

She dragged out her tin box of clothes. Here there were no fashions; mode went unchanged. She had not seen a new dress for seventeen years. The one she had worn for her wedding in Edmonton was the finest dress in the world. It was white muslin, and she put it on.

ARCHER took the general route by way of the Peace River to the Great Lake Athabaska, and thence down the Slave River to the Great Slave Lake, on whose shores he stopped to wait for the steamer that made the journey north twice in the short summer. It was there in the primitive hotel that the thing happened. He had lived extremely poor and extremely rough, if with the compensations accruing from his remaining good looks and devil-may-care nature. However, these compensations were few and far between, and, judged by any more exigent standards than those he had been able to allow himself, untempting. Of course you eat the coarse fruit if the delicate varieties are never at hand; still . . .

The woman was a peach. The hotel proprietor stared and sighed; the half-breed barman stared and sighed; the two travellers also waiting for the steamer stared and sighed; she knew it. When Archer stared and sighed she knew that too. She was the only woman in the hotel save an old and frowsy cook. Her hair was unnaturally blonde, but here in this place where Nature ramped abundant, artifice had its sharp allure. In her very sketchy baggage she must have carried beauty aids, for her finger nails were varnished scarlet. Her hands, by comparison with all other hands within a thousand miles, were white. She must have escaped the packhorse work common to women out there, for she was soft-looking. She wore a short-skirted suit of thin sand-coloured silk, and a wide sand-coloured hat; and incredible heels somewhat worn down. No one there ever heard or asked where she came from or why, but she had been there some weeks waiting for a steamer, and said she was going east and glad of it.

This woman did not go east. When the Hudson Bay Company's steamer started for the north she went in it with Archer.

Her name was Dora.

The softly nurtured and delightful women of his childhood and youth were merely memories to Archer now. There had been so much between. Dora revived memories of the delights of real cities, dress as he knew her to be. Yet he liked dress and always had. He liked women to be trivial, unworthy, enticing and parasitical. The sensation of really being able to afford a female parasite at last and so unexpectedly made his heart swell. She soon had it all out of him as the



*in the open doorway a very strange  
the first time in more than sixteen years*

She was all weathered by hard times, hard winds, hard usage. But to-day there looked back at her out of the brown skin, under the thin greyed hair, two eyes of radiance, burning.

"Have I ever told you you have blue eyes, darling?"

She sat down heavily on the bed with a little choke of lover's laughter and

mine. He spoke of you up near Swan Lake . . . still there . . . what faithfulness some women have! . . . had imagined you had quit and taken the babes off . . . gone back to your school-teaching and forgotten me. I will make you glad you haven't, lovely one. For the impossible has happened. Four family deaths have brought me property and a lot of per-





**T**HE sergeant gave a quick look about him, and moved to the door of the lean-to. "I never seen you in these parts before," he said, as he passed Archer

steamer progressed slowly up the great river. The days and nights seemed to blend imperceptibly in the almost perpetual daylight. She was not interested in the animals that came down to drink, moose and the woodland caribou, and more than once a grizzly wandering vaguely at the edge of forest belts that marched down to the water. Waterfowl and fish and the Indian encampments interested her not at all, though she said that she had never passed this way before. What absorbed her was the future of this man she had so amazingly

found at a weary stage of her life, and who, long apart from women of his own class—she was astute enough to weigh that, and what might happen when he moved among them again—was tempestuously enthralled by her charms; Archer Ladley—or rather, now, Lord Rosemount.

Four deaths; a big inheritance; she read the dry legal letters he showed her as if they were romance of the first water. And so they were! So they were! She would cling—cling—cling. She would not let him go! How could she

Dora; good woman. She threw it up and married me—a scallywag. We came up this way because I wanted to hunt and fish. She agreed. Lord! that woman would have lain down and died if I said so. Honeymoon . . . well . . . dollars ran out, of course. I'd no job. We drifted about, weather like this, by canoe—just ourselves. Lost the canoe one night when we camped. Trekking along—days and days, a hundred miles; more. She would follow a man like a dog, that woman. Came on an old fur-trading station—nothing but a

marry him? Where was he going?

To fetch his wife and children.

She talked to him softly and guilefully and enterprisingly: "Lawyers'll send for them for you. Can't you and I stay on this steamer? Go back on her? I love you so, I love you so."

It was a long time since so soft a woman had loved him just so; and he was mad about her. But she could not shake his resolution to go to Katy himself.

"Why, my love, why?"

"Curious kink of mine, sweetheart. I've never told her a lie. I said I'd come, and I'll come, in spite of what I have to tell her. I'll tell her, never fear! Well, I can provide for her now!"

"You'll tell her about you and me."

"I shall."

"And she'll divorce you. We'll be married." Archer was a hard nut, but readily crazy over women; and when she forced his promises, there in the moonlight in their cabin, lying in his arms, her lips on his, he promised. Dora kept him, so long thirsty, in a high state of intoxication. In her arms he told her most of it.

"She was a school teacher in Edmonton. Primest thing you ever saw. Oh, my dear! A good woman, though,



couple of shanties, and a store kept by an old Indian who was dying. We slipped into the storekeeping, and somehow got going in a miserable way. Miserable, I say! That woman was happy! And two babies soon as you like—twins—no midwifery, I need hardly say. No doctor. A priest and me. She was happy! I stuck it a year and a half. Then . . ."

"Honey. Darling."

"I don't suppose I really meant to quit for good at the time. I just lit out and then—oh! didn't go back. Of course I imagined she'd have quit too; and some fellow generally wants to look after a woman in this country. Never heard of her—can you believe it?—till I was reading those letters I showed you in Edmonton, and saying to myself—well, you can imagine what I was saying—when a fellow walks in who had been a fur trapper and began talking about the trading posts up here; and then he mentioned her. 'A goldarn fine woman with two kids keeping a store, waiting for her husband to come back.' And I didn't listen to the sweet things that fellow said about that husband. I was thinking: 'So Katy's Lady Rosemount.' Queer life. *Sixteen years since I've seen her.*"

"Listen, honey, darling, sweetheart." Kisses. "She's never been faithful to you sixteen years. Never! You'll be able . . ."

It was the first, last and only time he shook Dora off him violently, and she took the hint.

"Oh, yes," he said, livid for the moment, "she's been faithful. I wouldn't doubt it even if that trapper fellow hadn't said so as crudely as you like."

"Huh! What would he know?"

"He tried! What d'you think? Men up there in the frozen wilds, getting like the beasts they're after!"

The woman clung. Love was her trade, and she knew how to ply it. In the eastern cities she would have had less success; but here she was the only woman; soft and blond. She inveigled herself, not into Archer's heart—for that was an odd, cold, calloused sort of organ not easily permeated—but into all his senses, all his thoughts. She never let him be free from surmises, expectations, dreams, and then realisations, of her. She besotted him.

"Now you'll have to rough it, little one," he said to her fondly, when they landed from the steamer at the point of call about three hundred miles down-river, from which they would proceed by such means as he could find towards that home he had left sixteen years ago.

She would have adapted herself to any temporary conditions with such treasure in sight.

There was a rough cluster of buildings about the most elementary landing stage; cabins; the inevitable store; behind it and westward, forests and far mountain tops; northward, plains. The city-loving woman shuddered and was cold, for all the sunlight.

Archer had no extra clothing with him save a spare shirt, boots and socks, for he knew that the less encumbered the better; but he had certain baggage; money. The wad from which he stripped a few notes

made the storekeeper open his eyes. They got a canoe, with information as to where, when river travel ended at Swan Lake, they could, by use of some more notes and the storekeeper's name, get something to ride. They slipped down an arm of the great river, soon narrowing and narrowing till it was little but a creek, trees almost scraping the water, in the cool of evening.

"Was it safe to show that wad, dearest?" she asked.

He showed her the revolver at his hip, the knife in his belt, and a new look in his face. He was a cheat and a brute, and a mushily sentimental lover as brutes can be; but that was the look of the tough customer, raw and hard.

Katy had known and rejoiced in it years ago. It was a man's look!

The light o' love caught her breath and pondered.

Dora did not like the hard life, and wanted to get away with him into the bright lights and soft living of eastern cities; but she reckoned she must hold on. "Lady Rosemount." She reckoned it was a ding-dong battle between her and this wife of his, rough woman of the wilds as she must be.

When they got to the encampment of log huts and corrugated iron—it was no more—on Swan Lake, the storekeeper, after a profitable peeling of Archer's wad, produced a couple of burros which had come up here, these hundreds of miles over the Rockies, during the spring, in possession of some lone traveller who had gone on by canoe and disappeared. The burros were good for the warm weather, the storekeeper said, but would shiver themselves to death if Archer meant to keep them up here in the winter. "He don't mean to," Dora answered for him. On muleback, with provisions in the saddlebags, they pushed on; Dora, who was listless, if no horse-woman, riding astride easily in her short sand-coloured skirt that was now more than sorry for itself.

"These mules will

come in handy for moving my family," Archer said. As they travelled on, he was rather absorbed in this business of moving his family. She didn't like it. Grim thoughts came into her head, thoughts cunning and cruel as a cat's, stalking birds.

"We're not so far now. It wasn't more than a day by dog team to the lake," Archer would say now and then.

"You gotta won'erful memory."

Indeed, it was strange how it all came back to him. Tracks scarcely altered, scarcely more trodden than sixteen years ago; pines and balsam; the whisky-jack fluttering down boldly beside them when they stopped for food. Dora was really a city-cat like all bad women, but she managed to play wildwoman and to keep him very glad during that day and night between Swan Lake and the moment when he said to her: "Look down into the valley between the woods on your right, and you'll see a roof or two. I dare say you can't see 'em. I can. That's home."

But she saw all right: two miles away.

"Look left," he said—reining in, "that's roofs, too, isn't it?" The heat was putting the world under ripples and shimmers of hazy light. "That must be the old mission and the new trading post the fellow at Edmonton told me about."

As he spoke his sulky mule gave a heave and swelled out his carcass and burst the one rotten girth. Then the mule shook. In his surprise Archer and the saddle

slid off together. She made a shocked cry of sympathy, but she was watching him for other things than saddle accidents. When he jumped up, after a curse or two, he laid a hand on her knee. "Listen. I'll tie this girth together with my bootlace and go on and . . . tell her. Tell her . . . I've never been scared of telling her. You ride on to the trading post there, and wait—there isn't a store; Katy's got that, yonder. Walk right into the priest's place. With any luck for you," his laugh was more sardonic than she liked, "he'll be fifty miles away—parish visiting. Sit there and wait. I'll come to you."

She slipped out of her saddle against his breast. "You love me, big boy?" She had very little paint left on her face; the air had painted it, making it fuller and younger. Her golden hair hung against her cheeks.

The kiss with which he answered her was enough. He was crazy over her. The business on which he was going made him a little gruff, that was all. He mounted her again and she rode off. A dip in the ground and hard-

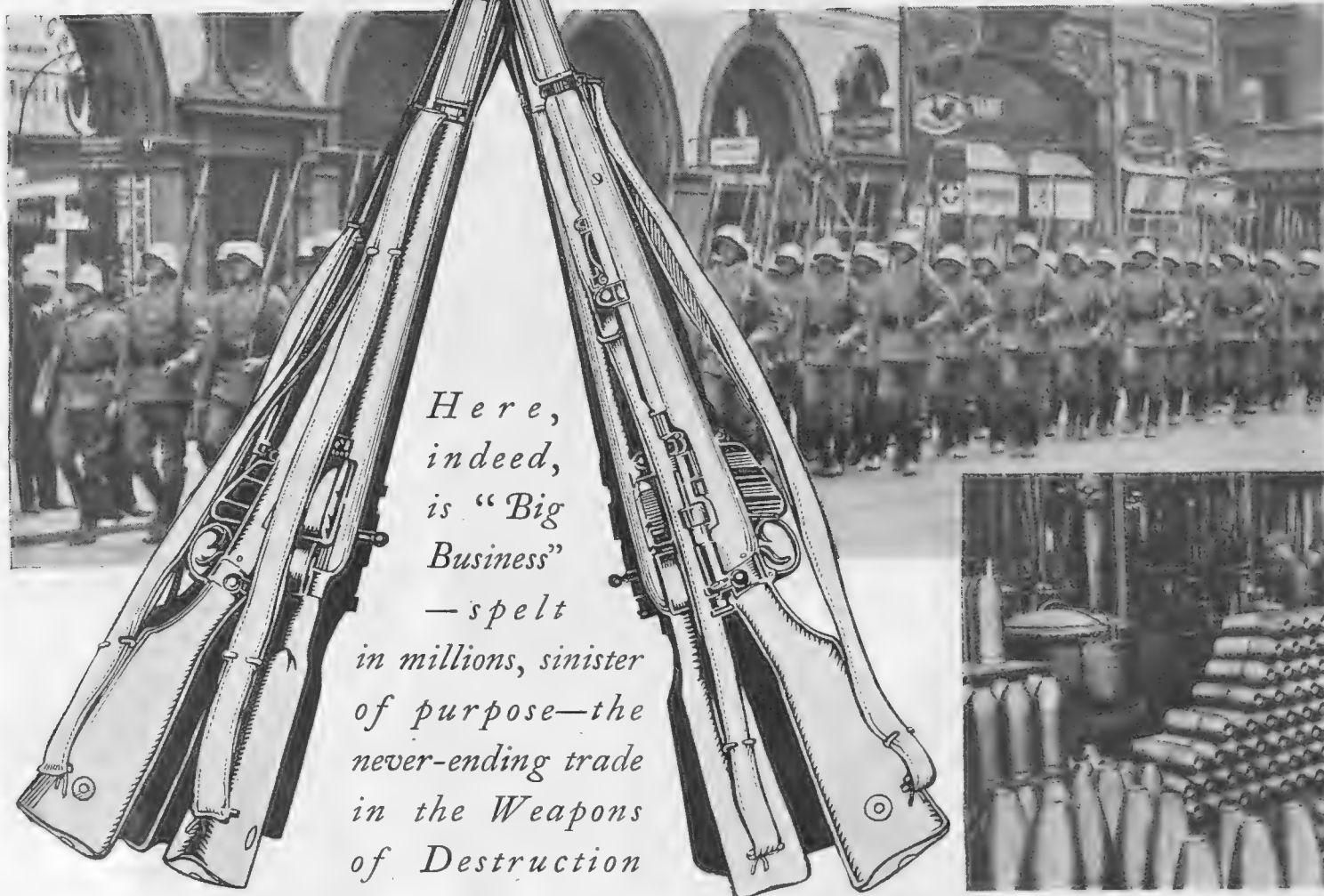
wood bush on the rise hid her from him suddenly. She opened a penknife that she carried in her coat pocket, dug it into her mule, and began to gallop over the mossy ground. The mule scurried along. She rode to the right. She meant to be before him with that

(Continued on page 110)





# ARMS *for*



**D**OWN in Monte Carlo a very old man, with strangely youthful and penetrating eyes close-set in a face to which a neat white imperial adds length and distinction, must have noted with a faint distaste the December announcement of the Persian Legation at Washington that Captain Saga Chey-Pani, an emissary of the Imperial Persian Government, is in the United States to buy machine-guns and other war material from Uncle Sam's great armament factories: Business going to a rival firm? What are the boys on the sales side doing?

Fifteen years after the Great War, guns and shells remain commodities; like soap and perfume. The international trade in arms is still merely a competitive commercial enterprise. And the great British and French armament factories which Sir Basil Zaharoff controlled when he was active have seldom found any serious difficulty about supplying war material wherever it was wanted.

It is a hedgehog of a problem, this private manufacture of, and international trade in, arms and munitions. The Geneva League and the World Disarmament Conference have picked it up several times. But each time it put forth all its spikes, and they dropped it in haste. That is the main reason why the arsenal Brno, which in pre-war days was just a small repair factory, has blossomed since the Peace into an immense plant employ-

ing 10,000 of the 50,000 men on the payroll of Skoda, that giant armament concern which makes everything from a bullet to a tank and from poison-gas to bombing aeroplanes, and which has factories all over Czechoslovakia and in Rumania and Poland, and sells its wares throughout the Succession States and as far east as Persia and China and as far west as Mexico and Argentina.

The arsenal Brno is no exception. For there is a boom on in the armament trade. From 1930 on through the year of the first World Disarmament Conference the armament salesmen have been kept busier than almost ever before. The Mitsui works in Japan; the mighty Vickers-Armstrong combine, with its factories in Britain, Ireland, Rumania, Spain, New Zealand, Holland, its Japanese steel plant link with Mitsui, its tie-ups with Fokkers and the great Polish arsenal, the Société Polonaise de Matériel de Guerre; the Krupp-controlled Bofors ordnance plant in Sweden; the Schneider-Creusot ring, the vast French arsenal, and the Skoda organisation, Schneider controlled; the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, and half a dozen other huge armament manufacturing plants in the United States; the Diderius factories, whose offices are hard by the Palace of Peace at The Hague—from all these and many more war material has been, and still is, pouring out in a broad stream.

The legitimate trade was magnificent.

China and Japan gave immense orders. Iraq bought arms for her new national force. Persia bought largely. In Europe, Jugo-Slavia spent £10,000,000, Czechoslovakia £12,000,000, Rumania £13,000,000, Poland £20,000,000. The Schneider-Skoda ring got almost all the orders from these four states, which have standing army strengths respectively of 200,000, 160,000, 270,000 and 266,000, and war strengths of 800,000, 1,500,000, 1,100,000 and 1,500,000, and which stock an aggregate of 6,000,000 rifles and 120,000 machine-guns, and all the





# SALE



*A NEW type of British tank on the way to the manoeuvres on Salisbury Plain*



*MAKING shells in one of the big armament factories*



*SIR BASIL ZAHAROFF, who rose from a five-pounds-a-week agent to be armament king of Europe*

By C.  
Patrick Thompson

etceteras which go therewith. This is only a cross-section of south-east Europe. Enlarge that to a world scale, with dark patches in South America, Japan, China, Western Asia, the United States sky (that air fleet gets bigger and bigger), and the seas whereon float the gigantic fleets of the five Sea Powers, and you get a more adequate realisation of how, in these piping days of Covenants and Kellogg Pacts, war material factories bravely withstand the slump, and the world's annual armament bill now aggregates one thousand million pounds.



The Persian affair is only the latest ironical comment on the problem of the international trade in armaments, big business in the war game. There have been more pungent ones. For instance: Japanese armament firms selling China loads of the war material she needed to resist the subsequent Japanese onslaught (37 per cent. of all China's immense purchases in 1930). The leading pre-war British firm selling the Turks the shells they subsequently used to blast the British and Anzac soldiers off Cape Helles and Anzac Cove. The Shearer scandal involving American warship builders. The Swedish air force scandal exposed by a Government Commission last year (bribery of the chief-of-staff by a foreign aircraft firm). Schneider-Creusot secretly arming anti-French Bulgaria and Hungary. Skoda, Schneider controlled, supporting the electoral campaign of anti-French Hitler. And, last November, the British Vickers-Armstrong armament combine advertising in German journals the merits of its war wares, drawing particular attention, by illustrations, to the peculiar merits of its field-guns and tanks (the latter being a weapon forbidden to Germany under the Versailles Treaty).

The latter affair must have shocked Zaharoff, if in the twilight of his long life the armament king is capable of being shocked by anything at all. Advertisements in papers! It was not thus that he worked when he travelled Europe in the

old days, building up a business which enabled him at last to dominate the great British firm of Vickers and the arms business in five countries, to negotiate on equal terms with statesmen in his flower-bedecked Paris mansion, to buy up Monte Carlo and sell out at a profit five years later, to consolidate his position with orders and titles—and to despise the world.

The technique of arms-selling has improved enormously since the day when a philosophising Boston mechanic named Maxim, bearded, frock-coated, top-hatted, made a round of the European States with his newly invented gun and a case of ammunition; and in Vienna a tall young man named Zaharoff, then the Balkan agent of the Anglo-Swedish Nordenfeldt firm, killed Maxim's publicity at the demonstration shoot by telling the pressmen in French, English and German that the miraculous Maxim gun they had just seen was the Nordenfeldt gun, and subsequently robbing Maxim of an order by telling the Habsburg War Ministry men, whom he knew, that Maxim had made the gun himself and could not produce it in quantity.

Zaharoff devised the new methods. That is how he rose from a five-pounds-a-week agent to be armament king of Europe. Astute, worldly, diplomatic, Oriental, and of ambassadorial presence, he moved about from capital to capital as quietly and secretly as (*Continued on page 105*)



# Life on the Boulevard

How the Parisian's *Joie de Vivre* thrives on the Passing Pageant of the Streets

By Herbert A. Walton

THE boulevard of Paris always strikes me as a great open-air theatre, providing a wonderful—and cheap—continuous performance. It is a happy hunting ground of those who even in these hurried days are still capable of indulging in the gentle art of the *flâneur*. There can be no day on which a saunter along any section of the *Grands Boulevards* fails to yield its thrill or series of thrills.

The volume of incessant distraction is immensely assisted by the inherent curiosity of the Parisian—a curiosity which has suffered no diminution since it was satirised by Montesquieu in his *Lettres Persanes*. It requires only a most trivial incident to draw a crowd on the boulevard. When a road is "up"—no trivial affair this—big groups collect to follow the operations and to experience the delight of watching other people work. The Parisian's interest in the proceedings is a something much more intense and more sustained than is that of the Londoner, to whom the business is merely an annual nuisance, compelling a glance in passing. In Paris, the smashing up of the old concrete by the ear-splitting and nerve-racking pneumatic drill, the preparation and laying of the new foundation, and all the subsequent stages of the work are followed with concentrated zest by crowds many of whose numbers seem to be magnetised by the labours of the perspiring workers.

The misfortunes of the motorist are a never-ending source of public interest. A broken-down car is quickly surrounded by groups who, as representative of the enemy—the pedestrian—shrug their shoulders unsympathetically at the plight of the driver. The fierce admonition by a policeman of a motorist who has shown a disinclination to observe the traffic signals is to the public an occasion of sincere delight. A collision unattended by any serious material damage and by personal injury seems to illustrate very strikingly the French love of official formality and a passion for *paperasserie*. The *agent* interrogates the two parties sufficiently thoroughly to yield in his notebook a substantial foundation for what may in subsequent stages develop into an impressive dossier. The two parties engage in a verbose controversy, reinforced by plentiful gesticulation. This is just what the audience wants. Now and again an onlooker interposes a sarcastic contribution to the grave matter at issue; and when at long last the incident is ended—for the time being, at any rate—those who have been enjoying it fade away, well satisfied with the little entertainment with which they have been provided.

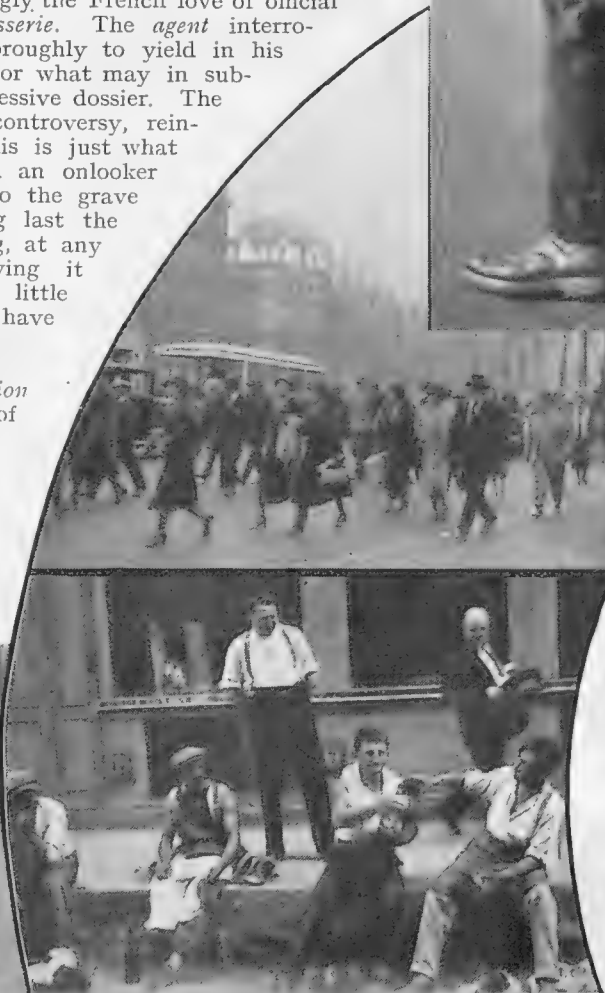
IT is, of course, the *crise de circulation* that furnishes nowadays most of



THE white bâton is no longer used as if it was conducting an invisible orchestra

THE creation of the "passage clouté" has proved an important step in the great effort to solve the traffic problem

LUNCH time for some boulevard roadmenders and lunch-hour music for the *midinettes*



the boulevard excitement. The creation of the *passage clouté* at all the principal cross-roads has proved an important step in the great effort to solve the traffic problem, so far as it is capable of solution on existing



*A PARISIAN  
takes a nap  
in the Place de  
la Madeleine*

*THE crowded  
autobus during  
the lunch hour*

*THE platform at the  
rear of the autobus  
is very popular  
with the Parisian*

*WHATEVER may be the  
truth of the common asser-  
tion that "la politesse" is a  
rapidly vanishing attribute in  
France, it certainly does  
not apply to the policeman*

thoroughfares; but one of its effects has been an accentuation of the outwardly manifested hostility between chauffeur and *piéton*. In the daytime, when a policeman is on duty, the pedestrian has a tendency to traverse the studded safety zone with exaggerated deliberation, casting meanwhile at the stationary chauffeur a glance of triumphant derision born of the consciousness of immunity from danger to life or limb. In revenge the chauffeur, pulled up as he is so often and so irritatingly through-

out the day, is inclined at night-time, when there is no *agent's* white *bâton* to intimidate him, to take liberties even on the *passage clouté*—with sometimes tragic results.

A GREAT deal of fun was derivable a year or two ago from watching the theatrical manoeuvres of the police on point duty, and crowds used to be attracted at certain *carrefours* by the extraordinary manipulation of the white *bâton* by *agents* who seemed to be under the impression that instead of fulfilling the prosaic task of regulating traffic they were conducting some invisible orchestra. But these displays have been ruthlessly squashed, largely as a result of a succession of visits of the Prefect of Police to London for the purpose of studying our methods. It is recognised that the imperturbability of the English policeman is a matter of national characteristic and mentality which it would be foolish as well as futile to endeavour to copy in a Latin country, but a substantial measure of success has attended efforts to introduce some semblance of cross-Channel coolness into the organisation of Paris's *circulation*. A recent order issued by the Prefect laid it down that the regulation of traffic must be carried out without frills. The resultant chastened *bâton*-flourishing is all to the good so far as the flow of traffic is concerned, but it has robbed the *flâneur* of a fine boulevard entertainment.

Amid all the worries of traffic direction, the Paris *agent* manages to give his attention to all manner of inquirers. Many of the questions put to him are quite unnecessary and are indicative of small intelligence on the part of the questioners. But they are treated with rare patience, and whatever may be the truth of the common assertion that *la politesse* is a

rapidly vanishing attribute in France it certainly does not apply to the policeman. When information for direction by a stranger is sought, he produces his pocket street directory and, while motor cars are either swishing past or are impatiently awaiting permission to cross the *passage clouté*, he spares neither time nor trouble to solve the visitor's difficulty. He remonstrates, with a show of wrath, with a stylish Parisienne who seeks to cross the boulevard outside the *passage clouté*. There is much more than a simulated indignation in the case of a chauffeur who has dared to disobey a sign from the magic *bâton*, and often, in such an instance, there ensues a vigorous wordy warfare which, while it affords immense satisfaction to the loiterer, infuriates the motorists who are being held up pending its termination.

At certain holiday periods, including the National Fête, the boulevard is greatly enlivened by the *camelot*, or Cheap Jack, whose stalls then encumber a long line of the pavement. There is nothing more entertaining—or more instructive—in the outdoor life of Paris than listening to the eloquence of this peculiarly Parisian merchant. He possesses a wonderful gift of torrential oratory which he harnesses to the task of seeking to persuade his listeners that a certain razor will shave, that a certain watch has a remarkable habit of keeping correct time, or that a particular scarf is essential to every woman who aspires to be *chic*. His *barraques* are filled with a most extraordinary assortment of articles, useful and useless, ranging from shirt studs which are alleged to abolish all irritation from a formerly maddening process, to all sorts of devices which a housewife is assured will so lighten her domestic labours as to transform an erstwhile slavery into a delirious delight. Some of the stalls are devoted entirely to books, whose titles and cover pictures indicate their "powerful love interest."

The *camelot* is always good-humoured and his wit is sharp and subtle by turns. He is the master of a vocabulary containing many words unrecognised by the *Académie Française*. His calling, like nearly all others nowadays, has been invaded by the fair sex, but the *camelote* is not the success that her male colleague is. A woman who seeks to convince a Parisian crowd that she is not really selling things but is practically giving them away is inevitably the object of much banter and of more scepticism.

MODERN traffic conditions are responsible for chasing away much of the human liveliness with which the boulevards were invested in days not far distant. The *Mi-Carême* procession has been shorn of its former glories, and the police no longer permit the throwing of confetti. Other processions, notably that of Sainte Catharine's Day, are forbidden; and the authorities have robbed the citizen of the most exhilarating excitement that he used to derive from the Communists' May Day demonstrations along the *Grands Boulevards*. The open-air concerts that used to be so popular a feature of the main thoroughfares are also on the *verboten* list. It is still possible, however, (Continued on page 100)



# A Game of Bluff —and a Heart Call for Two

IT seemed very difficult to understand how such dark, sensuous beauty as hers, fragrant and rare as the brown English orchid she wore at night, could have escaped the long-nosed shrewdness of scouts for Hollywood's major industry. Probably, as her languorous and long-lashed eyes and that unstudied ease implied, she was some wealthy and spoiled socialite returning from a fashion-joint in Europe. The men about the table found it hard to concentrate on the psychological niceties of poker with those dark eyes appraising them, those seductive lips conscious of their attraction, those tapering, elegant fingers fascinating them as they played with a thin string of pearls around her neck.

The six men, heavy with the rich food the S.S. *Porithia* serves, as advertised, to make its clients regret less the famous specialities of Paris, were playing very indifferent poker. It was as good a way as another of crossing the somewhat tamed waves of the summer season. The motion of the ship, now on its third day out, was hardly noticeable. One knew one was on the ocean because bells rang occasionally and stewards were better trained than hotel waiters. The ocean was an old story; the poker a matter of three or four hundred dollars one way or the other; but a woman like this ("By Jove!" mentally added the Englishman) is a thrill at any time. Even Renault, impresario, and hero of a thousand *affaires de cœur*, adjusted his tie and had that grim, pleasant expression on his brown face of a man who is determined to appear slightly mysterious.

For her part, Laura, listed on the passenger list as Baroness de Clautré, felt as bored as she looked. Could not wealthy men, even in their leisure, do anything but play with money? Deep within her there was a stir of resentment against the sheer banality of this class of people such as she had not felt in years. Jerry was as suave and undemonstrative as ever. Johnson, the Englishman, looked like a sea-elephant. He did not dare flirt openly with her, but tried to press his leg against hers under the dining-room table. That prig Renault was getting all set to make a conquest of her. Only the tousled-haired young American with the English accent interested her. His open face and casual but evident pleasure in winning, together with that frank admiration of her beauty which she had come to take as her due but which she enjoyed most when it was an uncalculating gust of spontaneous approval. His eyes neither cringed nor hoped. Yes, he was the only man on the ship with whom she would have liked to dance and—*qui sait?*—*se promener*. He was more than a little drunk, but luck seemed to be coming his way. He had better watch out: drink and poker were not good mixers.

Laura leaned over to the right and replaced her coffee cup so that she might have a chance to peek into his hand. Four



## FOUR FLUSHER

spades . . . He would draw to a flush. She leaned back and watched him closely to see if she could tell from his expression whether he had caught the fifth. Grunts went round the table.

"Jacks to open."

"Open for ten."

"I'll lift her once . . . twenty altogether."

"I'm out."

"That will do me nicely."

"Cards?"

"One."

"Three."

"Three."

"Two."

"One," said the American.

"I'm out!"

"Up twenty."

"Right in the face of a one card draw, eh? I'll drop."

The Baroness had seen the young American glance at his fifth card for a split second. No one else had seen him. His expression was unchanged, a half-smile, confident. It was his turn now to bet.

"Well, I'll tell you. If the bottom card's a heart . . . I'm afraid I'll have to raise the limit . . ."

What on earth was he doing? His four cards were spades!



# By Anatole Blair

Illustrated by W. G. Hutton

"Let's not dance now. Let's have a breather up in the bow. We can dance later."

"Love to. Won't you want a wrap?"

"No . . . Tell me . . . I'm curious . . . Was that last hand just a trick? You knew it was a heart before you turned it up, didn't you? I ask because I happened to see that you were looking for a spade flush."

"Oh, that's sort of an old one . . . You can use it only once or twice. It works the other way too. Next time—you watch—someone will see me peeking first and be sure I'm bluffing. That time though, I'll really have the flush. Do you ever play?"

"I loathe the game."

THEY had reached the port corner of the promenade-deck overhanging the ship's prow. Below them in the steerage a few silent immigrants hung on the railings staring toward the New World which would bring them fortune or failure. Above them the black star-studded canopy of a summer night. The busy rhythmic swish of the waves and hissing foam smothered the music in mid-ship. They stood silently, each exhilarated by a dual consciousness of the grandiloquence of the ocean and a certain curious, unploughed mutual attraction. Neither had ever spoken a word to the other of a personal nature. Something in their first glances

"I'LL find out now how good it is . . . right now. . . . Baroness, I have been waiting to ask you for a dance since we left Havre . . . May I?"

He was turning his hand, neatly packed, face-up so that only the bottom card was showing. It was a heart!

"A heart she is. Up a hundred!"

Plop! went three hands. The last one looked hard, considered, threw in his cards.

"I don't think you've got it, but in my day the definition of a good poker player was one who could be bluffed out!"

The American laughed gleefully. "I've been frightfully lucky to-night!"

"And don't forget last night. You'll be able to pay for your drinks in New York as well as on the boat, if your luck holds out."

"I'll find out now how good it is . . . right now . . . Baroness, I have been waiting to ask you for a dance since we left Havre . . . May I?"

Laura was startled. The request was abrupt and unexpected. She had wanted so much to dance once with something young who did not stumble and bump that she almost blushed.

"Oh, does one dance? I'd forgotten. I'd be delighted. Will you watch my wrap, Jerry?"

"Let's go down the outer deck."

The ocean lay silvery and lead-grey in the shimmering moonlight. It was startlingly peaceful and pleasant after the fetid smoke of the smoking room. As they came to the door leading to the enclosed dance-floor, Laura felt a sudden impulse.

of appraisal had been more adequate than words. Laura did not even know his name. She had assumed, with a slight tinge of regret, that he was a wealthy young independent. He felt sure she was some very elegant and soignée society beauty. But what did it matter to him now with the sea-breeze churning its salty fragrance with the subtle perfume, more alluring because of its very indistinctness? Channel No. 5? No. *Dans la Nuit? Vierge Folle?* None of those . . . none he had ever been familiar with . . .

Without warning she took his hand and turned him around



toward the body of the ship which was suddenly apparent for the great ugly hotel it was.

"Look at that!"

"Awful, isn't it?"

"The only thing exciting that could possibly happen on board a ship would be for it to sink. If the Lindberghs and Earhardts ever make transatlantic air travel a possibility, you can be sure there will be hotel airplanes a decade later, and the same fashionable people will eat the same big meals, drink the same whisky, and sleep in the same feathered beds. Then there will be no escape."

"Do you really think you would like to be out on this ocean in a boat the size of a peanut and not know, so to speak, where your next wave was coming from?"

"It would be better than always knowing exactly where the next meal was coming from."

"There speaks a lady who has always had three meals a day."

"Two. I don't eat any lunch. . . . I say, must you be so logical? I thought you were going to be young and amusing. You are, aren't you? What's your name? I don't think I ever heard it."

"Tony Drew."

"American?"

"Only by birth."

"You drink like an American."

"Now you're wrong, Baroness. I never have more than one drink a day. . . ."

"But I thought you were *soûlé à l'Américain* this evening. . . . drunk as an American."

"A whim of mine. . . . It's my turn now to ask you a question or two. What are you made of?"

"Flesh and blood and a little bit of make-up. And therein, but for the God who gave man illusions, is the mystery of woman."

"I don't believe you. You're just bored. You're too beautiful. And probably too rich."

For the first time since they had met Laura laughed, a light, rippling laugh, girlish and free of derision, which belied the bored drawl she used in conversation. As she laughed she threw her head back and ran her fingers through her half-bobbed hair so that it was sifted by the sea breeze. From a statuesque and languid beauty she had become a pretty and infinitely desirable girl. Tony watched her, amazed at the sudden change in her whole being, and somewhat curious of the cause of her laughter. After all, he was a cosmopolitan, twenty-six, and no little moralising Puritan.

"What's so funny about that?"

"I can't tell you. . . . but you'd laugh too if you knew. Well, then, Tony, you're the doctor. You keep me from being bored until we get to New York—let me see, that's three days—and, well, maybe I'll tell you why I laughed."

"It's a bet."

"When do we begin?"

"Right now. What's your name—I mean your first name?"

"Laura."

"I suppose you'll be in bed until noon in the morning."

"Oh, that's unfair. I'm usually up by eleven, but I have to take a bath and dress, and—oh, there are so many little things that. . . ."

"I've read about them in novels. Beginning to-morrow, you will have breakfast at eight and meet me on the boat-deck for deck tennis."

"But deck tennis is so energetic and so athletic. Really, Tony. . . ."

"Athleticism is the one tag of my American upbringing that I cling to. It gives you new appetite. You'll see. Eight-thirty sharp on the boat-deck."

"Appetite for what? Food? Sleep?"

"We'll see. I shall also make love to you."

"I was afraid of that. . . . I am afraid that's impossible. And I should like to observe right now, Dr. Tony, that if you think your making love to me would be anything but boredom, you are quite mistaken."

"Bad as that, eh?"

"Yes."



*TONY noted she wore a simple white shirt and short-sleeved camel-hair pullover*

"Suppose I really fell in love with you?"

"That would be even duller."

Tony looked for a moment into her dark glistening blue eyes. It was true. She was beyond the shadow of a doubt bored even with the much touted felicities of love, this the most desirable and sensuously attractive woman he had ever met. How lovely she looked! Not

more than twenty-five at the most. It was hard to say. Beauty made women ageless. If only he had a modicum of fortune instead of being an adventurer to whom chance had been rather cruel of late! Practically, he wondered how she would look in a simple gingham. Rather marvellous at that.

For her part Laura felt lonelier than if she had not been with him. These sons of rich men! How true to type they ran, how self-assured and at the same time so tediously respectable! An Italian would have been telling her about her flowerlike fingers, her souls of lips, and jumping from poetry to practice in half the time. Not that she ever wanted another Italian. Whatever became of that priceless Rocco?

Lost in reverie, she was hardly aware of what Tony was recklessly contemplating until his lips were pressed bluntly against hers. She did not make a move. She let him kiss her, passive and cold as marble.

Tony's inspired plan of campaign had come quickly and spontaneously. He knew there would be neither surprise nor response. His plan went deeper than that.

She let him hold her for a full ten seconds. When he let her head go she said nothing. He was either a fool, in which case words would not help, or he knew without her saying it that the effect of his kiss had been absolutely nil.

Tony laughed. "I was just taking your pulse to see if you were telling the truth. Yes, I'm afraid you're a desperate case."

"You can't always win your bluffs."

At Laura's suggestion, they returned to the smoking room. The game had broken up. Jerry Lightner looked none too pleased. Tony left immediately after reminding Laura of their date for deck tennis the next day.

Going down to their cabins—across the corridor from each other—Laura wondered if Jerry was going to be difficult. After four months with Jerry she still did not know what form his jealousy might take. She was soon to find out. As she was getting into bed, Jerry knocked and came in.

"I didn't know you were the sort that kissed men on twenty-four hours' acquaintance."

"Were you spying?"

"I was not. I happened to be walking on the deck above you. My God! couldn't you choose a more public spot for the sport of Amaryllis?"

Laura would not give him the satisfaction of telling him that she had not invited the kiss. She wanted to see him angry. She waited. The worst came.

"Damn it, Laura! If you want to be a common pick-up, at least have the decency to wait until we reach New York. You see, in the position I am in, I can't very well knock that little popinjay down without proclaiming to the world that we are not uncle and niece."

"In other words, you aren't permitted to defend your property?" said Laura, accenting the last word.

"I didn't say you were anyone's property."

"Let's talk about it to-morrow. I'm sleepy. Be a good boy and don't have any nightmares. Good night."





**THEY** stood inches apart. Tony felt the sensuous effluvia of Laura's charm creeping over him like late shadows over a meadow. Without turning, and in a low voice, he murmured an answer to her question: "I'm in love with you!"

Jerry would have liked to pursue the conversation, but knew it was hopeless. It was characteristic of Jerry Lightner that he refrained from slamming the door.

Alone, Laura Baroness de Clantre lay for a long while listening to the throbbing of the ship's engines, thinking rather bitterly of most of the men she had known. Jerry was the last. Jerry was as good as his type produced—decent, polite, but so perennially uninteresting. Not even the redeeming virtue of being a drunkard like . . . Morey—Morey, who fell out of a window before she could stop laughing at his antics. He had probably been hurtling three stories below before her laugh ended. Morey with the golden

hair and reckless laughter. . . . It would never do to think of him.

Since Morey's death she had been an out-and-out adventuress. The irony of it was that she had thirsted after adventure, no matter where it led; and it had led to that most abject of adventures—the life of an adventuress. How many men now? Three, four? Hard to remember. But no matter now.

With a shock, she remembered she had foolishly promised to get up for deck-tennis with the young American. Another rich young dullard. She could not think why he had attracted her at all. Conceited, too . . . thought a sudden kiss would surprise her. . . .

Laura dropped off to sleep. The ship

drove on through the singing waves. Sailors hosed and scrubbed the upper decks.

Belowships, in the stern, Tony Drew, who had deftly skipped a railing, avoided two ship's officers, a party of screaming Vassar girls, and a night watchman, was crawling into a microscopic berth over a snoring Italian dreaming of Milan behind him and another five years of fortune ahead of him. As he had had the bad luck to get on "H" deck, his cabin was below water-level, and the ventilation could not disguise the fact that at least two of the four occupants were garlic-lovers. Tourist Third had its disadvantages.

He settled down to thinking over Laura with  
(Continued on page 86)



*A PICTURESQUE  
mosque in the  
Padang Highlands,  
where the natives of  
Sumatra get married*



# Ladies— go EAST for



*THE Bund, Singapore. One of the  
finest waterfronts in the world*

**W**HEN I first saw palm-trees drooping over a moon-dappled beach and the great still stretch of sea that washes the shores of Singapore, I thought I had found the ideal setting in the world for romance. It was not an uncommon thought.

There is something about its stillness and splendour that appeals, and a queer velvety sympathy in the air that lifts one a little beyond the world into the realm of idealistic romance. It all looks so strangely unreal to the European when seen for the first time.

Perhaps it's because we are all so practical-minded over here that the first little purple patches of land that loom up against a starlit sky make us recall some of the fairy-stories we read in childhood, when brave and handsome princes fought for and won the hearts of elusive and beautiful princesses.

Anyhow, there's something in it, for even the most hard-boiled Straits planter or China coast scrounger will admit to having fallen for it, somewhere in the Red Sea, or down that lovely stretch of coast from Penang to Singapore, when the whispering of the white foam thrown away from the ship's bows touches something in men's and women's souls that they are not altogether aware of.

For everyone seems susceptible to it, and even the most mature spinster can find romance on the Eastern run. She must be completely without the wiles of femininity if she touches port in the same frame of mind as she stepped on board in England. Because it's all around her, and she has the advantage, because she is in



*MARKET day in Singapore, and  
(right) a view of the wonder-  
ful Imperial Temple at Pekin*

*A BUSY river scene  
from Bangkok,  
the capital of Siam*



the minority, with numberless unattached and eligible bachelors competing for her favours.

If half the women of England who consider themselves on the shelf were dumped in Colombo, Singapore, Hong Kong, or any of the China coast ports, they would be married inside a month. Think of Singapore alone, with over four thousand bachelors! Some of the best specimens of England's manhood, too;

youthful, virile, and courageous, for that's the type that goes abroad.

All of them draw double the salaries they would at home, and are really in a far better position



*A VIEW of the moon-dappled beach of Singapore. An ideal setting for romance*

# ROMANCE!



*A TYPICAL planter's bungalow in Malaya. Nearly every planter can offer his wife a lovely bungalow surrounded with a profusion of tropical flowers*

By

*P. Jérôme Willis*

almost nightly hotel dances, and games they could never afford to play in England.

Nevertheless, there are few of them who wouldn't swap the lot for some girl in England. Most of them realise that the life they are living is mere superficial froth, and the main purpose of life is lacking.

They see it more keenly when a girl suddenly arrives from home—a sister or daughter of someone—and lights up the staleness of a tropical hotel ball-room with her youthful freshness and beauty. If she's pretty, she will be the object of many jealous glances from members of her own sex, while the opposite sex will soon be queueing up on the 'phone with invitations to dances. She will have her pick of types of men whom she probably would never meet in England.

Such a girl would probably be engaged, if not married, within a month, unless she decides to have a good time while she can, and then reflect over what a married life out there would be, before she takes the leap.

For it is rather a leap marrying a man who lives in the East, and it is not every type of woman who is fit for it. Up-country life is particularly a strain for the town-bred girl, for here there is no exotic life of hotel dances and cocktail parties. With its prosaic round of bridge parties—arranged perhaps once a week with people living miles distant—it becomes more conventional and monotonous than life in an English village.

THERE are, however, compensations, and these are mainly concerned with the standard of living enjoyed. Nearly every planter can offer his wife a lovely bungalow, surrounded with a profusion of tropical flowers and staffed with silent-footed Malay or Chinese servants.

She will be able to wander about acres and acres of land freely, as if she were the lady of the manor in England, and get a secret feeling of competence with the obsequious acknowledgments of native overseers, who will have the greatest respect for the "mem-sahib." Perhaps she may get a thrill in the thought that where the tall, straight rubber-trees end and the fringe of jungle begins, wild beasts prowl at will and yet she is secure, but close to primitive life.

All this is hers: the thrills, the competence, and the independence, but society is scarce, and she will have mainly to depend upon her husband. Thus they will have to be pals as well as lovers, for his job is a hard one and starts at dawn.

To the artistic, neurotic type of girl there are many pitfalls: the dead stillness of the atmosphere; the unhurried progress of plantation life all around her; and the hot, starlit nights that play on nerves; but to the country-bred, motherly type of girl it is ideal. There is purpose behind it all, and hers is a big part, bringing a flavour of home life to stimulate a great adventure. (Continued on page 84.)

to marry than their brothers in England. True, they have become used to a more inflated standard of living, which involves a number of clubs,

# *Studies in* *Psychology: No. 2*

## A Modern HAMLET

*The Strangest "Ghost Story"*  
*ever written*

Illustrations by Eric Fraser



**T**HERE came a rap on the wall, and then another, and then a third. . . .

I went on reading. Then there came another rap. I took a sudden interest.

The wall was just an ordinary one. There was nothing behind it but a passage, on which nothing hung. There were no pipes inside it, and no wires. I knew, because we had built the house ourselves.

In spite of all that, I examined the passage and, in the silly way people try to prove or disprove something, made raps myself on the wall with my knuckles.

Then, forgetting it again, I went on reading. Once again there came a rap.

Some time afterwards I went to bed, and then, in the night, woke up and started thinking of the raps.

I had read about raps in some books downstairs, so, because I could not sleep, I went down and found the volume, and went through it. It was one of those many books, which pour out from the printing presses every year, on Spiritualism, a thing I had always laughed at more or less, although every now and then I had read with great interest something to do with the subject.

Then I found in the book that what is called Spiritualism all began with some rapping on a window-pane in America

eighty years before, rapping by means of which a murdered pedlar was said to have proved how he died, and where he was buried in the cellar underneath the house.

Now I must tell you that, except for the servants, I was alone in the house. My father had died a year before and, because he had not altered his will since I was a child, I now found myself dependent upon my mother, who, taking advantage of the new law, had married my father's brother.

I had been brought up to considerable wealth, not trained for any profession, and more or less unfitted to leave home and start in the distressed circumstances following the war.

I did not like the new conditions. My father had idolised me and would have left me with an income of my own, I know, but for the fact that, in the way men do, he had left his will unaltered.

We all expect that everybody is going to die except ourselves. . . .

Well, then, he was taken ill and died one day rather suddenly. The doctor was more or less puzzled by his collapse, but this he explained by saying that he had been working too hard for years. My mother and I closed his eyes in death and buried him.

"Don't worry about the will," she said, "I shall look after you."

But then there happened a strange thing, which would surprise any son. Rather quickly, she married my uncle, who now, as a consequence, was the master of the house in which I felt more or less an intruder.

They had gone away on a long honeymoon and so I was alone. Every now and then I would resent the new conditions, and then I would remember that women are women, even if they are mothers, and that my mother had as much right to choose her own life as anybody else.

While they were away, I used to mope about the house, reading a great deal, sitting around, going out occasionally for a lonely walk, dreading rather, although I was tired of my isolation, the time of a return which would impose upon me a new restriction.

I did not welcome the sight of someone else sitting in my father's chair, occupying his place at table, giving orders to servants who had served our family for years.

I know I ought to have gone out and done something for myself, but I did not.



# By Hannen Swaffer

people died, they sang hymns and prayed and soon forgot them, as a rule.

But then, in spite of myself, I asked, "Do you mean you're my father?"

Then, to my amazement, there came on the wall a long series of taps, with intervals in between which spelled out, according to my code, "Hamlet, I am thy father's ghost."

"What nonsense!" I thought. (Continued on page 103)

Then this rapping started.

Well, in the book, I saw that, by discovering a code, a whole string of messages had been received from something, or somebody, who would seem to have proved to lots of people that he was a man, that he was a pedlar who had been murdered. Anyway, someone had certainly been buried mysteriously in that house, for the bones were discovered many years afterwards.

What was the code, I wondered? I had heard, but dismissed the idea more or less with scorn, that two for "No," and three for "Yes" were rough-and-ready signals. I had heard, too, that people who put their hands on tables got movements which spelled out words. But what was the code?

Well, anyway, I went to sleep again and, in the morning, the matter was once more dismissed from my mind.

Then, in the evening, there came another rap, and then another. Now and then, the raps got louder. In spite of myself, I began to talk to them.

"Is there anyone there?" I asked.

Three taps came in quick succession, with a solemn sort of pause in between.

"Do you want to speak to me?" I asked.

Once again, there came three taps.

"Do I know you?"

Again, three taps insisted.

Now what else was I to do? There seemed some sort of intelligence in the signals. They stopped when I asked no further questions.

They answered only when I asked.

Then, almost by chance, it would seem, I blundered across a code.

"Will you rap once for A?" I said, "two for B and so on, right through the alphabet—twenty-six for Z?"

I did not expect anything to happen, except that I thought there might be three for "Yes" again, and this I heard.

"Will you spell out your name?" I asked.

Then a long rapping began. I counted the number of the sounds. There came eighteen before the rappings stopped. I moved my fingers quickly on my knee to count as far as eighteen in the alphabet, and found it was R.

"Do you mean R?" I asked.

Three taps replied.

Then there came an I and a C, nine and then three, and it went on, until, to my surprise, my own name, Richard Thompson, was spelled out.

"Do you mean me?" I asked.

Then, for the first time, there came two raps, apparently a "No."

Then suddenly I remembered that Richard Thompson was also my father's name.

Instantly, there poured into my mind a maze of memories of my father, a host of experiences that we had shared. Mixed with them was incredulity and a mocking sense of cynicism. Here was I, a sane man, sitting in a comfortable, expensive chair in a lavishly furnished house almost on the verge of believing that I was talking to a ghost.

I did not believe in ghosts, nor had I any ideas of a fixed kind about people living on, or merely dying off. I had been brought up in a church, of course, but only in the ordinary careless kind of way, and I merely knew that, when

*I SAT in the chair for what seemed hours, listening to rappings that went on*



# ZINGO!

*The Story of a  
Gay and Very  
Bibulous Adventure*

By  
Guy Gilpatric

THE month was June, the sea purple, and the breeze mild. Luncheon finished, the Brice family—Mr., Mrs. and Miss Barbara—were seated on the terrace of their château on the crags above Beaulieu, obstructing with outspread newspapers a view which included even the peaks of Corsica, 100 miles away. It was a view to make you gasp; but after four or five months of gasping, Mr. Martin Brice had run out of wind, and found himself hankering for the restricted vista of the City Trust Building, which for so many years had greeted his eye from his office in New York.

It was almost a year since he had yielded to Mrs. Brice's blandishments and retired. He had seen it coming for a long, long time, but when it finally came it was a shocking wrench, like cutting out cigars. And now, here he was in France, with a pleasant view to look at, pleasant things to drink, pleasant companions to drink with, three swell courses to play golf on, but without a single business interest to talk about. Talking business, getting right down to the figures, had always been the thing he enjoyed most, and a treasurer's report was to him as a trumpet to the war horse. Thus, despite his genial environment, Mr. Brice felt sharp twinges of nostalgia for a good old smoke-filled directors' room, with little pads and brand-new pencils on the table, and a chart-covered wall and a poor, squirming sales manager to point his finger at and bellow, "All right, Mr. Rip Van Winkle, or whatever your name is, how many high-salaried men have you got sleeping in our South-Mid-Western Territory now?"

Mr. Brice was conference-starved; that was his trouble. He felt that he must talk business, if only in the abstract and with his womenfolk, with the butler, with anybody! He shifted his feet from the terrace railing to the rim of an antique Provençal oil jar, large enough to have accommodated five per cent. of Ali Baba's forty thieves, and rustled his newspaper tentatively. "Well," he observed, which was as good a start as any, "the pound took it on the chin again."

A long minute passed without this news causing either of the ladies to call for her smelling salts, so Mr. Brice grunted and turned the page. They were, he realized, too deeply engrossed in the rumoured arrival in Nice of the Grand Duke Izstvan, and in the party thrown by the Countess Figgi-Figgi at the Méditerranée, to care whether the pound was a variety of cake or a place to put stray dogs. Nevertheless, the mood was strong upon him, so he tried again.

"Oh, gosh!" he said. "See here what they did to call-money yesterday! Well, with things the way they are, and freight-car loadings thirty-two per cent. off for the last quarter, I'll bet the boys at home are doing some fancy head-scratching!"

Young Miss Brice emitted a sharp, pained cry. "Father!" she shuddered. "Father! Please!"



"Go 'way," murmured Mr. Brice,  
my language, Mr. Stevens! You're





rapturously, "Why, say, you talk from the States, aren't you?"

"Please what?" inquired Mr. Brice, glowing with gratitude for even this puny meed of attention.

"Oh, you're—you're positively vulgar!" declared his daughter, shuddering again. "Scratching their heads. Ugh, the revolting imagery of it!"

"Ugh!" echoed Mrs. Brice, casting down her paper. "Revolting indeed!" She had just discovered that the announcement of the party she was giving that night was set in agate type at the very bottom of the column, and that her name was misspelled. "Yes, Martin, you're unspeakable, hopelessly vulgar! And look, look, there you are, lolling around again with the top of your trousers undone! Now, how many times, Martin Brice, how many times must I——"

"Aw, shucks!" he retorted rebelliously, nevertheless fumbling to rectify the fault. "Can't I even be comfortable after din——"

"Luncheon," Miss Barbara interjected severely.

"All right, after luncheon, then! But what's two pants buttons, anyway? My good gosh, if the best people in Europe can lay all over the beach at Juan-les-Pins with nothing on but a pajama string, I guess I——"

"They're not the best people in Europe, and you're simply disgusting," declared his daughter.

"He is!" agreed Mrs. Brice. "And let me tell you, Martin, if you didn't spend all your time ogling these shameless sun-tanned animals at Juan and carousing with your bar-fly cronies in Nice, we might be able to meet somebody worth while on the Riviera."

"But I've met lots of worth-while people, Mary—I meet 'em all the time." What's the matter with Fog Lacey and Chet Small and Pierre Thibault and——"

Miss Barbara Brice covered her face and shuddered a third time. She really shuddered quite effectively. "Bah, who are they? Artists! Sculptors! Writers, even! But have you met Count Czch?—or Baron van Hovenhovenhoven?—or Lord Peetlehurst? Of course you haven't! All your friends are loafers. There isn't a title among the lot!"

"Huh!" snorted Mr. Brice. "What about Brigadier-General Grampian-Bone, Retired? 'Brigadier-General' is a title, isn't it? And he comes of a fine old English family, doesn't he?"

"Well, I haven't been able to find him in *Burke's Peerage*," said Mrs. Brice.

"No," sniffed Miss Barbara. "But you can always find him in the Europa Bar."

"Yair? Well, thanks for reminding me!" said Mr. Brice, rising in a rage. "Grampian-Bone can talk percentages on roulette, anyway. He's even making some charts. He's got more on his mind than a headful of patent leather hair, like all your gigolo dukes and counts!" And blistering them with a farewell scowl, Mr. Brice stamped into the house, shouting for Josef.

Josef, the *major-domo*, was included in the lease with the furniture. He was efficient, elderly, and of the indeterminate nationality of most European servants. He possessed great genius in ministering to hangovers, and Mr. Brice esteemed him highly. "Get me out a pongee suit and have the runabout sent around at once," he ordered. "I'll drive myself. I won't be home for supper. I won't be home for the party." He was about to say he wouldn't be home until morning, but realized that it might sound too much like the cue for a song.

"Very good, Sir. And for breakfast?"

Mr. Brice pursed his lips. "It's a little premature to make a forecast," he ruminated. "Still, that thing you fixed up the other morning, Josef—the raw egg and Worcester sauce and red pepper—well, the way I was feeling, it hit the spot pretty good."

"Thank you, Sir," said Josef. "I put a thimble of vodka in it too."

"Well," grunted Mr. Brice ominously, "From the outlook right now, you'd better put a mule-shoe in it to-morrow."

IN something under an hour, Mr. Brice, brave in pongees and green foulard tie, had parked his car in the blazing sunshine of the Place Magenta, and crossed to the shadowy cool shelter of the Europa Bar. It was early, and General Grampian-Bone hadn't turned up yet; in fact, save for Charlie, the American barman, and a stranger, Mr. Brice found the place empty.

"H'are you to-day, Mr. Brice?" Charlie greeted him. "Pretty warm, hey? Well, Sir, what'll it be?"

Mr. Brice ran his eye along the bottles on the shelves.

"H'm, now that's a question," he mused. "The way the weather is, I s'pose I ought to take something long and cool. But the way I'm feeling, I want results—yair, a quick return on my investment."

"I beg your pardon, Sir,"—the stranger was addressing him—"I wonder if I may venture to suggest a drink that combines long-term features with a quick and handsome yield? As a matter of fact, I was just talking to Charlie about it."

"That's right," said Charlie. "Mr. Brice, shake hands with Mr. Stevens. Mr. Stevens is opening up in France with a brand-new drink."

"I am," nodded Mr. Stevens, a stout, pleasant gentleman, with a clear, blue eye and a ready smile. "By the way, Sir, you don't happen to be Mr. Martin Brice, of the —?"

"I do," said Mr. Brice. "But I've retired from business."

"Well, it's certainly a privilege, Mr. Brice, to meet such an eminent merchandiser. You see, I am introducing Zingo to Europe; our factory at Bordeaux is already in production, and as soon as I have secured high-spot distribution, shipping the goods on consignment, I'll cut loose with an advertising campaign that will bust these Frenchmen wide open!"

"Go 'way!" murmured Mr. Brice, rapturously. "Why, say, you talk my language, Mr. Stevens! You're from the States, aren't you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Stevens. "Been over here a couple of months. You see, I was running a distillery for—well, never mind who—in Brooklyn. We made better Scotch than ever came from Scotland, and Rye that was a caress to your poor charred tonsils. Well, one day I was fooling around with some special mashes and syrups, and first thing you know I'd hit upon—but here, try it!"

From his sample case he produced a richly labelled bottle. "Let's have a glass, Charlie.—There now, Mr. Brice, wrap yourself around your first shot of Zingo, the drink that'll sell like wildfire!"

"Phew!" gasped Mr. Brice. "Well, it feels like it! But—m'm—say, it's got a nice zippy flavour to it, at that. Yes, really, now that the explosion is over, I think it's delicious."

"Why, sure!" beamed Mr. Stevens. "Our high-class speakeasy trade all through the East can't get enough of it. That's what gave me the idea of expanding into the European market."

"Fair enough, fair enough!" nodded Mr. Brice judiciously. "The way your industry is geared up at home, it was inevitable that sooner or later you'd be seeking new outlets."

"Absolutely! Of course, in the States, merchandising isn't our chief problem. All the salesman has to do is call on the customer and tell him if he doesn't buy up to his quota, he'll get a bomb tossed into his joint. Here, of course, it's different."

"Quite so," agreed Mr. Brice, rubbing his hands briskly. "Here, the first thing is to arrive at a figure of potential sales. Theoretically, of course, this is limited only by possible consumption. Once we work out a practical calculation, we can establish an index of sales-expectancy on a basis of bottles per capita per annum. Now—lemme have a pencil, Charlie—now, Mr. Stevens, in just how many ways can Zingo be consumed? Is it an apéritif? Does it mix as a cocktail? How is it in a highball? In a word, is it a versatile product?"

"Is it!" repeated Mr. Stevens. "Why, Zingo's so versatile it can do everything but dance the rumba and fly solo! Here, Charlie, let's have a shaker. And some lemons. And a syphon of soda. And for the apéritif, a little vermouth. For a liqueur—you forgot a liqueur, Mr. Brice—I only need a dash of syrup. Now then, Mr. Brice, I'll use Zingo as the basis of every class of drink you can name, and I'll leave it to you if each and every one of 'em isn't like the gentle dew from heaven."

JUST as Mr. Brice was reacting to the apéritif, Brigadier-General FitzHubert V. B. St. C. Grampian-Bone, Retired, blew in, his mind on a tall one. He was white-moustached, red-faced and portly, but he carried his paunch in a military manner. "Ha, General, you're in the nick of time!" Mr. Brice hailed him. "We want to get your reactions, too. Mr. Stevens—permit me to acquaint you—Mr. Stevens has got something new."

"There isn't anything new," declared General Grampian-Bone, whose liver had never been the same since he sprained it on a glass of water taken by mistake while on active service

THE car was lying on its side, with large chunks of a cement wall piled on top of it



in Iraq.

"Mean to say, if there is, there demned well shouldn't be. World's in enough mess already."

"You wait!" chuckled Mr. Brice.

"Now, Mr. Stevens, just make up a complete Zingo test set for the General—apéritif, cocktail, highball, and liqueur, reading from left to right.—Ready? Well, here goes, General. Zingo!"

"Zingo!" said Mr. Stevens, lifting his glass.

"Oh, Zingo, quite!" General Grampian-Bone followed suit. "Hem, haw, really, you know, this stuff's got a rip-snorting muzzle-velocity. Trajectory's good, too. Not bad by half. Meritorious, if you get what I mean."

"Zingo!" said Mr. Brice, taking up his cocktail. "Let's see what she says when she's mixed."

"Zingo!" the General repeated. "Well, gentlemen, if you want my opinion—which opinion, I might add, used not to be entirely without weight in the higher councils of His Majesty's armed forces—if you want my opinion, I say, this is a pukka top-hole tippie."

"Exzing-exactly," nodded Mr. Brice, hoisting the highball.

"But, of course, one swallow don't make swummer, and one reaction doesn't prove a product. Tell you what we'd better do, Mr. Stevens, we'd better start out right now in my car and get different people's reactions. We'll make a regular market survey for this product. Put on a sort of a sampling campaign, get the idea? Yes, and while we're at it, I'll guarantee to make a sample placement in every bar between here and Cannes, or my name isn't Grampian-Bone."

"It isn't," said General Grampian-Bone, who, having finished his test, had captured the bottle and was conducting tests of his own. "It isn't. Or is it?"

"—Detail!" and Mr. Brice dismissed the question with a wave of the hand. "Point is, we've got to lay merchandising groundwork. Got to get right out in field and field the public pulse, that's the only way to do it!"

"Sure, feel their pulse," agreed Stevens. "Got to get a cross-section of the market."

General Grampian-Bone felt his pulse, and hastily filled his glass again. "Fever," he muttered. "It creeps up on one."



"Come on," Mr. Brice urged him. "Got to work intensively. Got to ring doorbells. Got to canvass the highways and byways. Next stop, Cagnes-sur-Mer."

At Cagnes, in the Futurist Bar, they happened upon a gathering of expatriate American intellectuals clad in beards, sandals and soulful expressions, who were eager to further the cause of scientific merchandising as long as the merchandise came out of a bottle and was free. Their reaction to Zingo was so flattering that the three investigators took a special test themselves to check up on it. At this point, one of the writers—

a disciple of the Post-Post-Neo-Expressionistic School, which considers the English language inadequate to the expression of advanced thought, and spurns all capital letters as a gesture of revolt against the predatory capitalistic classes—was moved to recite a poem:

"three of us three  
i slofus did  
"and we did go three to the  
hills rockish  
"round. square. slitch. rocks jagocks  
"singing slinging slingofus we threep upit hillil."

"Gee," said Mr. Stevens, as precipitately they moved toward the door, "I did thoughtish I was immune to Zingo, but you never can telle!"

The General was feeling his pulse again. "Really should wear sun helmet—a solar topee. What say, Brice?"

"I say whoopee! Some hamlet is right!" said Mr. Brice heartily. "Gentlemen, gentlemen, this is an intensely interesting survey!"

"That's right, he didn't," agreed Mr. Stevens. "I thought we parked it across the street, but here we are sitting in it."

"What park?" inquired General Grampian-Bone. "By heavens, Sir, I fancy I know a Bedlington terrier when I see one!"

"Yes, Antibes and Juan-les-Pins," nodded Mr. Brice, as they swung away from the curb and cannoned off the opposite one. "Got to get reaction of fifty thousand housewives. Got to get down to fundamental reactions of mass mind.—Questionnaire, 'at's the way to get at it! Good morning, madam, is this a wired home? Do you patronize (A) chain stores, (B) independent dealers, or (C)...?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I wasn't looking," confessed

Mr. Stevens. "I was wondering what you gentlemen thought of the lingo zabel—er—I was thundering, now wait; what I mean is, how does the Zingo label strike you?"

"Oh, you mean has it got shelf-value," Mr. Brice interpreted. "What you mean is, is it an eye-catcher, huh? Well, we'll soon see. Quick's we get to the next place we're coming from, we'll conduct a test and establish its attention-coefficient to the teen's quaste. Put it up on a shelf with fifty million other bottles and see who can pick it out."

"Fifth million Frenchmen can't be wrong," chanted Mr. Stevens, stamping out the measure on Mr. Brice's straw hat. "—Do you know that other number? Something about the 'Last Rose of Summer?'"

"No, this chap's name was Childers; Merton P. Childers—Merton P. Childers," said General Grampian-Bone, shaking his watch and holding it to his nose. "It may be Tuesday at that."

"Well, I'd better step on it," said Mr. Brice.

They had been driving for perhaps an hour, when Mr. Stevens chanced to observe that their road, instead of skirting the sea, lay along the rim of a yawning chasm, and that grey mountain peaks loomed on all sides.

"Look here," he said, "Unless they've pumped out Lake Ontario, this don't look so much like Juan-les-Who is to me."

"H'm," murmured Mr. Brice, "it hadn't occurred to me. It would be a tremendous project, though."

"He was a short, stocky blighter, and saturnine—saturnine," said General Grampian-Bone, reminiscently.

"Say, I'll tell you what!" Mr. Stevens suggested. "What do you say we pull up and have a drink, and then we'll all go over to What-you-call-m'-call-it-les-Pins?"

"Righto!" cried the General, reaching for a bottle. "Zingo!"

"Yes," Mr. Brice agreed. "Go Juan-les-Pins for a swim. There's a suggestion. Freshen us up so's we can tackle this investigation right. Your turn to drive, General."

"Don't know how," the General demurred.

"Well, you'll never learn any younger," Mr. Stevens reminded him.

"Why, sure!" said Mr. Brice. "After you once get turned around, it's all downhill, anyway." (Continued on page 92)



I AM taking a grave risk. I once wrote an article on the subject of directors and their recognisable, individual styles (not their private lives or relations with their own particular stars). I suggested that the time would come when the film public, that unaccountable, queuing-up, sheepish, independent, cynical, sentimental, ignorant, knowledgeable, odoriferous entity, would know as much about directors as they do about stars and would say "I am going to the Mamoulian picture" or "the Lubitsch picture" or whatever it might be, in the same way that the theatre public says "I am going to the Maugham play." I was rebuked and told that the subject was highbrow and the public with "brows villainously low" only cared about stars, and now I am about to repeat the offence and write, though not exclusively, about directors. I cannot help it. They have dared to obtrude themselves and one cannot even consider the most important pictures recently shown and ignore the men responsible for that importance.

In the old days a super picture was the one with the most expensive sets, in which the largest number of extras were employed, the greatest tonnage of water or miles of crêpe hair and gallons of spirit gum for Etruscan beards, were used. I am not exaggerating. Such statistics were actually set forth specifically in publicity matter designed to inform and impress film "critics"! To-day, thank Heaven, a super film is something quite different. It is a film which, independently of its cost, has a quality and an appeal which fills the theatre at which it is shown and obliges the management to prolong the run beyond the tentative one week for which most pre-releases are scheduled. It is not the producing or the distributing companies which invest a film with superness but the public, and, since public taste is superior to expert selection in this connection, "super" has, at last, taken the position, which it ought always to have occupied, as the beginning of the word superior.

In this class I would put the René Clair films, "Mädchen in Uniform," Leni Riefenstahl's "Blue Light," and Lubitsch's "Trouble in Paradise." Notice the inevitable intrusion of the directors!

If the producing companies could make them so, all the pictures given elaborately publicised *premieres* at the big West End theatres which belong to them would be "super," but they most definitely are not and the majority slip away, after that first week on approval, to join the mass of frankly "program" pictures over which provincial renters chew cigars and argue terms. A few are saved from oblivion by the big lettered stars who have a sufficiently large fan mail, but this does not make them super pictures. I adhere to the opinion that it is direction which does that.

Actually, or in the minds and paragraphs of the writers about film affairs, there is competition between Paramount's two brilliant directors, Mamoulian and Lubitsch. This theory appears to be based on the fact that both have directed Chevalier and Jeannette MacDonald. They are really incomparable and therefore incapable of actual rivalry. Rouben Mamoulian showed his mastery of imagery and fantasy in "Love Me To-Night" and made even those very new-world artistes, Chevalier and MacDonald, appear to enter into the fairy-tale and poetic spirit.



**BRIGITTE HELM** and her effective effigy: *Antinea*, the "She" like ruler of Pommer's "Atlantide"

# The Super

## The Hows, the Whys, the Whats and the Who's Whos of Outstanding Productions

Lubitsch has, somewhere in his composition, heavy, Teutonic sentimentality. He displayed it in that dreadful American version of a Frenchman's serious moment, "The Man I Killed," but given a cosmopolitan scene and artistes, a light theme, an excuse for a little music and rather a lot of love of the least intense persuasion and Lubitsch is more than Gallic in his dexterity, his cynicism and his humour. "Trouble in Paradise" is a masterpiece. There have lately been indications



**ON the Set:** Miriam Hopkins, excellent observation of Director Lubitsch during



# Film To-day

By  
Sydney  
Tremayne

that Kay Francis was doomed for stardom. Herbert Marshall was given good parts and good notices, but neither was one of the stars "that dartle the red and the blue" and automatically cause long queues when "Trouble in Paradise" first came to the Carlton. Twenty minutes before



*IN Trouble or in Paradise? Kay Francis and Herbert Marshall surpass themselves under Lubitsch's direction*

the show began, at 5.40 p.m., on its first Sunday, you could not buy two seats together, even for 8s. 6d., and the crowds stretched four abreast right down the Haymarket. It was the picture, made by Lubitsch, people were fighting to see, and any of the actors or actresses associated with it and the pleasure it gave, automatically became stars of the first magnitude.

I HAD seen Kay Francis a few days before in a rather similar part—the rich woman despoiled and "falling for" the attractive thief, in "Jewel Robbery," but how infinitely more attractive she was under Lubitsch's direction! We had seen Herbert Marshall with Dietrich in "Blonde Venus" and were, in some inexplicable way, disappointed, but how obvious was the fascination of his voice and diction and his repose of manner as Gaston Monescu, the man "who walked into the Bank of Constantinople and walked out with the Bank of Constantinople"! Had we ever realised what a brilliant comedian was Miriam Hopkins? Even Charlie Ruggles, in a comparatively small part, was better than ever!

How perfect the changes of scene, the inferential humour of the different doors through which those emotionally and socially compromised characters emerged or made their exits, how smoothly the plot and all the little plots evolved, how apposite the tempo and the "appropriate" music!

Lubitsch is an absolute master of this particular technique: until someone else does something else startling, all other films must seem amateurish. One wants no new films. One could go on seeing "Trouble in Paradise" and discovering new excellences.

Pabst was once perhaps the greatest director of them all: a pioneer, an independent, a visionary and a practical cinematic artiste. He has "The Joyless Street" in which Garbo revealed her mysterious powers, "Secrets of the Soul," "Jeanne Ney" to his credit, which all had *succès d'estime* and in which Brigitte Helm was the Trilby, as well as "The White Hell of Pitz Palu," a widely and deservedly popular picture.

THE announcement that the enterprising "Academy," Oxford Street, would show Pabst's "Atlantide" for a season at Christmas held excitement for the real cinematic fan. The English version had been chosen as the best. Frankly, (Continued on page 84)



*comedian and dramatic actress, under the the making of "Trouble in Paradise"*

*AN old woman came into the crowded carriage and the girl got up and gave her her own seat, shifting the bundle to her hip...*

*Illustrated*

*by*

*Jack] M. Faulks*

**T**O say that a man has a flair for the flamboyant sounds like a mere play upon words. But it's true. There are people like that. Vallings had tried his hand at most things, and with success too. But there was a kink somewhere, and he inevitably let himself down in the end. He had been a conjurer and a commercial traveller, he had been on the stage. There was talk at the trial of a taste for blackmail. Then the old story of a man who had pretended to be a priest, and for years squeezed hush money out of devout society ladies who had whispered their secrets in his ear, cropped up again, with Vallings as the hero, and it is certain that a temporary disappearance from the outer world followed close upon that.

But he popped up again during the latter part of the war: and unpopular as he was, incapable of bearing—or determined not to bear—the dreary, grinding hardships of everyday warfare, it was impossible to deny that he was an absolutely crack shot, a spectacular shot, and by no means a coward.

In nineteen-seventeen he dropped out with a bullet in the thigh, and the Colonel's pronouncement upon that, though somewhat unfair, was long remembered: "Poor devil! It's spoilt him for all he'd ever have been any good for," adding, when questioned: "Why, it sticks out all over him—a dancing partner at a Riviera hotel, of course; financed by some rich old fool of a woman."

But after all—and the Colonel had been sorely tried—Vallings was good for more than that. Though it is possible that some "rich old fool" might have helped to fill the picture—and his pockets. Anyhow, he must have got hold of money from somewhere or other to reappear as he did two years after the war with one of the most select and luxurious dressmaking establishments in London.

And "Vallings's" was famous not only for the clothes it turned out, but for the beauty of its mannequins. It was this which brought men to the place, apparently in attendance upon their women kind, and Vallings got his bit out of that too. He'd have made money enough without it, for he had perfect taste and a sort of daring in design which never went too far, while he could talk women into doing pretty well everything he wanted, and he'd always been far more successful with women than with men. But it seemed as though he were incapable of running altogether straight.

Then, one foggy winter's day, in the tube on the East London line—and they say that he farmed out his stuff in pretty dubious places—he came across what he declared to be the most beautiful woman he had ever seen; and he could not have been far wrong either.

She was sitting very upright, and yet not stiffly, with a pose which he at once recognised, holding a large square parcel



# The Mannequin

wrapped in black calico upon her knees. She was dressed in black too: a long, rough black coat reaching almost to her ankles, and a black knitted cap. Her feet, encased in black shoes and woollen stockings, were crossed like her hands, and later on Vallings declared that, villainously as she was shod, he recognised beneath it all the beautiful slender line of foot and instep.

A few small curls of pale golden hair showed under the edge of her cap, pulled down tight on her head, which—though her eyes were raised—was a little bent, so that Vallings saw the line of the back of the neck; the slant of a colourless profile perfect as a cameo.

Her hands, too—it is strange what long, slender hands some East London women have; particularly silk workers, who dare



not coarsen them with rough work, who live almost entirely indoors. And these hands might have been painted by Lely—long-fingered and pale, lying loosely clasped upon the top of the bundle which Vallings knew by experience to contain home work, likely enough tailoring.

VALLINGS was wondering what possible chance he had of seeing her figure, when an old woman came into the crowded carriage, and the girl got up and gave her her own seat, shifting the bundle to her hip. And it was then he realised that he had indeed chanced upon that rarest of all rare birds, a beautiful woman with a beautiful shape: those classical long lines of the thigh, the naturally curved waist.

Here was just the very woman to start a new fashion on. He had been thinking of that for some time. People were growing tired of girls who looked like tightly rolled up silk umbrellas, and he was determined to be the first to find something new for them.

He waited until the girl got out at Wapping Station, and then he followed, catching her up at the barrier and giving her his business card. "You will see who I am. If you like to call round at my place any time before ten thirty in the morning, I'll give you a job," he said, and, raising his hat, turned away, feeling it better to leave it like that.

It was the first and last time that he ever raised his hat to her, but it was worth it. It was also worth the ten minutes which he had to wait until he got a train to take him back to his own station.

All that night Vallings could scarcely sleep thinking of the girl. Supposing that she never turned up—he did not know her address, did not even know her name. What a fool he'd been not to insist upon going home with her, spend a sovereign or so in getting something down on paper straight away!

Every moment when his mind was not filled with agony at the thought of losing the most beautiful mannequin in London—in the world, indeed—he was already busy designing dresses for her. Nothing highly coloured or loudly coloured.



"MR. VALLINGS wished you to take these to a flat in Cavendish Square," she said, "That's the address on the label. . . ."

## By Elinor Mordaunt

colours which blended with the pale glamour of her, all shades of cream and beige and gold, or else black—black chiffon velvet: dense black voiles.

Oh, it was impossible, impossible that he should have lost her!

And he had not. His luck held. At ten o'clock next morning she turned up at the Maison Vallings, lovelier than ever. Why, that pale skin of hers was absolutely flawless; her pale, close-cropped hair grew on her beautifully shaped head in soft natural ringlets like a baby's. Natural! Why, it was almost unbelievable.

He did not engage her as a mannequin at once—was too mean for that; though there was nothing he would not have paid if she had known her value. But, anyhow, she would





have to learn the work: stand about just handing things for a while, keep her eyes open.

But not for long. For an unbelievably short time indeed. It seemed as though she naturally knew how to move, pose, wear clothes—a simple gown representing as much as a man's entire pay throughout the long years of war. There was only one thing about it. She must keep her mouth shut, for her Cockney accent was astounding, her turn of speech and expressions galvanic. Vallings himself taught her to say "Yes, Modom!" "No, Modom!" and a few stereotyped French phrases such as "très chic" . . . and then he launched her—manicured and perfumed, her eyebrows just the merest shade darkened, no colour anywhere—as a Russian, though Lil herself hated "that there Shoreditch push," as she called them.

"Of course I had to find out who she was. My clients come to me wearing all sorts of valuable jewellery. But I'm bound to secrecy," Vallings would say; and then add, with a little shrug of his immaculately tailored shoulders: "But you know what those Russian aristocrats are—proud as Lucifer!"

There was a husband of sorts, a disabled soldier tucked away somewhere in some unbelievable slum; and she was pernicky about getting off early. But Vallings did not trouble his head about that. No one who had any dealings with him had a right to any sort of life of his or her own; to him Lily Haggart was a beautiful and immensely lucrative doll, nothing more.

At first, that is. Later, going to the door of the changing room to hurry the girl up one day, he caught sight of her through the half-closed curtain, in the one simple pink crêpe-de-chine garment which was all that he allowed his mannequins to wear during work hours. And that was enough. Once more that devastating and fatal flame sprang up in him: the flame which would devour the work of months in a moment: the

blind desire for something that he must have, and would have at any cost, no matter what it was.

**H**E lost no time. That very evening he kept Lil Haggart back on some pretext or other after the others, fretting and chafing, and made fierce love to her. But she was not having any.

"What are you gettin' at?" she demanded fiercely. "Didn't I tell you as 'ow I was a married woman? Drop it, I tell you, or there'll be trouble."

Later on it was: "S'elp me Gawd! if Brand got his 'ands upon you, I tell you straight, you wouldn't not know your face when you saw it again."

And this from an employee. But he could not sack her, could do nothing—tied and bound by his own mad passion—until—oh, well, until he had finished with her. After this she'd pay. He was quite cool about that: for at the back of all his fire was a clean-cut, cold cruelty.

It went on for days. Only during actual work hours, only in the showroom, was there peace. And even then there was the breath of war in the air. They all felt it. As for Lil, it was the finishing touch to her beauty; giving a flick of colour to her cheeks, darkening her eyes with contemptuous anger.

Then, quite suddenly, or so it seemed, it was all over; and she hoped, desperately hoped, that she would, after all, be able





*VALLINGS came softly forward, smiling: "Well, Lil," he said, "like my little place, eh?"*

to hold on to her job. For her pay had already been raised and there were many little comforts for which Brand was already the better.

Vallings ceased trying to get her alone in the fitting room when the greater number of the other girls were out at lunch; stopped keeping her back after hours. Hardly spoke, and when he did speak it was only of business.

Once more she seemed to breathe freely. She could fight with the best, but she did not want to fight. She had too much to think of, too much on her shoulders; all she wanted was to be allowed to hold up her job. Then one evening, just as she was about to change into her own clothes, the forewoman came to her with a couple of cardboard boxes.

"Mr. Vallings wished you to take these to a flat in Cavendish Square," she said. "That's the address on the label. He particularly wants you to take them and look your very best—wait and see the lady. You're to wear the black cloth coat with the high astrakhan collar and Russian cap; and to keep on the black robe you have now—don't change anything."

"Lord, I shall be fruzz!" objected Lil: "that there muslin slip and not a scrap of wool nowhere. Hanged if I will!"

"Come, come, now, Lil," broke in the forewoman, not unkindly. "Be a sensible girl. You know that when the boss wants a thing done, he wants it, and no mistake. You can take another taxi back here to change. It won't

lose you more than half an hour in all."

"Just like 'im! Thinks we're stuffed dolls; don't think . . .,"—she was going to add "don't think as how we're human," but suddenly changed it to "'ave any life o' our own."

She grumbled, but all the same she put on the coat and cap, a pair of loose white gloves, powdered her nose. She would have liked a dash of rouge. But there would be a row over that if Vallings saw it, and she didn't want a row.

At the last moment the forewoman pinned a large bunch of fresh violets against her collar; turned her round to inspect her, told her to pull up her pale grey silk stockings tight; then, adding that she'd still be there when she got back, sent her off.

Lil loved a taxi. If she had not been so bothered by the idea of being late with Brand's supper, she would thoroughly have enjoyed the whisk through the lighted streets, crowded with traffic: the little pictures she saw in the dark window frames of the other taxis and motors; men and women in evening dress going out to dinner: men and women making love.

Not that she wanted any of it. She wanted her supper, that's what she wanted; supper and home and her own man—Beat 'em all hollow for looks, Brand would, if only he could get rid of that constant fever.

A manservant in a black morning coat—whom she at first took to be the master of the house—opened the door of the top flat in Cavendish Square, led her down a deeply carpeted corridor with choice prints upon the wall at either side; and, showing her into a large luxuriously furnished room, shut the door behind her.

There was a big fire burning and soft lights which seemed to come from nowhere in particular. Here again were soft, deep carpets, and with them heavily scented flowers, photographs in silver frames and brilliantly coloured cushions. Lil





She wondered if there was any watercress to be had; she'd try and get a bunch of watercress.

She had seemed to be altogether at home. Then quite suddenly straightening herself, she realised her own figure in the long glass opposite, remembered where she was. "Lord, but I do look a bit of all right," she thought, and wondering if she would dare, just for this once, to go home in the clothes belonging to the shop—let Brand see what she looked like. Just within the last week or two her taste had improved, and she realised how black suited her: a black dress, a tightly fitting, smooth black coat with an astrakhan collar high round her neck, astrakhan cuffs and a high Russian cap of the same fur; small pearl studs in her ears, a twisted string of seed pearls round her neck, and a bunch of violets. When first Vallings saw her she would have thought nothing of it; but she realised its value now, the elegance of it. And, with all that, nothing anyone could object to as too smart for a girl

placed her boxes on the edge of the only empty table and began to undo the string, biting her lips over the knots.

All her thoughts were with Brand. He had not been quite so well again the last couple of days. There was shopping to do on the way home, and, anyhow, she would have to waste time going back to the shop, changing into her own clothes.

Turning back the paper, shaking out the two dresses, a shimmer of silver and pale mauve, white lace and crystal, she laid the cases on a chair and, mechanically folding the paper, started rolling up the string in a tight ball.

String was useful. She would stick to that. Yes, she had decided: she would get a couple of chops on the way home, or sausages. Brand would have the potatoes ready peeled, there were still some onions, and she'd get in a couple of bottles of stout—that did him more good than anything. She saw the tidy little kitchen, the handful of fire with Brand, leaning forward in the new chair she had bought for him, nursing it; they had to be careful of coal when the fire was kept burning all day.

*"I'll splinter that glass  
once at the tips of  
those pretty fingers of yours,  
either side, and I'll put one  
above your head, closer  
than the last though . . ."*

from a shop. "Chic," that's what it was in their lingo. Her skin looked very white and the cold wind had brought a touch of colour to her cheeks, which she found becoming, though Vallings had not allowed her any sort of make-up. There was one dress he had designed for her of deep creamy satin and lace, absolutely blending with her hair and skin.

"Look at that girl," one of their richest clients had said: "She's like a Maréchal Niel rose." And she was: Vallings had realised that.

Catching her style, the rareness of it, he had worked upon it with unflinching judgment, until that one day. But this was the sort of thing that happened, spoiling everything again and again. He got suddenly restless or bored, bit off too much or snatched at too much. It



was his weakness. He knew it, but he could not help it. "That tame cat of a male dressmaker." He had overheard that once, and it amused him. He remembered a more than half-wild cat coming down the chimney into the sitting-room at home once when he was a child; the way in which it had leapt round and round, at once savage and frantic. Cats had claws, cats were swift and strong.

It was his one fatal weakness, this sudden running off the rails, throwing his cap over the windmill. But he didn't care.

He had made a great success of "Vallings's," pots of money. But he was seeing red again now: would let everything go for this Cockney girl with her pokey home life, her crock of a husband, her appalling accent.

It wouldn't last. Oh, he knew that perfectly well. If only she'd be sensible, in a month or so he'd send her back, none the worse, and with a nest egg in the bank.

But anyhow he meant to have her. If it cost him Maison Vallings he would have her, he thought, watching her.

Lil unhooked the high collar of her coat and threw it back. She would have liked to take it off, but she did not know if it would look well when the lady came in. The almost reverent admiration with which she had been used to regard real ladies, was shaken, but still they held the power. "Hot stuff most o' em. But, my word! can't they just make you feel a worm, an' no mistake!" was what she said to Brand.

Anyhow, what a time the lady was. Brand 'ud be sick and tired of waiting for his supper.

And the room was stifling. Why, the violets in her coat were already half dead, and she had counted upon taking them home with her.

Once more she straightened herself, half turning and looking at herself in the glass, over one shoulder as she had been taught to do. She was hanged if she'd go back to that blooming old shop, waste time changing. If Vallings did not like it he must lump it; she was going home in that frock.

But there were other people who could throw their caps over windmills, though she would never have thought of Vallings doing it.

Half-turned as she was, she suddenly stiffened, grew rigid; her eyes widening to that sudden intense and almost blinding blue. In general they were a sort of periwinkle, then they blazed like that: sapphires with a fire in them.

Vallings came softly forward, smiling: "Well, Lil," he said, "like my little place, eh?"

Lil's face hardened. She was a Cockney, and ever since she could walk she'd fought her own battles: in the street and at home. Later on, she'd fought for Brand.

"If it's a joke, Mr. Vallings, it's yours," she said: "That there lady's kept me waiting pretty well long enuff."

"That there, Lil! after all I've told you."

"It's all one to me. Take or leave it!" She was suddenly savage. If Vallings wanted to sack her, let him. She hated him; hated him standing there smiling so beautifully groomed and manicured; hated the luscious over-heated room, the smell of white lilac and tuberose. "'E makes me fair sick, that's wot 'ee does, all dolled up like some 'un's fancy girl."

She had said that to Brand. But now, quite suddenly, it seemed that she had become conscious of something more, the beast in the man. Oh, well, she was used to beasts—sly, questing and openly savage; the world was full of them. She seldom got home from work in the evening without some encounter or other, if it was nothing more than a weedy clerk's simpering sidelong glance; his "Good evening, Miss, going far, may I ask?"

But those weren't beasts, they were worms. Pheugh!

"Well, any'ow, them there's the darned dresses; she can 'ave 'em or leave 'em. Please 'erself; I'm off. It's long past hours as it is, an' I'm fed up. That's what I am, fed up."

She buttoned up her coat collar with a movement of sharp impatience, tugging the ends together.

"My coat, I think," said Vallings, smiling. And at this she jerked it open again, down the whole length, dropped it on the floor.

"Very well, I'll go without it. I'm fed up—fed up, I tell you. I can't go stark naked through the streets, or I——"

"My dear, in that case, I'd rather you stayed here."

"Oh yes, you would, would you? Well, let me tell you this, now we're at



*It was the light shining through a hole, and she coolly poked her finger through it to show it, held it up for the sergeant to see*



it. You're a real nasty piece of goods, you are! You may 'ave pots of money, and a swell shop, but if my 'usband wasn't a sick man——"

"But he is sick," interposed Vallings smoothly. "And it doesn't seem to me that you're going to make things better for him by losing your job. The summer's coming on. A month at the sea in August might do wonders for him. Think a little—there's something more than stuffing in that lovely head of yours."

"I'm fed up, I tell you!" Lil's tone was sullen: she felt heavy with the longing to be home, safe at home with her own man. But supposing she could not (Continued on page 98)



THOMAS BURKE, author  
of "The Real East End"

TO see ourselves as others see us tells us a good deal about ourselves—and at least as much about those others. When *Tu Viens en Angleterre* first appeared in the original French it had considerable success among that portion of the public which was curious about the habits and customs of the English. Translated and re-christened *England, This Way* (Nicholson and Watson, 7s. 6d.), it is assured of an equally warm welcome from that portion of the English public which is interested in the French mind. The author of this extremely acute book calls himself Felix de Grand'Combe. He fought with distinction in the French Army, rising to the rank of battalion commander. He is now professor of French at an English University, and a Vice-President of the British Legion. He is French, he knows England, and he understands men. Such a blend of practice and theory is rare in authors,

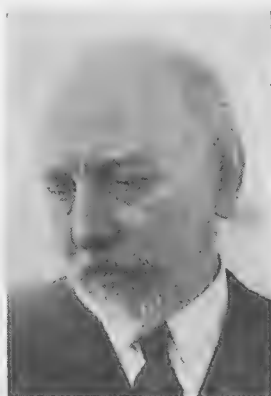
# BOOKS: *Reviewed*

and should be correspondingly encouraging to readers.

It is very amusing to note what, in his opinion, will astonish and divert his fellow-countrymen. Here are a few examples of peculiarities of which we are only half aware: (a) "And do you know that year in and year out hundreds—nay, thousands—of English people write to the papers stating on which day exactly they first heard the cuckoo that season? Any number of these letters are actually published." (b) "An old squire told me what a painful impression he had of the avenues of Versailles, where the trees are clipped to a line . . . and while he was speaking he waved his stick and quite unconsciously it seemed to be pointing in the direction of his perfect lawn, immaculately shorn and cut every other day and rolled night and morning, and from which every daisy, plantain and dandelion was rigorously extirpated, and where no blade of grass would dare to lift its

head above the others." (c) "Although he will shudder in genuine pain at the sight of pylons . . . across the Downs, he will not turn a hair as he passes an atrociously hideous statue disfiguring the vista of his finest street."

On social etiquette in England this Frenchman is a much safer guide than the majority of our native writers. But where did he get this from: "Hold your knife or your spoon in your right hand, but never your fork, even if that hand is free." I confess that I always hold the fork in my right hand when tackling a vegetable dish; nor, among my friends, can I find anyone sufficiently well bred to have been taught not to do so. There are a few other points I should like to touch on, but I must pass them over in favour of that perennial theme, gluttony. Our author considers that we are big eaters. His frame of mind is so delightfully philosophic that I am glad to be able to make him a small return for the pleasure he has given me in the shape of an improvised aphorism: The men of all nations are convinced that the men of all other nations are greedy.



LUIGI PIRANDELLO

## Short Stories

"Better Think Twice about It":  
by Luigi Pirandello (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.)

PIRANDELLO has written an immense number of short stories, and the thirteen here collected represent only a small fraction of his output. Though none of them quite reaches the very highest class, they all possess a quiet distinction which will be relished by the connoisseur—and most lovers of the short story are connoisseurs. Of the thirteen, "Chants the Epistle" is the one which achieves the greatest success and leaves the strongest memory of beauty. But they all survive and even thrive on the severe test of being read a second time. It is to be hoped that the present volume will be followed by others of the same kind. The well is deep enough, if only there are sufficient drinkers. It is worth remarking, as an odd phenomenon, that in the short stories there is very little trace of the metaphysical Pirandello of the plays.

"Dago Red": by John Ressich  
(Benn, 7s. 6d.)

UNLESS it is made clear at the outset that Mr. Ressich and Pirandello are inspired by opposing ideals, discussion of their books can only result in misunderstanding. One may guess that Mr. Ressich could never be a Pirandello, even if he would; all that one knows is that he shows no wish to be. His stories are magazine stories—an indefinite class to which, nevertheless, they very definitely belong. All stories which appear in magazines are not necessarily magazine stories. Some of them are far above that class. Mr. Ressich's tales may never have been published before, yet they are, in their fairly competent, rather unambitious way, magazine stories. It is difficult to think of anything else to say about them.

"The Adventures of the Black Girl  
in her Search for God": by Bernard Shaw  
(Constable, 2s. 6d.)

IN one of his essays, Mr. Aldous Huxley recalls the hours he spent as a schoolboy in the English class, obediently putting Hamlet's most famous soliloquy into "his own words," and reducing it to "I wonder whether I ought to commit suicide or not." What Mr. Huxley was forced to do at 14, Mr. Shaw, at five times that age, is still doing voluntarily. He still paraphrases in prefaces and epilogues the ideas expressed in his creative works. Admirable as these paraphrases are, it may be doubted whether they are any longer necessary. Over a long course of years, the author has now educated his public to the point at which it understands him at the first shot.

Mr. Shaw's new book is a short parable (with a very long name). It tells the story of a poor blackamoor girl wandering alone through the forest, and her wanderings and adventures illustrate the various attempts of man, from the author of Genesis down to Voltaire, to interpret the nature and imagine the aspect of God. As a fable it is charmingly and often profoundly illuminating, and if the end is rather inconclusive, that is not altogether Mr. Shaw's fault. The history of religion is not yet terminated. But he must bear all the blame for his inability to let well alone. His final chapter, written in his best fighting form, is not merely out of key with the rest of the book. It is superfluous, and consequently tedious. Once before he wrote an epilogue which had a mixed reception. The good luck he has had with his prefaces seems to desert him at the opposite end of the volume. If the longing to explain his own works is too strong to be resisted, let him stick to the prefatory statement. The flavour of the lecture is at least diluted by what follows, and is not left strong upon the tongue. Mr. Shaw is exceptionally well served by the woodcuts of Mr. John Farleigh. Has G.B.S. been illustrated before?



by Arnold Palmer

## A Cosmopolitan Review : Kidnapping as an Industry

Among my early impressions of the French, I well remember being surprised at the size of their appetites; and I don't think I have ever met an Englishman on his first visit to France who didn't make the same observation.

WHAT Felix de Grand'Combe has done for Frenchmen ignorant of England, Mr. Thomas Burke has (more or less) done for Londoners who never go east of Liverpool Street. *The Real East End* (Constable, 8s. 6d.) is a description of the Metropolitan Borough of Stepney, illustrated by very seductive lithographs by Pearl Binder. It is difficult to keep this kind of book from becoming, on the one hand, a mere guide-book, too full of facts to be readable, or on the other hand an essay, literary but vague. Mr. Burke has avoided the first pit by a wide detour that almost lands him in the second. He is at his best when engaged on a definite scene or anecdote; when he is not at his best he is apt to slide into rhetoric. He has written a most interesting book

which will send many readers exploring; but it carries some superfluous flesh, and would have gained by (not in the East End sense) a good sweating.

And now over to the other side of the world, across the Atlantic. *This Kidnapping Business*, by Edward Dean Sullivan (Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.), proclaims its nature in its title. Here are accounts of all the leading cases in a rising industry, including, of course, a full history of the Lindbergh horror. Some of the crimes quoted by Mr. Sullivan are over half a century old, but most of them have been perpetrated during the last three years—the heyday of what is known as “the snatch racket.” The principal and most hideous

feature of the recent outrages is that in the majority of cases the abducted person is killed at once, even before the claim for ransom has been made. As the victim is often an infant, the reason for this ferocity is not clear, for it is far easier to place a baby on a convenient doorstep than to devise a safe way for receiving and disposing of the money. The kidnappers have nothing to fear from a child too young to identify them or give evidence, whereas they have much to



MISS OLIVE MOORE,  
author of “*Further  
Reflections on the Death  
of a Porcupine*”

## Novels

“Mundy's Child”: by Alice Lindley  
(Phillip Allan, 7s. 6d.)

THIS light, agreeable novel is written in the form of letters—a very difficult convention if the author has strong literary scruples, but an easy one if amusement and entertainment are the only ends in view. A sentimental story about Bright Young Things, and True Love and Rank and Wealth finding their not very arduous way. A happy sense of humour saves the dish from being too sweet.

“The Palace of Intrigue”: by A. E. R. Craig  
(Harmsworth, 7s. 6d.)

A SLOW and unsuccessful pursuit of “psychology” hampers this active story of Indian intrigue and Celtic heritage. Mrs. Craig has invented a melodramatic plot, but somehow her method of narration robs it of the excitement it should provide.



ALICE LINDLEY

“The Broken Men”: by Val Gielgud  
(Constable, 7s. 6d.)

THE B.B.C.'s dramatic producer understands very well that speed is essential to thrill. Mr. Gielgud's novel opens with a bang, and from the first page things begin to happen. The story ranges all over Europe, moving swiftly, but never losing its way. Its setting is modern, but (the virtues are not always seen together) the construction is sound; and the result will be found highly satisfactory by those readers who are looking for a little hectic adventure.

“The Dead City”: by Joseph Delmont  
(Hutchinson, 7s. 6d.)

HERE are five stories, the scenes of which are laid in various remote corners of the world. Mr. Delmont is unusually successful in suggesting that he is intimately acquainted with all the places he describes. Perhaps he is; but it requires a good deal of skill to make outlandish scenes acceptable to an ignorant public. The first story, which gives its name to the volume, is much the longest of the group. It tells of an animal trapper who, missing his way in the Gobi Desert, stumbles into a secret city. An old plot, but still a good one in the hands of a real story-teller.



VAL GIELGUD

lose if once the public believes that the payment of ransom is vain. Of course, many of the scoundrels engaged on the business are mentally degenerate, and even deficient; but not all can be disposed of so lightly. Beside these monsters, the ordinary racketeer becomes a harmless, almost a benign, figure, who more than once has helped to recover the missing children. The whole problem is, to English people, staggering in its implications. Mr. Sullivan's book is well worth reading, not because it is sensational but because it offers yet another proof that the New World is slipping back into barbarism.

When, as in Mr. Sullivan's book, we are shown a civilisation relapsing into barbarism we are duly shocked. When primitive man is extolled at our expense, we are ready to fall down and worship. Why is this? The answer to the sum looks all right (Continued on page 105)

YOUNG Timmie Herron, I decided, was asking for a thick ear. Ever since Sara Carshill's arrival that afternoon, he had scarcely had a word for any of us, least of all for Antonia, his wife. He was whispering to Sara now and making her giggle as she sat crouched on a low stool before the flaming hearth, her tawny head pillowed against his knee.

Timmie would explain that Sara was his guest, that it was his duty to make her feel at home at Herron Place. But that was no excuse for the way he was cutting up, as I could see Antonia was also thinking. Perched on the arm of Jack's chair, she affected to be smiling over an argument that was in full cry between Virginia and Isobel Sprote, on the one hand, and Mark Bendall and the three Air Force youngsters, brother officers of Timmie's—I knew them only as Bill, Kenneth and Geoffrey—on the other. But I was aware that Antonia was watching her husband and Sara through her long lashes. Her proud and lovely face gave me no clue, but I had known her fiery temper since her childhood, and I asked myself how much of this sort of thing she was willing to put up with. There was Roger Carshill, too; sodden hulk though he was, I wondered what he thought of his wife's carryings on.

Around eleven o'clock,

after the Christmas tree in the Long Gallery and some osculatory rough-and-tumble under the mistletoe, we had trooped off to Jack's study to drink punch. We put out the lights and piled in round the elm logs blazing in the huge Tudor fireplace of old rosy brick. It was young Isobel Sprote who started Jack off on the legend of Tiffany's Walk.

Tiffany's Walk is the distinctive feature of Herron Place. It is a covered arcade dating back to the late 17th century, which, in the shape of an E with the central bar missing, makes three sides of a parallelogram at the back of the house, to which it is joined through two small lobbies situated in the north and south wings respectively. With its low, deep-eaved roof carried on massive cross-beams, it affords adequate protection

against almost all varieties of English weather, notwithstanding the fact that it is open, through a succession of wide bays, to the air. Within it is lined with majolica tiles representing, with pleasing *naïveté*, birds and beasts, fishes and flowers, and floored with old red brick.

"I bet you've got a ghost in this topping old house of yours, haven't you, Major Jack?" Isobel piped up—"Major Jack" was what they all called him.

"Indeed we have," Jack retorted, with proprietorial pride. "And, what's more, it's a lady and a relative of mine!"

There was an immediate clamour of "Tell us about her!" Said Antonia, lackadaisically, "Oh, Jack, you're not going to make us listen to that old story again?"

"Shut up, Antonia!" Virginia cried

## Valentine Williams

rounds off a Riddle of "Who did it?" with a

# Blind GUESS

A Murder Mystery

—with a Ghost





indignantly. "Just because you live here . . . Go on, Major Jack," she encouraged our host. "Make our flesh creep!"

"You all know Tiffany's Walk," Jack began. "It's called after Theophania Herron, an ancestress of mine—Tiffany is an old diminutive of Theophania. She was born in the reign of Charles the Second as an only child, and the legend runs that from birth her face was covered with fine, silky hair, like a spaniel's . . ."

An eruption of "Ugh's" and little feminine squeaks ran round the circle. "So that she never appeared in public," Jack's quiet voice overtoned the hubbub, "without a thick black veil. When her parents died and she became mistress of this house and estate, she grew more and more sensitive of her horrible disfigurement. To avoid the necessity of showing herself in public, she got a Bologna architect named Bonaventura to build her this arcade. Here it was her habit to

promenade the greater part of the day. Then the catastrophe happened. A new steward was engaged, a handsome, strapping fellow, with an eye to the main chance. At any rate, he made up to Aunt Tiffany . . ."

"A-ha!" knowingly. This from Geoffrey, who had his arm about Virginia.

"You can imagine," Jack pursued, "the tumult in that maiden breast. She had reconciled herself to the prospect of lifelong spinsterhood, believing that, even with the Herron Place rent-roll, no one would want to marry a dogfaced lady of uncertain age. And here was the dashing steward kissing her hands and bringing her posies and pestering her to lift her veil and let him see her face, vowing that his love was proof against anything. Well, she let him have his way at last. But when he looked upon that terrible face, his heart failed him and he fled away and was never heard of again . . ."

"And what happened to poor Tiffany?" Sara Carshill enquired in her caressing voice.

"She became more of a recluse than ever, spending the whole of the day and often half the night in the arcade, the scene of her broken romance. One morning, when the servants went to look for her, they found her, in the long black cloak and veil she always wore, hanging from a beam . . ."

"O-oo!" A shudder rippled through the audience. "And ever since that day"—our host's voice was deliberately dramatic now—"they say that poor Tiffany walks the arcade by night, sighing and wailing and ringing her hands. And if she encounters any human in her path, she parts her veil and reveals her face, and, so the story goes, the sight is so bloodcurdling that anyone who looks upon it drops dead on the spot . . ."

"Have you ever seen her?" . . . Isobel broke off, her cheeks aflame. "Oh, I'm sorry, Major Jack . . ."

He laughed good-humouredly, "My dear child, I'm spook-proof. No ghost is going to waste her time on me, especially when her trick is mainly visual. But all my family firmly believe in Aunt Tiffany. My great-aunt Ada had a grisly tale about a Swiss valet, whom my great-grandfather brought back with him from the grand tour, being found dead early one morning in Tiffany's Walk with his features convulsed with horror . . ."

"B-r-r!" ejaculated Roger Carshill, suddenly waking up—he had drunk a lot of champagne at dinner. "You give a feller the creeps, Major!" "Pretty grim!" said Kenneth. "What a rag if one met her!" murmured Isobel ecstatically. "Good for you, Isobel," Bill cried joyously. "You and I'll go out some night with a dog biscuit and see what happens." He snapped his fingers

*SHE had an electric torch in her hand and she flashed the beam on the dead woman*

Illustrated  
by  
Michael

and began to prance about, yelling "Here, Tiff! Tiff, Tiff, Tiff! Good dog! Come and kiss the steward!" They all started ragging and the party broke up in a turmoil.

IT was Jack's habit to stroll for a while in Tiffany's Walk before turning in. That night I accompanied him. "Tell me about this Mrs. Carshill that Timmie's so stuck on," he said suddenly.

As a novelist who has his office under his hat and can drift about the world at will, I had known Sara Carshill for several years. She was the Honourable Mrs. Banksley when I first ran into her at Biarritz: then Banksley let her divorce him as the easiest method of getting on with his polo undisturbed, and soon after I encountered her at the Villa Igeia at Palermo with a somewhat moth-eaten Italian duke in tow. Carshill was new to me; all I knew about him was that he had some hazy connection with the Turf and a virtually unassuageable thirst.

I gave Jack these facts baldly. "She's an attractive baggage, a man-eater. She'll grab Timmie if she gets half a chance . . ." Jack grunted. "Running her rather hard, isn't he? I mean there's an inflection in his voice when he speaks to her . . . Or am I wrong?"

"I wish you were, for Antonia's sake. She hasn't said anything yet. But she was watching them to-night. If I know anything about it, she's blowing up for one grand old row . . ."

My host sighed. "Poor Antonia! They're tremendously fond of one another really—after all, they've only been married two years. But they're going through a difficult period—separate rooms and so forth. I wish to God she'd have a baby, Ned. This old place is something to hang on to in these changing times. Timmie will have it after me and his son after him, if only the young ruffian and Antonia would buck up and do their duty by the family . . ." He broke off. "You know, I can't help feeling that I've met Mrs. Carshill before. And that she recognises me . . ."

"My dear old boy," I protested, "I don't see how you can possibly tell that."

"That crooning voice of hers, her laugh, is it? Anyhow, there's something about her personality that's familiar. I can't explain what I mean exactly, but blind people are receptive towards such influences. . . ."

WHEN Jack Herron, after twenty-two years of soldiering, walked into a German machine-gun barrage on the St. Quentin Canal, he retired to the ancestral seat in Wiltshire and, with characteristic pluck, proceeded to make the best of a desperately bad job. For a man of forty to lose his sight is bad enough; in the case of a fellow like Jack, well off, handsome, a keen soldier and good all-round sportsman, it might well have proved a tragedy.

But Jack would not have it so. I had not seen him since the Hindenburg Line, for I was out of England when my young friend Antonia married his nephew, until I came across him at a regimental dinner in London. His eyes were not disfigured and he camouflaged his disability and bore himself with so much confidence that, but for a certain halting deliberation in his

movements, you would scarcely have guessed that he was stone-blind. He was not in the least sensitive about his affliction; on the contrary, he was eager to talk about the new existence he had built for himself. "No dog and string for me, Ned," he laughed. "I may still be a bit at sea in town, but come down to Herron Place and I'll show you some gadgets that'll knock you cold!"

It did my heart

He would not let his old batman, Sims, now installed as butler-valet, do a hand's turn for him beyond his ordinary duties. He gloried in his independence, shaving himself, even tying his own tie. He had learnt to read Braille and use a typewriter. He fished. He spoke of taking up shooting again, assisted by Sims and a range-finding system of his own invention. He was even trying to devise a safe means of driving his car.

His only crotchet was a dislike of strange presences about him. Visitors to the house had to be brought to him immediately so that he might thereafter



*WHILE Jack was speaking, Carshill had suddenly sprung backward, brandishing a pistol. Without hesitation Timmie leapt at his throat . . .*

good to behold old Jack strolling up through the gardens to welcome me as though he had never lost his sight. Of course he had lived at Herron Place all his life and knew every stick and stone on the property; and fourteen years of darkness had quickened his remaining senses. But, apart from this, he was out to help himself. The whole estate was a mass of "gadgets," as he called them, to help him find his way around without mishap, from life lines in the gardens, and a row of posts kept freshly creosoted to warn his sense of smell that he was approaching the lake, to bosses on drawers and cupboards in his apartments to enable him to locate his things.

identify them by their voice or footstep—he was extraordinarily sharp about this. Walking with him in the arcade the afternoon I arrived, I drew his attention to the fact that a row of bricks in the flooring were loose—they had clanked under our feet as we strolled along.

Jack chuckled. "Just another gadget, old son. I often sit out in Tiffany's Walk and I like to know who's approaching. I've come to be pretty good at spotting people by their tread, and those loose bricks help me—my detector, I call 'em. You've no idea of the variations in sound. I don't make many mistakes. . . ."

Although maids waited on guests in the bedrooms, no servant, with the



exception of Sims, ever appeared on the ground floor at Herron Place after 7 a.m. Jack's rooms were on this level, looking out upon Tiffany's Walk and communicating with it by a side door leading into the south wing lobby. Under the above arrangement he could wander about the ground floor and out into the arcade as he liked without fear of encountering an unfamiliar presence in the shape of a new maid.

**T**HE back part of Herron Place was the oldest. The south wing, Tudor, incorporated the original dwelling house,

across the lobby. In the north wing also, at the head of a small flight communicating with the north entrance to Tiffany's Walk, the Carshills were lodged, in separate rooms with a bath between.

Christmas was two days gone, and I was sitting up late over a set of proofs which I had overlooked until a frantic wire from my publisher at dinner-time reminded me of my neglect. It was two o'clock in the morning; the rowdy gang in the Long Gallery had long since broken up and the house was plunged in silence. The night was so mild that I sat, wrapped in my old camel's-hair dressing gown, at

roof the arcade ran its length in obscurity and emptiness. Jack's excellent ghost story seeped into my mind and, although I am completely incredulous about the supernatural, I remained gazing out, thinking about poor Miss Tiffany and her unhappy fate. And so it happened that my glance was directed at the farther end of the arcade, where it was joined to the north wing, when I saw a flutter of white and heard a muffled scream.

There was nothing spectral about the sound—it was a girl, Antonia or one of the Sprotes, I concluded, who had cried out in terror. In two seconds I was down the winding stair. Cutting across the garden to save time, I dashed into the north wing lobby.

Light fell dimly from the corridor above and I recognised Isobel. Her teeth were chattering with fear. "Ned," she panted, "I've seen her . . . Tiffany's ghost. . . Oh, gosh! I've had such a fright . . ." She clutched me. Her hands were dead.

"My dear Isobel," I soothed her, "what on earth are you talking about? You've been walking in your sleep . . ." Then I perceived that she was in her night-dress. I may be old-fashioned, but really, what girls consider clothing nowadays! I slipped my dressing gown about her shoulders—at least my pyjamas were not diaphanous.

"Virginia was cold and went to sleep in my kimono," she explained, still trembling, "and I didn't want to wake her up. Bill bet me I wouldn't go into Tiffany's Walk at night. I was to leave my hanky there as a proof . . ." She broke off, her eyes round with terror. "Ned, you've got to believe me! I saw her, as plainly as I see you . . ."

"Saw whom?"

"Poor Tiffany . . ."

"Oh, rot, Isobel! You've been dreaming."

"I haven't, I tell you. Just as I came out of the lobby I saw her, all in black, just as Jack described. She was walking away from me when she suddenly stopped. I thought she was going to turn and show me that terrible face and . . . and I screamed. Then you came . . ."

There was a step on the stairs. Antonia, her flaxen hair flowing down her shoulders, looking as slim and as ghostly as a young birch in her white kimono, stood behind us. "Ned," she vociferated, "what on

earth are you doing here? And Isobel?"

"Isobel's been having nightmares," I explained. "She thinks she's seen the ghost . . ."

"But I did, Antonia, I did," the girl broke in. "I saw her with my own eyes, all in black, walking down the arcade . . ."

At that moment (*Continued on page 107*)



with a turret in rear, built under Elizabeth, which had later been pierced, as to its lower part, to give access to Tiffany's Walk. The bachelors of the party were in this wing, sharing a bathroom, myself in the upper room of the turret, Mark Bendall next door, Bill and Geoffrey doubling up across the way, and Kenneth at the end of the passage. A corkscrew stair descended from our corridor to the little lobby in the base of the turret leading into the arcade. Off this lobby was a minute bedroom to which Timmie had moved, surrendering his bedroom, next to Antonia's in the north wing, to Virginia and Isobel so that they could share Antonia's bathroom, Timmie using Jack's,

the open window. When I raised my eyes I could see Tiffany's Walk spread out in a dark rectangle below.

I was absorbed in my task when my ear caught a faint sound outside. I glanced out. The night was moonless, but the tiled walls of the gallery reflected the faint light in the sky. Under its broad



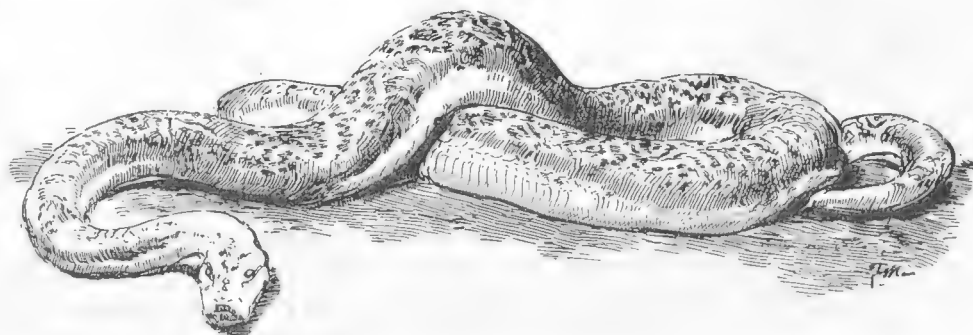
THE glory of generals and conquerors of every age and every land has seldom been achieved save at the cost of acts of cruelty and injustice, caused partly by the unavoidable necessities of war and partly by the intoxication of power. Very few of the great warriors of history can claim an absolutely spotless reputation in that respect.

The figure of Camillus may safely represent the most striking example of that Roman virtue so many times mentioned by Juvenal as a contrast to the looseness of the habits of his own time. Leaving on one side the astonishing succession of glorious deeds both as general and as chief of state, I am going to relate a little episode of a certain schoolmaster who might have been a brilliant pedagogue but proved to be a very poor psychologist.

We are in the year 403 B.C. Camillus and his army were trying to reduce to submission the city of Falerii, situated where to-day is Civita-Castellana. Owing to the fortifications and to the resources with which the city was provided, the siege was bound to be a long and arduous task. The citizens, fully conscious of their favourable condition, enjoyed comparative freedom and took very little notice of the besiegers, who kept themselves at a fair distance. It was even possible to go out of the town without danger.

A schoolmaster who had numerous pupils, drawn mainly from the best class of citizens, used to organise little outings and excursions beyond the walls of the city. Encouraged by the undisturbed freedom, he extended his route every day a little more until, one day, children and schoolmaster were not back in town at the appointed time. It is not difficult to imagine the consternation of the distracted parents. Everyone imagined the worst, but no one guessed what had really happened. Search parties were mobilised and the town was full of lamentations and fears.

In the meantime an extremely exciting little scene was happening in Camillus's camp. The schoolmaster, obviously with the hope of God knows what compensation, had brought all his pupils right to the outposts of the Roman camp and asked to be brought before Camillus.



# Strange Chapters in HISTORY: *Romantic Cameos of Long Ago*

Retold and Illustrated by

F. Matania, R.I.

No. 2:

## Camillus and the Schoolmaster

As soon as he was in the presence of the general, he told Camillus that all those children were his pupils, and that he, preferring before any other obligation the favour of Rome, had come to deliver his charges into his hands, and, with that, the whole city, for the citizens would have given anything in exchange for those hostages. Gradually the treachery of the man who had, until then, inspired them with the utmost respect began to fill the children's hearts with an indescribable horror, while Camillus was outraged at such flagrant betrayal, the more so since the pedagogue was in a position of trust.

Camillus answered in these words: "War is indeed of necessity attended with much injustice and violence, but that does not prevent a man from observing certain laws of human decency even in war itself.

Victory would be a worthless thing if it had to be gained through base and iniquitous acts." With the pride of Rome, he added: "Roman generals are used to rely on their own *virtus* and not on other people's wickedness."

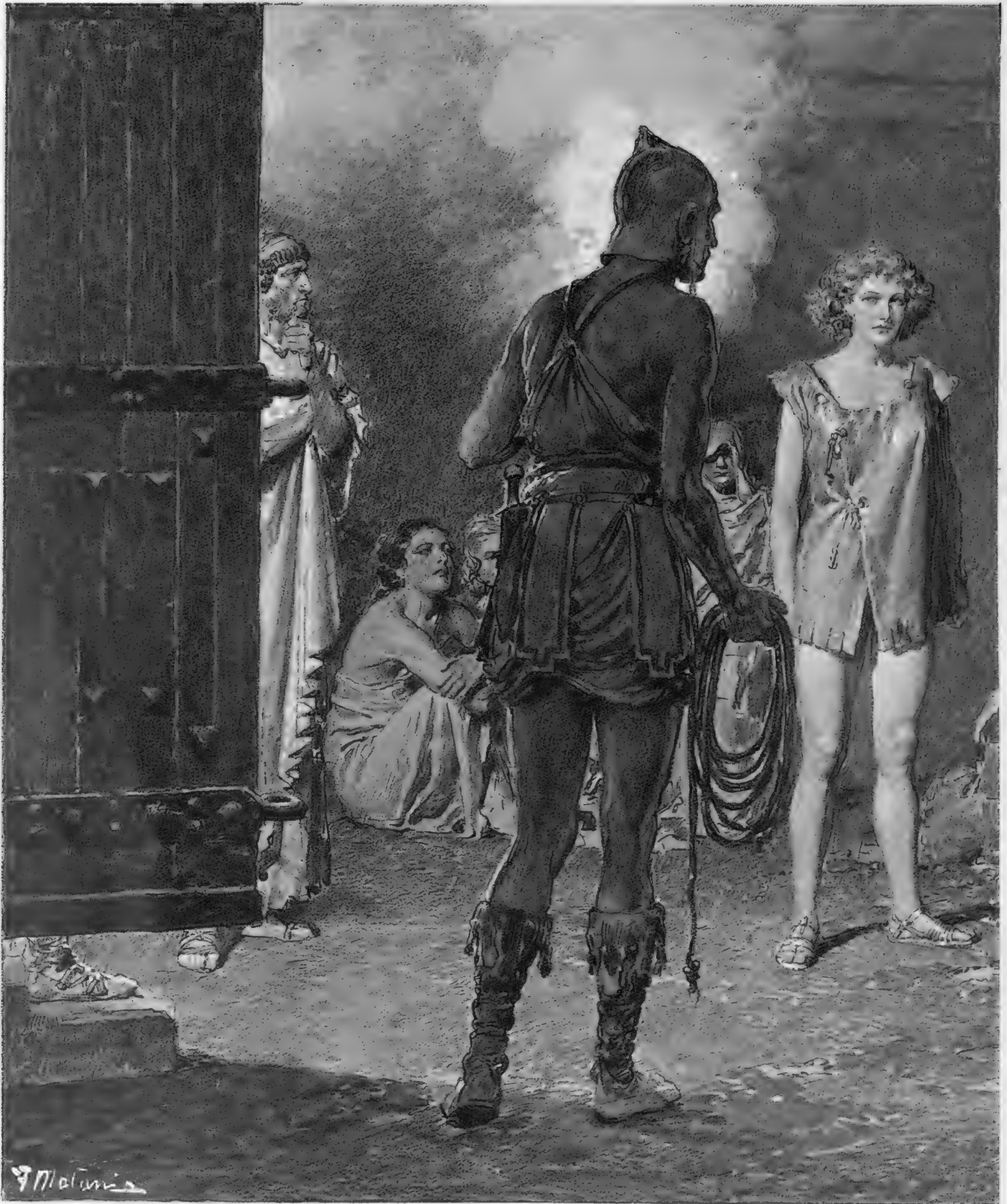
(Cont. on page 92)





# HALTERED AND BOUND, THE PEDAGOGUE IS FLOGGED BACK BY THE BOYS HE THOUGHT TO BETRAY

*The schoolmaster who, thinking to gain favour with the Romans besieging Falerii, led his charges as hostages to Camillus, the General of the besieging army, was bound and haltered by the orders of the Imperator. The General, who, like Alexander, disdained to steal a victory, put sticks in the hands of the pedagogue's prospective victims and let them flog him back to the city walls*



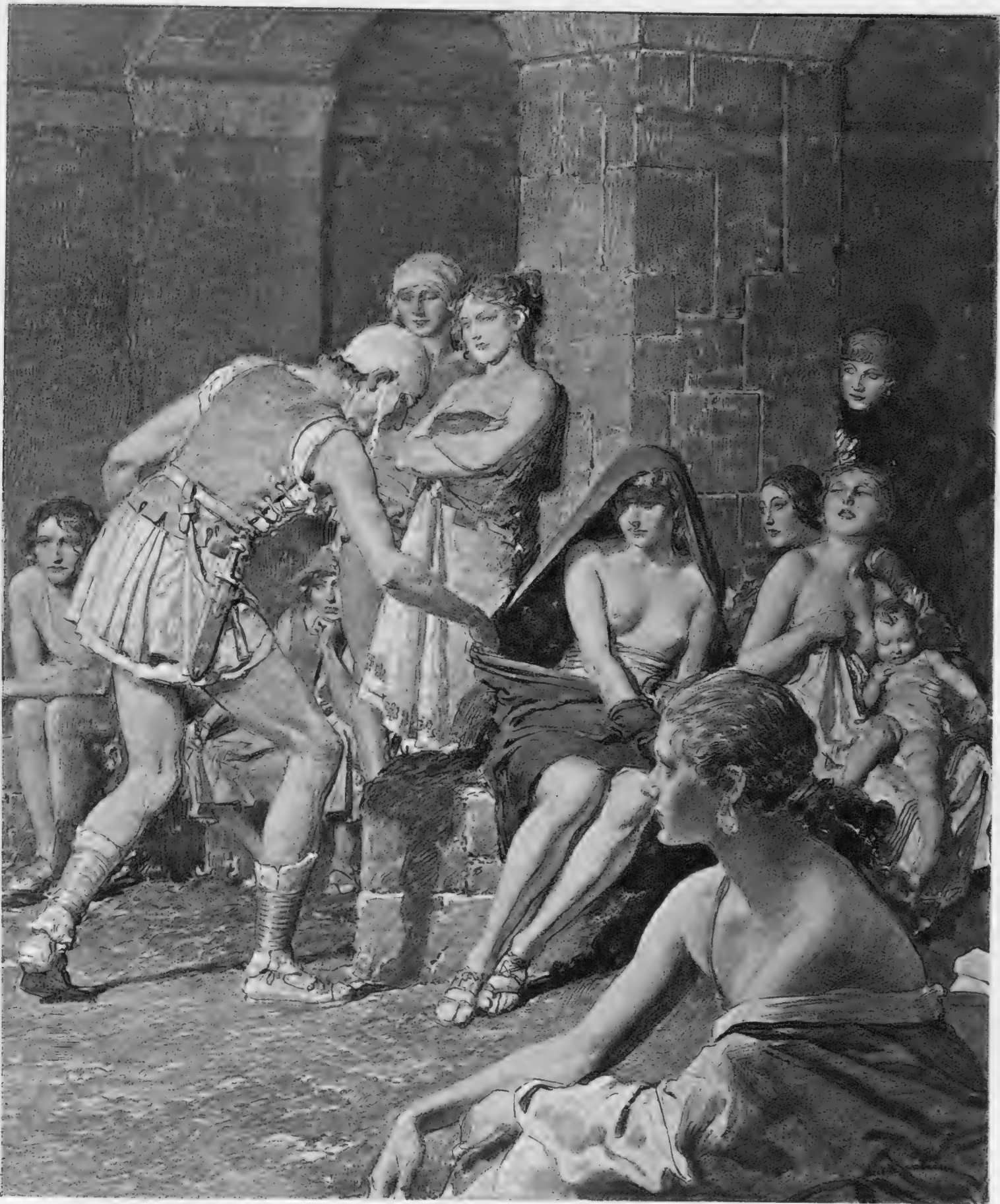
THE SPARTAN WIVES WITH SPARTAN COURAGE

**A** SHORT time ago, a page of this magazine was devoted to that little god who has always proved the strongest in every circumstance, and, if he has been able to score victories over gods as well as over men, why should he not be strong

enough to go one better when he was confronted with the traditional inflexibility of the Spartan law? This must have been the question put by the Spartan women to themselves when they were confronted by the high task of extricating their husbands from a tragic *impasse*.

It was during that happy time when life was not yet purely materialistic; the time when heroic legends, together with the high religion of paganism, had a great part in almost every expression of daily existence; the time when history took on a mythical shape even for the very





#### TAKE THE PLACE OF THEIR HUSBANDS IN PRISON

people who made it. The background of our story is in the south of Greece, that beautiful and peaceful land where Sparta lies surrounded by hills sloping gently down to the Mediterranean.

One night, strange fires were glowing on the hills. No one had ever noticed

them before, and, when daylight broke, the Spartans were able to ascertain that they did not presage an army, and the strangers were not many. They had all the appearance of being a crowd of high-class gypsies. Women, children, tents, and animals gave the reassuring impression

of peaceful domesticity. A herald was officially sent to ask them who they were and what they wanted. They claimed to be descendants of the Argonauts! No wonder that the herald gaped in amazement, for to be descended from the Argonauts was (Continued on page 49)



THE MIRACLE OF ST. PRISCA AND THE LION IN THE ARENA

**O**N the Aventine hill there is an old church dedicated to Saint Prisca.

Whether canonised or not, the number of Christians who have laid down their lives in order to affirm their religion is so great, and the sacrifice of

their lives such a common occurrence, that such an event can hardly be classified as "A Strange Chapter of History." But St. Prisca was only a child, and her martyrdom is characterised by incidents which, in spite of their perfectly natural origin, must inevitably have assumed

in the fertile imagination of the religious chronicler, the miraculous form they now possess.

The events occurred in the year 270 A.D., and it is invidious to say who was the emperor to bear the responsibility for the shameful deed, for there were



three of them in this year of disgrace clad in the imperial purple—Claudius II, his brother Quintilius, and Aurelian Lucius Domitius.

The first has been highly praised by historians for his clemency; the second showed himself to be a perfect gentleman during the seventeen days of his reign, after which he committed suicide. The third has rather a stained reputation so far as concerns Christian persecution, and yet the date of Prisca's death is given as January 19th, 270, leaving us to presume that it was Claudius and not Aurelian, whose reputation would fit this story so admirably. Anyhow, whoever was responsible, the story runs thus:

Prisca belonged to a noble family, and no doubt this was the cause that brought her so into prominence that the Emperor noticed her Christian tendencies. Just as one would try to dissuade a child from an absurd mistake, attempts were repeatedly made, by the Emperor himself, to overcome the obstinacy of the little Prisca, until her conversion to orthodox paganism became a question of imperial and national dignity.

When sacred things are at stake,

even against a child, all the severities of the law are wont to be invoked.

The short story of Prisca does not relate the increasing cruelty of the inevitable process, but it is well known, and was much the same in every case: the sequence starts with the demand for compulsory sacrifice to the pagan gods, and, this gesture being refused, with various tortures; then, when the case was considered hopeless, it ended on the cross or among the wild beasts of the arena.

In the temple of Apollo the childish voice of Prisca affirmed her Faith to the horror-stricken inquisitors, and later the name of little Prisca appeared in the arena on the programme of the day.

She must have looked a little fairy, and the purity of her nakedness was emphasised by the wreath of flowers and ribbons with which the victims were by custom adorned.

The tiny child stood in the immensity of the arena, surrounded by the tumultuous crowd uttering inarticulate cries of excitement and pity, until the squeaking of the heavy iron gate rivetted all eyes to one spot.

With heavy, slow step the lion ap-

peared, dazzled by the light, obviously not knowing for what reason he was there; snuffing the fresh air after the foetid atmosphere of his underground cage, shaking his mane, and hardly conscious of the roaring of the surrounding mass of humanity, safely out of his reach. But the animal had been a captive until then, and the space attracted him, the exquisite ecstasy of mere moving. The spectators' hearts quickened every time the distance between the lion and little Prisca narrowed. When nothing happened, the crowd was convinced that the animal had not yet seen the victim. Time, too much time went by for the frantic throng clamouring for blood. . . .

Eventually the lion noticed the girl. With his heavy tread and slow step he drew near. The eyes of the child had been on him all the time, her little lips trembling in prayer, an unconscious smile—of irresponsibility or faith—on her face.

The beast stopped near her and stared with characteristic nobility and sweetness of expression, so near that the warm nauseating breath of the carnivore passed (Continued on page 92)

## Spartan Justice and Spartan Love

(Continued from page 47)

an affair which required the most serious consideration. We must not forget that amongst the Argonauts there were people no less famous than Jason, Hercules, Orpheus, Æsculapius, Castor and Pollux, and others only less famous to the number of fifty, who accomplished wonders in the famous expedition immortalised in the poems of Pindar, Apollonius, and Valerius Flaccus. Those heroes had stayed for a while in Lemnos, and had become the progenitors of these.

This was quite enough for the herald to go back and report before hearing any more, but he was sent a second time in order to find out why they had come thither and kindled their fires. They answered that, driven from their own land by the Pelasgi, they had come, as was most reasonable, to the land of their fathers, and their wish was to dwell with them in their country, partake of their privileges, and obtain concessions of land.

The proposal was accepted by the Lacedæmonians — genealogy worked wonders at that time—and the newcomers were soon put on the same level as the Spartans. They were enrolled in their tribes; generous allotments of ground were entrusted to their agricultural ability; and, most convincing of all proofs of fraternity, the exchange of wives was permitted—that is to say, the Athenian girls they had brought with them were given in marriage to the Spartans, while Spartan girls shared the life and ambitions of the newcomers. All this was granted solely on account of the fact

that the sons of Tyndærus had sailed on board the Argo.

But it seems that gratitude, even in the time of the Spartans, was a word without practical application, because, soon after, the greed of the immigrants grew insupportable, even to claiming to share the throne, and, when this was refused, to founding an official opposition and resorting to many improprieties.

The Lacedæmonians reached the end of their patience; and the unworthy progeny of the glorious heroes were arrested, brought to court, found guilty, and finally condemned to death.

Here Cupid takes a hand. The design of the god was manifest in a brilliant inspiration in the hearts of the widows-to-be. The Spartans never executed anyone in daytime: the painful duty was by tradition cloaked in the darkness of night.

The time was fixed when, a couple of hours before justice was to be carried out, a sad group of crying women went

to the gate of the prison, with the legitimate request of bidding goodbye to their unfortunate husbands. All Spartan girls, lawfully married with the consent of the Spartan authority, the least that could be done for them was to accede to their pleas, and they were introduced and left free to shed their tears on the breasts of their beloved.

Later they came out—sad draped figures, muffling their sobs in the voluminous folds of their garments. And when the last had closed the doors of the prison behind her a deadly silence fell upon the gaol.

It was not long ere the heavy door was pushed open. Men with torches appeared to bring out the prisoners.

The prisoners?

Where were they? The warders stood in amazement, hardly believing their own eyes. The prison was full of women strangely dressed in the scanty rags of the captives. Every corner was searched in case any men were still there, but they had all vanished. There was nothing to be done.

The Spartan girls were not arrested for aiding and abetting: they had rescued their husbands, and they were very proud of their deed.

The crying "women," who an hour ago had quietly walked out of the prison, inspiring so deep a pity in the hearts of all who saw them go by, were by this time free from the impediment of feminine attire, gaining time and ground towards safety in the open country, dreaming of a new camp, a new fire, and the joy of re-opening their arms to their plucky little wives.



EVERY morning, as soon as she opened her dark blue eyes, Flip's telephone started to ring, and went on ringing, at intervals, all the rest of the day.

Sometimes it was a photographer clamouring for a portrait study of the lovely Mrs. Peter Rochester. Sometimes a dressmaker wanting a chance to dress the chic Mrs. Rochester for nothing, or almost nothing, suggesting a discreet bargain to their mutual advantage. Sometimes it was a newspaper asking her opinion on the latest pronouncement of a learned Judge as to what constituted a reasonable dress allowance for a Society woman.

But usually it was an invitation.

"Flip, darling," a voice would gurgle, or coo, or scream, "we're having a party, and you *must* come. It'll be lots of fun."

And then the voice would add, on a rather less enthusiastic note—"Peter, too, of course."

And Flip would sit up in the big blue and gold Italian bed, her eyes shining with excitement.

"How lovely, darling! It sounds *too* thrilling. I'll be there," and before she put the telephone back on its hook she would add, "And Peter too."

And Peter, who incidentally was Flip's husband, always went to the parties and sat doggedly till dawn watching Flip have a good time. At first Peter used to pretend that he was having a good time too. Flip's smart crowd had all been so jolly decent to him, had concealed so admirably their surprise that Flip should have married anyone so wildly different from themselves.

Peter hadn't done being surprised at it either.

Flip, with her radiant looks, her wild spirits, and her unquenchable zest for life, ought to have married someone outstanding. And Peter wasn't in the least outstanding.

His family were nothing in particular, and his income was the same. He wasn't bad looking, in the sort of way you don't remember, tallish, fairish, perfectly ordinary. His golf was only average, his bridge sound but never brilliant (the mysteries of Contract were still beyond him), his dancing uninspired. Worse, he

didn't shine in what passed for conversation in Flip's world, and his; he couldn't remember the right catchwords, and he didn't even try. Why should he, when there was Flip to do it all, to be the life of the party—any party?

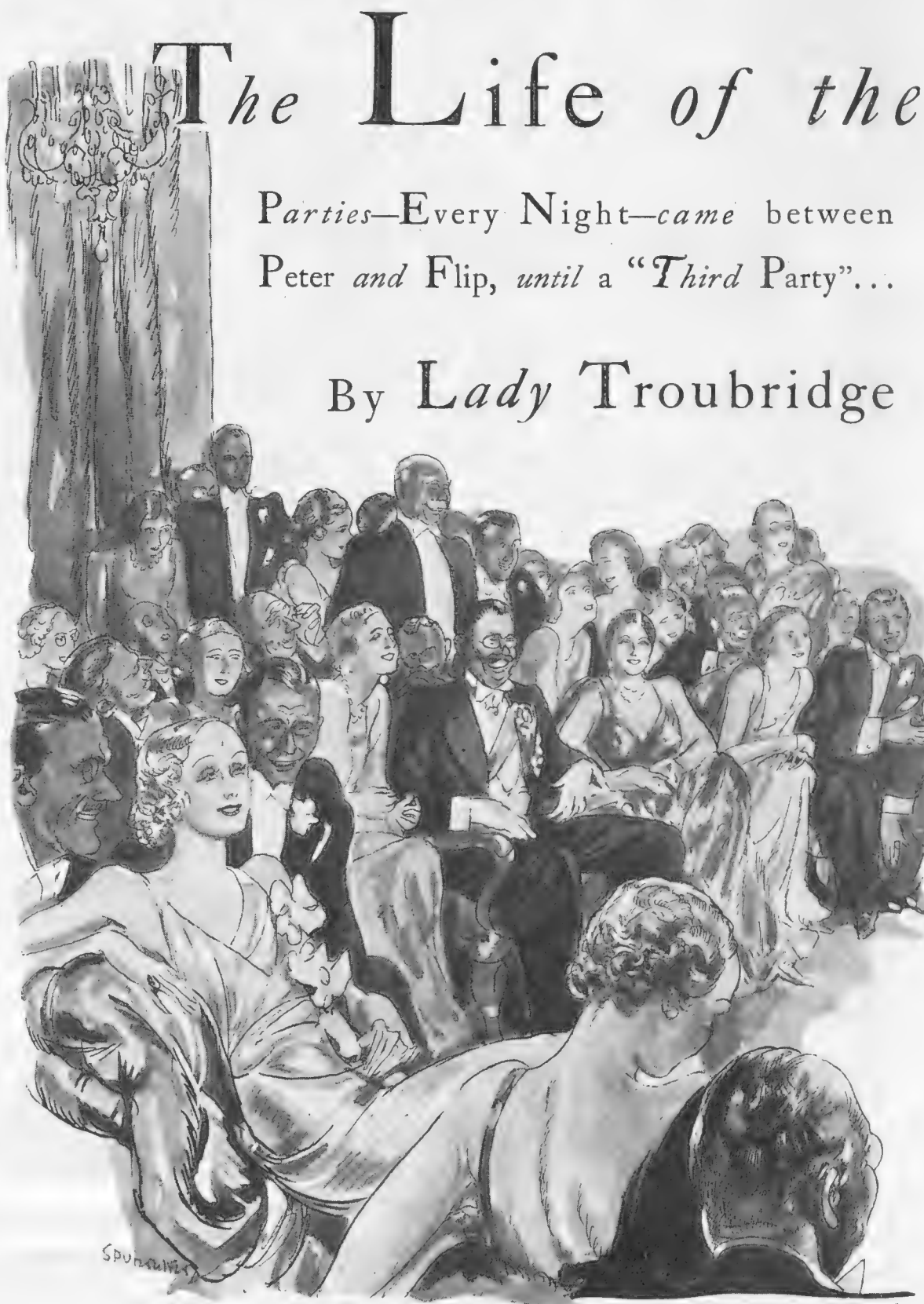
Peter was quite satisfied with things as they were, especially as Flip was always so sweet to him, when she remembered him. But lately, a queer sort of feeling had been growing on him that there wasn't any Peter Rochester at all.

There was only Flip's husband.

Even one evening at home might have given him back his identity, but this, of course, was perfectly unattainable. The Peter Rochesters never dined alone.

People dined at their flat, often, successful little parties, with Flip being amusing and Peter shaking the cocktails, attending to the wine, talking to any dreary person who had got in by accident. Being Peter, in fact.

Sometimes a futile impulse seized him to put his foot down, to insist on making the acquaintance of his wife in a *tête-à-tête* evening. He would see himself doing cave man stuff, seizing Flip by her marvellous "Antoine" shingle, tying her to the leg of the table, forbidding her to leave the flat, hiding the latchkey. Then the crazy notion would pass, and he would find himself telephoning for the taxi, putting on his top hat and starting out again in Flip's wake.



# The Life of the

Parties—Every Night—came between  
Peter and Flip, until a "Third Party"...

By Lady Troubridge



THEY were booked for Leila's supper party, to meet the last dethroned King of Moldavia, and the very newest film star. The King had only been a king for ten days when the revolution had inconveniently exploded, and the film star had been a waiter in a Hollywood café up to three months ago, but "it all panned out," as Leila said vaguely, and they got on splendidly together. Leila settled that His ex-Majesty should sit by Flip at dinner. She would cheer the poor sweet up, make him laugh, and Peter wouldn't mind sitting by the film star's wife, a portentous dud who didn't speak a word of English. She was near-Portuguese or something. The dinner

rows of teeth, her olive arms covered with diamond bracelets.

Leaning back in his chair, Peter stifled a yawn. The evening stretched before him endlessly. After dinner they were all going back to Leila's immense white drawing room, and there would be a cabaret, followed by dancing, with lots more people streaming in, then supper, and more dancing, until it was time for eggs and bacon and beer.

Peter knew men with hose pipes would be washing the streets before he got home, and the early buses would have started by the time he reached the haven of his bed. He fidgeted with a salted almond, and looked down the long table to where

Flip, exquisite in the newest Chanel, a garland of white flowers slipping off one shoulder, was doing a trick with matches, making the melancholy Moldavian laugh so much that the order suspended from his neck shook on its crimson ribbon. Beyond him, Leila gazed admiringly at the dark, ordinary looking young man who counted his film fans by the million.

"Hell!" said Peter softly to himself, and turned to Monty Roedale on his left. Peter hardly ever managed to secure a woman on either side at Leila's parties.

Lord Roedale, it appeared, was not in the best of tempers.

"I wish we could push on," he said gloomily. "I'm bored stiff. I'm not a party hound like you, Rochester. In fact, I wouldn't have come at all if Leila hadn't told me she'd got Hattie May to sing."

"Hattie May?"

The name didn't convey anything to Peter. He never could keep track of these marvellous people who succeeded one another with such bewildering rapidity in the affections of London's smart set.

"Is she good?"

"In a class by herself," said Lord Roedale. "Cute little bit of goods. I met her in New York. Full of pep, you know."

Peter didn't know. He had only the vaguest idea of what pep might be. But when he saw Hattie May a few hours later he knew.

She stood, a prim little figure in front of the piano, the light shining down on her cap of ash blond hair, her black dress deliberately modest, her grey green eyes sparkling like the Atlantic under winter sunshine.

Her nonchalance was superb. Her drawling voice flouted the audience,

but she drove the point of her songs home just the same, with an inflection of her low voice, a lift of her plucked eyebrows, a shrug of her plump young shoulders.

And the smart audience loved her, responding to her slightest gesture, and ate out of her hand.

Even Peter, leaning solitary against the door, was held by Hattie May's personality. Passing him in the doorway, she turned her absurdly blond head and shot him a cool, appraising glance. Then she grinned, a friendly grin. "Want some more?" she flung at him.

Surprised, Peter nodded. Who cared what he wanted, when the big room was clamorous with shouts of ecstatic approval?

Hattie May walked back to the piano and quelled them with a look. Then she sang her latest:

"The world is full of people, but they don't give a darn for me."

It was a wistful, cynical little number, and as she sang her round grey green eyes rested on Peter for a fraction of a second, with some wireless message he couldn't de-code. Then her greedy public

# Party

Illustrated by  
Steven Spurrier,  
R.O.I.



sprawled itself over most of the Corinthian Restaurant, at three long tables, decked with the Moldavian colours artfully mingled with the Stars and Stripes.

Everyone was hopelessly late, of course. By ten-thirty they had only reached the "Biscuit glacé Corinthian," and Peter had said everything he could possibly think of to the film star's wife, a stout, almond-eyed young woman with two aggressive

*SHE stood, a prim little figure in front of the piano, the light shining down on her cap of ash blond hair, her black dress deliberately modest . . .*

shouted their appreciation again, but this time they got no more.

WITH the stopping of that small husky voice, Hattie May seemed to drop suddenly into oblivion. No one appeared to worry as to what became of her. She had given them a sharp sensation, and it was over.

Later, much later, when the supper room was half empty, Leila clutched Peter by the arm.

"Peter, the most awful thing has happened. I've forgotten to do anything about Hattie May, and she came as a guest and sang for nothing. Be an absolute angel and collect her and feed her, will you?"

"Right."

Peter dashed upstairs two steps at a time. How impossible these people were sometimes! What would the girl be thinking—an American too? But Hattie wasn't thinking anything.

At least, she wasn't showing anything, for nothing got by her really. She came with him willingly enough; in fact there was a flicker of pleasure in her eyes as he stammered out Leila's excuses.

"Don't trouble to think it all up. So long as I don't have to be the complete fasting girl, it's quite O.K. by me."

Hattie was good sport. Peter heaped her plate with everything he could see, and gave her champagne.

Flip was at the end of the same table, spearing tiny cold sausages, eating them against Marcus Steyr, making everyone laugh, in as tearing spirits as if it wasn't one o'clock in the morning.

Over the rim of her glass Hattie May observed her coolly.

"Say, that cutie is doing a turn on her own, first-class business, too."

"She's always at the top of her form," said Peter, his voice non-committal.

"Wise cracks, eh? Well, it gets me kind of tired to watch her at this hour in the morning. Don't you feel that way too?"

Peter looked across the table at Flip's lovely, flushed face.

"Well, you see, she's my wife," he submitted.

"You don't say!"

Hattie May's tone held a shade of pity.

"Well, that's tough on you, domesticating a live wire like that. Does she usually act that way at home, Mr. . . . ?"

"Rochester, Peter Rochester. Yes, she keeps it up all right, in spite of the handicap of being married to me."

"Remarkable," said Hattie, biting into a peach; "all the same, Mr. Peter Rochester, this live-wire business never makes any hit with me. I see too much of it in the show business."

"I get rather tired of it myself," Peter admitted, feeling deeply disloyal, yet impelled to confidence.

Hattie nodded understandingly.

"You would. You're kind of quiet, I can see that—a touch of Weary Willie about you, longing for the green fields and the tootle of the birds." She pronounced it "boirds."

"How did you know?"

"Because I get that way myself."

Hattie's eye glanced round the tables. The gold chairs were all empty, the waiters busily fetching beer from the back premises, lighting the flames under the silver dishes of eggs and bacon.

She gave a small yawn.

"It's me for home," she said. "Like to tote me round there?"

"Of course, I'll call a taxi. I'm afraid I haven't got a car."

In the taxi Hattie May leaned back on the seat wearily, her bright vitality temporarily dimmed.

"Tiring work."

Peter's voice was sympathetic.

"Yes," she admitted, "and it all amounts to nothing, really. If it wasn't

for the dollars I'd chuck, go and raise chickens on a farm I own in Oregon, and bake my own bread."

"That sounds jolly enough."

The very idea rested him. The smell of nice brown loaves in an oven, the fresh wind blowing over the wide spaces. Hattie's eyes slid round to his face.

"You don't have to lead this life," she said. "Why don't you quit the city?"

"That would be death to Flip, to my wife; she only breathes in London."

"And you keep this racket up all the year round?"

"Somewhere, yes."

"Seems like somebody's got to die of it then, so I suppose it'll be you."

The taxi drew up at Savoy Court, but she still lingered.

"Doesn't she ever rest?"

she asked abruptly.

Peter laughed.

"She doesn't show up very early in the morning."

"Leaves you some free time?"



Her voice was actually wistful.

"Yes. I get my exercise then, walking, you know, on my way to the office."

"Right here," said Hattie impressively, "is where you ask me to come too."

Peter was conscious of a startled shock of pleasure. No one had ever singled him out in this way. But he definitely liked this odd, direct girl.

"Do I?"

His smile was boyish.

"Sure. You wouldn't have to be told that in the States. But don't worry, I



like your English reserve. I'll be ready at ten to-morrow."

AND so it was that the walks with Hattie May began, with a little sightseeing thrown in. He showed her Westminster Abbey, at which she gazed with awe-struck eyes.

"Gee, it's old," she said thoughtfully. Encouraged, he took her to the City, to St. Paul's Cathedral, to the Tower. Then she refused to see any more.

"These places take away my self-respect as a good American citizen;

found that he hated the thought of the endless round beginning all over again in the country, hated the thought of saying good-bye to Hattie, just because she did seem to know he was on the earth.

She was singing at the Mogodor now, and Peter had got into the habit of coming there for her turn, leaving whatever party he happened to be at, just sufficiently long to give her a quick meal afterwards. He knew she looked out for him; her eyes would search the shadowy tables beyond the circle of light in which she stood by the piano, until they found him, and then

"I suppose so."

"But, boy, it's not a life. Can't you do some rough stuff, and remind her that you're a man?"

She had goaded him into words.

"Shut up, Hattie. You don't know what you're talking about. You could sooner stop your falls of Niagara than prevent Flip leading this life."

Hattie lit a cigarette and inhaled slowly, her eyes on the dancing couples.

"Then cut it out, Peter. Leave her to it."

"You've forgotten one thing," he told her. "I've been definitely fond of her."

"Sure," said Hattie, "that's why, you poor simp. You've just one chance of keeping your end up as a human being, and that's to cut and run. But it's your funeral," she added. "Just tell me where to mail my flowers, that's all."

"Why, Hattie May, it's great to see you."

A horn-rimmed stranger had approached their table and, with a polite bow to Peter, bore her off to dance. While she was gone, Peter did some thinking, and when she returned,

"If I were to cut and run, as you call it, who do you suggest I run with?" he demanded.

Hattie was breathing quickly, but her composure was perfect.

"Well, how would little Hattie do?"

Her voice was steady, but her eyes darkened with some feeling.

"Would you come with me, Hattie?" Peter asked under his breath.

"I'd take you back with me," she said coolly. "I'm due back in New York in three weeks, and—"

It was precisely at this moment that Flip and Marcus Steyr sauntered into the Mogodor with a party, and stood looking round for a table.

Flip's eyes narrowed as she saw the couple. She touched Marcus on the arm.

"I'll trouble you to look at Peter and his girl friend."

Marcus looked, and laughed loudly, sharing the jest with the others. Flip didn't laugh. She had shared her surprise with Marcus, but it didn't strike her as particularly amusing. She felt suddenly tired and as if she had been going down rapidly in a lift, sick and a little faint. While the others argued as to where they should sit, she drifted up and spoke to Hattie.

"So sorry I missed you. Peter has all the luck."

"You're vurry kind," said Hattie primly. Flip's fair beauty and caressing manner cut no ice, with her, and the next words were what she expected.

"Do you mind if I drag him away? It's frightfully hot in here, and I'm dead to the world. Come on, Peter."

Already Peter was standing up.

"Will you forgive me, Hattie?"

"O.K., Peter."

Their look and words were not lost on Flip. She wasn't stupid when she took the trouble to think. And she was thinking hard (Continued on page 94)



*WITH a little rush Flip came to the suit-case, closed it and sat on it, looking up at him with her old jaunty air...*

we'll cut them out."

It seemed so grotesque to have a friendship apart from Flip that Peter stupidly tried to share it with her; but Flip was too busy to listen. She never listened to Peter now, nor did she talk much to him, but she always took him everywhere, as some women take their Pekingese dogs, or a General takes his A.D.C.

The season was wilting. Flip was acquiring clothes for Cowes, for Goodwood, tweeds for Scotland. Peter had his shooting stick mended, and ordered himself a new shooting mackintosh, and

she would give him a brief nod that meant "I'll be right along soon."

She still talked a lot about Flip, and one night she said something startling.

"You've been real kind to me, Peter, and I'm going to give you some advice, for you need it. Are you going to spend the rest of your life letting that swell wife of yours tote you around in her circus?"

And Peter said gloomily:

## A NOTE OF THE MONTH



Ivimey

Patterned feathers and bows  
of its own material distinguish  
this black-and-white gown

A NEW material, a heavy white silk patterned in black to resemble the fronds of feathers, makes this lovely evening gown. It relies entirely for its interest on the curious design of the material and on the clever asymmetrical cutting which permits the dress to cling closely to the figure and yet allows enough fullness in the skirt to give the wearer complete freedom of movement. The only trimming is two large bows of the material. It is a Mainbocher model from Albert and Johnson. Posed by Miss Elizabeth Jenns



## *"Britannia and Eve" Special*

### BUILDING, EQUIPMENT, HEATING and LIGHTING Section

**C**OMPACT planning, the use of modern structure and materials, have advantages which are to-day accepted without question. But, like nearly every improvement, they raise problems of their own, and one should be aware of some of these when one goes house or flat hunting with intent to change from old-fashioned spaciousness, with its charms so often marred by inconvenience, to modern convenience—and restricted space.

Nearly all up-to-date blocks of flats are built of steel or reinforced concrete construction, and their partitions are extremely thin, sometimes not more than two inches thick. The concrete floors are fireproof, and the thin partitions save valuable floor space. But in the science of acoustics it is being discovered that *mass* is as important as quality of material, and that thin floors and partitions act as a sounding board.

It is wise, therefore, to make a few acoustic tests of one's proposed home, and investigate when one is building for oneself the claims of every possible method of sound prevention.

These may consist of insulation by means of acoustic-board lining against walls of lift and pipe shafts, and those adjoining such potentially noisy rooms as kitchens and bathrooms, and of the placing of a layer of board, felt, cork, or some such material as "thatch-board," underneath the actual floor finishing of wood or marble composition.

There are, of course, many minor ways of labour-saving. For instance, in some of the better designed modern flats the architect

has contrived waste-paper tidies, coal buckets and linen baskets as fitments built-in to desks, bookcases and wardrobes. A pull-handle causes a flap to fall forward to a convenient slope, bringing with it a galvanised iron bin, which can be pulled out for emptying or replenishing. The floor is kept clean and spacious-looking, and there is one less thing to dust.

Service hatches are now built with an ordinary full-size door on the dining-room side, thus avoiding that cottage look. The door swings to reveal an opening with shelves for glass above and drawers for cutlery below, all of which open on to the kitchen side as well. The cutlery drawers are shallow and graduated for different types of silver, with a baize lining. Ordinary drawers are nearly always absurdly deep and wasteful.

To help the maid a service-lift is useful. It is not necessary that it should be electric, which is luxurious but entails an annual maintenance charge, and excellent hand-lifts, easily worked by a crank, are on the market. They never go wrong, and can be quite silent in operation.

For people who dislike turning door-knobs or levers there is the knob which opens or shuts the latch when you pull it. Thus there is only one movement to make when you pass from one room to another.

Finally, one of the cheapest and most necessary items in household equipment is the humble oil-can. One can work wonders against noise and clatter by remembering the virtues of baize or rubber strips on door edges, and the fact that rubber and linoleum make silent table tops.

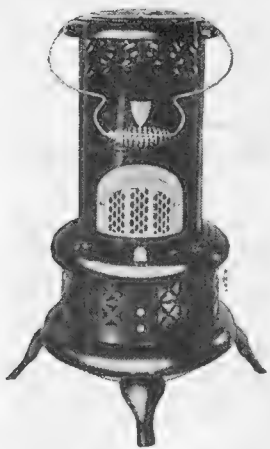
## AMENITIES AND PRACTICAL PLANNING FOR THE HOME

By Doris Robertson

A.R.I.B.A.



*LIVING room designed by Messrs.  
Stanley Hall, Easton and Robertson*



FOR the cold passage or the chilly corner, a Valor Perfection Heater is the inevitable solution if more ambitious schemes are impracticable



THE dignity of the fireplace above is admirably sustained, although the fire itself is an electric one of the most modest type

**GAS-IGNITION** fires need no kindling with wood and paper, and are rapidly replacing coal fires by reason of their smokelessness, greater intensity of heat and astonishingly low cost of upkeep. Above, a Clean-glow smokeless fuel fire in a modern sitting-room

Below: **ANOTHER** setting proves the splendid adaptability to period schemes of modern electric fires. A feature of the Cosyglow fire shown is the concealment of the heating elements

## Some Problems of House-Warming

*And some possible solutions, offered with a particular view to the prevalent taste for economy*



THE problem of heating the modern house or flat is one that differs immensely according to individual needs. That is why, before substituting an obsolete system or installing a suitable one in a newly erected house, it is vitally important that the householder should be thoroughly acquainted with the latest developments in heating appliances and with the special facilities of each, so that his final choice may rest upon that which is best adapted to his individual needs as well as to his pocket.

The progress of domestic heating appliances has been such within the last year or so that a household

which still clings to an antiquated system for reasons of supposed economy is simply indulging the extremest form of extravagance. Modern heating systems are economical, labour-saving, one hundred per cent. more efficient than former ones and, in most cases, artistically equal to any scheme of decoration.

To begin with, let us compare the modern coke fire with the familiar coal fire to which so many of us cling. This modern version of the coal fire retains all the virtues of the old favourite, all its charm of appearance and "atmosphere," whilst dispensing with its disadvantages!

Smoke and soot—the most regrettable features of the coal fire—are eliminated. The arduous business of kindling with wood and paper is entirely dispensed with by the new system of gas ignition, and subsequent cleaning is reduced to an absolute minimum by the fact that the fuel burns with a clean, red glow into small white ash which is deposited neatly into a small tray for disposal. No dirty cinders or sooty grates to clean, no annual chimney sweeping,



THE Cozy Stove (left) is easy to light, easy to maintain and easy to clean, with a heating capacity no less satisfactory than its extremely low cost of upkeep



with yet the comfort of the coal fire. The special grate which is necessary for this type of fire can be bought and fitted for a couple of pounds or so; the gas-ignition system is arranged by the local gas supply company, and the subsequent cost of upkeep is estimated at about half that of the ordinary coal grate. The greater intensity of heat

providing comfortable warmth in an exact degree at any moment. One of the most important gas developments, in fact, is the use of air thermostats. In this way the temperature of the room can be automatically controlled and kept at the desired level, so avoiding all waste of gas.



**A** RADIATOR, coloured to match the walls, is shown as part of an entrance-hall scheme. National Radiator Compy.

Left:

**THIS** "Kooksjoie" range claims to be the most efficient labour-saving cooker on the market when burning anthracite coal. It also gives an abundant supply of hot water, day and night, at a cost of one farthing per hour



*SO near is cooking to the subject of heating that we venture, without apology, to show the most modern of all stoves, the Aga Cooker, which for ease of management and smartness of appearance is only equalled by its very gratifying influence upon housekeeping budgets*

Whether or not to use electricity for heating is a question which is, of course, mainly controlled by the cost of the supply in the particular district concerned, although it is reassuring to have discovered several types of electric fires of which the consumption is sufficiently low to merit their use in the least favourable circumstances.

The foremost of these is the Ferranti, which is a single-element fire from which the intensity and the quality of the heat is of an extremely high standard. One of the smallest portable models, costing two or three pounds, is sufficient to heat a room of average proportions with perfect efficiency, whilst consuming the absolute minimum of electric current.



*THE low consumption of the Ferranti electric fire is a factor of supreme importance in its favour, while the fact that its appearance, in the face of these practical advantages, is equal to the severest scrutiny, renders it a proposition of some importance*

obtainable from coke, its smokelessness and inexpensiveness in comparison with coal, are important factors in the problem of domestic heating, and the many households which already know the efficiency and economy of the deservedly popular domestic coke boiler are hastening to invest their open fires with the same virtues.

Chilly passages and stairways in the house that is not centrally heated are a problem now more easily solved by gas radiators. A recent model has been specially designed for fitting under windows or into recesses where the head-room is limited. The height of this appliance is only thirty inches and it is thermostatically controlled, providing at will full, medium, or low temperature.

Another small panel heater can be fitted on to the wall of the smallest hall or bathroom,

# The Home



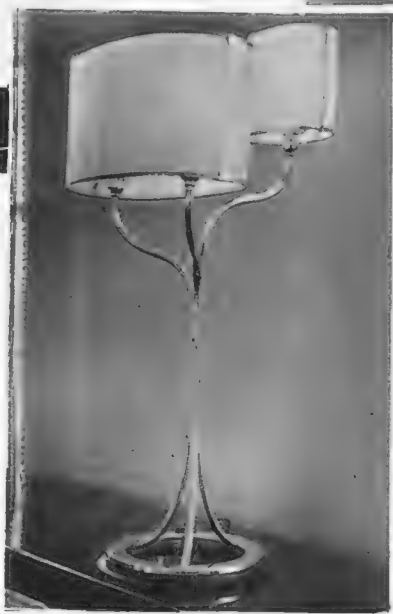
Right :

*IN this sitting-room, wall lighting is enhanced by glass panel decorations in which the lighting unit is concealed. The effect of light shed through delicately opaque glass is particularly happy. Designed by Lalique*

*So far, originality in portable lighting has been mostly confined to more expensive products, so that untarnishable metal lamps such as this, above, are a rare discovery at a really economic price. Aladdin Industries, Ltd.*

Left :

*ANOTHER example which combines a slim grace with a satisfactory substantiality. The height of this lamp is, approximately, twenty-two inches*



*A READING lamp, again of untarnishable metal, has an interesting modern shade and is designed with a substantial base for practical service. Aladdin Industries, Ltd.*



**I**T would not be untrue to say that lighting, more than any other item of home furnishing, possesses the happy faculty of infusing personality into its surroundings. No longer a simple matter of illumination, or a necessity to be introduced in the haphazard manner of the past, when everything else is co-ordinated, lighting has grown with almost immeasurable strides into one of the most important factors in the decorative scheme.

Low rooms are given depth, narrow passages an unexpected dignity, large rooms become intimate and friendly by the judicious use of lamps. Moreover, the decorative effect of lighting is not entirely restricted to the night-time, since modern fixtures have an artistic value apart from their more practical virtues.

Direct, semi-indirect, and indirect lighting are the three systems most commonly used now, direct lighting being that which is shed over the surrounding area direct from the lighting unit; semi-indirect is that which is arranged

partly by means of reflected light from the ceiling and partly from light projected through a diffusing medium direct to the floor; while indirect lighting is that which is projected upwards, from units opaque on the underside, to be reflected over the floor area. Either of these three systems is effective if used with careful consideration to the surroundings.

For instance, the height of the ceiling, the size of the room and the colour of the walls must be considered in relation to the particular system in project.

Direct lighting is at its best in low-ceilinged rooms, and is inevitable with dark ceilings, but for rooms with light-toned ceilings of fairly good height indirect lighting can be effectively used. In a London flat I have seen a narrow entrance passage rescued from positive dinginess by an ingenious arrangement of lights. It was a perfectly ordinary four-foot passage, with doors opening on each side and hardly any daylight to relieve its drabness. In the first place, the walls were



# Illuminated

*Some enlightenment on the problem  
of making night into day*

By Winifred Lewis

painted a blotting-paper blue—this is a tantalising shade between off-white and pale blue—which took on a certain glamour from the peacock-blue painted doors. Strip-lighting at the cornice-level shed a pale tinted light upon the ceiling and was reflected in the smoothly-glazed surface of the walls, giving height and dignity in place of darkness and oppression.

One might call this a rather frigid scheme, and perhaps it is, but being an entrance-hall, dignity was the essential quality, and this it triumphantly acquired.

The situation of the lighting units in each room are now more often controlled by considerations of comfort than of convention. The single bulb, dangling from the geometrical centre of the ceiling and hiding its nakedness

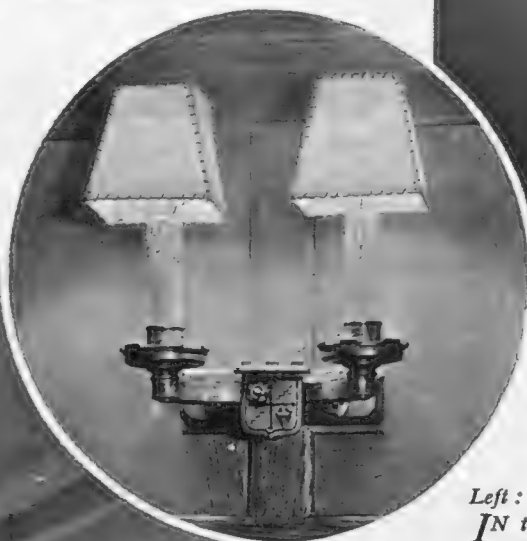
beneath a decorative shade, is no longer enough, either artistically or in a more practical sense. In the sitting-room, wall fixtures, correctly placed, shed their soft influence upon the fireside, to the greater comfort and beauty of that essential territory. In a farther corner, remote from the fire, a lamp is thoughtfully placed so as to



*FINALLY, a slender model  
with delicately tinted shade.  
In every case, the parchment used  
for these lamp shades is specially  
treated so that the effect is one  
of comfort to the eye. Aladdin  
Industries, Ltd.*

*Left:*

*IN this year of grace, gas is turned  
on and off by a switch as easily as  
electricity. An interesting gas wall-  
fixture, operated in this way*



cast its comforting beams among the shadows and to link up that portion of the room with the rest. Chilly alcoves and dim recesses are cheerfully illumined, and pull their full weight in the general effectiveness of a decorative scheme if lamps are used with understanding.

In those cases where the lighting must subordinate beauty to utility, there are a hundred and one devices for the greater comfort and efficiency of the daily or nightly task.

There is the all-important kitchen, for instance, where proper lighting is such an immensely vital factor in producing a cheerful, brisk, and comfortable atmosphere withal. A lighting fixture over the kitchen sink will prove immensely helpful, apart from that used for general purposes, as, indeed, will a small fixture inside a dark cupboard or pantry. These conveniences need not be regarded as extravagance if they are judiciously used, since lights can be switched on and off so easily when required, and if the sink light is in use there is, perhaps, no need to burn the main light or vice versa.

**I**N the bathroom, some departure from the surgical immaculacy of former styles is welcome. Tinted lights give a comfortable impression of warmth to the bathroom, in distinct contrast to the all-white glare with which we have been content in the past. Convenient lighting for the bathroom is provided by placing shaded wall-brackets at the sides of the mirrors and at a level slightly above the head, thus disposing of the problem of shadows. The development of gas-lighting is a point of interest to those who depend upon this medium for illumination. The switch, which now controls the gas-lamp from a distance, widely separates gas-lighting of to-day from that of yesterday. Equally modern are the shades and fittings which are now adapted to the use of gas.

*MORE vital even than design or colouring is the  
situation of lights. In the picture above, one  
sees how a corner, otherwise remote, is invested with  
comfort and importance by their judicious use*



# Damp and Decay

*A few timely hints to the householder on keeping his home impervious to the weather*

By J. S. Bainbridge, M. Sc.

**T**HE lot of the householder is at times not unlike that of Gilbert and Sullivan's policeman—a most unhappy one. Unless he is constantly on the alert, he may suddenly find himself faced with the prospect of expensive repairs which could have been avoided. This refers particularly to the effects of damp, failure to prevent which may lead to the development of dry-rot and the subsequent collapse of a floor or other essential part of the structure.

Even if no serious trouble develops, the unsightly appearance of mildewed patches, due to damp, means frequent bills for redecorating.

It is not always easy to discover the cause of a damp wall or ceiling. The position of the damp areas usually indicates the probable source of the trouble, but in some cases, such as defective gutters and tiles, damp areas may be found some distance away from the source.

The most important causes of damp, and their cures, may be given under four headings, namely: defective roofs, defective gutterings and fall-pipes, defective brickwork and defective damp-courses. Each of these is considered below in a separate paragraph.

Where slates or tiles are missing, broken or displaced, rain will blow in and will subsequently appear on the walls or ceilings of the top-floor rooms. Small flat roofs covered with sheet lead or zinc may also leak due to the metal perishing with age, or being cracked by falling debris or the boots of anyone walking on the roofs to clean up rubbish. The remedy in the first case is obvious—the defective slates or tiles must be replaced. Slates sometimes become porous with age, so that rain makes its way through a roof which looks perfectly sound. The only effective and permanent cure for a porous roof is to re-slate the whole roof, although it is sometimes possible to postpone this operation for a few years by treating the roof with one of the plastic bituminous mixtures now available. If the damage is not extensive, the same mixture may be used to render a cracked flat roof waterproof; but the only cure for a badly damaged metal roof is a new one.

Gutterings, rain-water heads and fall-pipes may become choked with leaves or other rubbish, cracked or broken, or displaced through the sagging or breaking of the gutter or pipe brackets. If the water overflows from or leaks through the wall side of the gutter, the damp patches will appear near the top of the adjacent room; if the overflow is from the outside of the gutter the overflowing water may be carried some distance and the damp areas will be found several yards away from the source. The cure with all these defects is obvious, and only one caution need be given—namely, that when loose or broken gutter brackets are replaced, care should be taken to see that the correct slight fall to the head of the fall-pipe is achieved.

**D**EFFECTIVE bricks or mortar both allow rain to be driven through the wall. Bricks are like blotting paper, and can absorb a large amount of water without becoming wet through. Unless rain is heavy and continuous, this absorbed water will dry out without becoming evident inside the house, but with continuous heavy rain interior damage must result. If only the mortar is at fault the trouble will be cured by re-pointing the walls. A permanent cure for porous bricks is expensive—the walls must be covered with a coat of cement mortar or rough casting, slated or tiled. Where only a few bricks are affected they should be chipped out and the wall faced with new bricks set in cement mortar. The cheapest cure for damp walls, which must, however, be repeated every fourth or fifth year, is to paint them with a good waterproofing liquid, giving two coats and brushing the liquid well into the walls. This treatment should, of course, be carried out during a spell of fine weather. These patent waterproofing preparations may be obtained in various colours, or colourless.

If a house does not contain a damp-course, or if the damp-course is defective, moisture will be drawn upwards by suction, from the soil into the bricks, and in time serious damage must result. Any alterations or repairs to a damp-course can only be carried out with difficulty, and at great expense. Builders are now compelled by law to supply a damp-course, but in spite of this "spec" houses, built as cheaply as possible, may still be found in which no damp-course exists; and, of course, they are missing from many old houses.

Expert advice should always be taken before buying a house which has not been built to contract. The legal maxim *caveat emptor* (let the buyer beware) applies to all sales of houses not built to contract.

Even where an efficient damp-course exists, it may be useless because of garden soil or rubbish being allowed to accumulate above the level of the damp-course. The owner of a house possessing a garden should take care to see that the damp-course is always above soil level.



*IN some cases the cause of the damp, defective gutters or tiles is some distance away from the lamentable result*



*GUTTERINGS or rain-water heads may become choked with leaves or other rubbish and so cause the water to overflow*



*THE owner of a house possessing a garden should take care to see that the damp-course is well above the soil level*



# Letter-writing made Easy

LESS than a hundred years ago comparatively few people were sufficiently educated to use the pen, even for signing their own name. Consequently, furniture designed for writers was in those days limited both in design and quantity. The greater needs of modern times have resulted in more varied kinds of furniture.

At what kind of desk were Pepys's Diary or the letters of Lady Mary Wortley-Montagu or Horace Walpole written? The earliest desks that have come down to us were portable. They date from early Stuart times, and are not unlike the Bible boxes which were common at that period, from which they are distinguished by the fact that their lids close on a slant, to provide a surface for writing.

The first writing-tables made their appearance in the reign of Queen Anne (1702-1714). They were made of walnut, and stood on cabriole legs. They generally had three drawers—a long one in the middle and deeper, squarish ones at either side—and because of their shape they were said to have "curtain" fronts: this was the idea

*Writing-tables and Bureaux which minister to modern needs*

By G. Baseden Butt

*AN ingenious writing-cabinet, designed by C. A. Richter, is made of veneered macassar ebony, and is fitted with pigeon-holes and convenient drawers*

*A SIMPLE walnut desk, designed by Gordon Russell, has a set of drawers on one side only, and on these the escutcheons and handles have been combined*



which led ultimately to "knee-hole" desks. These writing-tables may have been used by men like Steel and Addison, but it is more probable that they were affected chiefly by fashionable ladies. The strange thing is that Queen Anne writing-tables and dressing-tables are almost indistinguishable. The same piece of furniture would do for letter-writing or, with the addition of a small mirror, if this costly luxury were available, for the elaborate early eighteenth-century toilet, with its lavish use of powder, paint, and patches.

At about this time appeared the first pedestal desks, with tiers of three or four drawers at either side, and this type of desk was later brought to perfection by Chippendale. The earliest examples were made of walnut, but they are now so rare as to be almost extinct, and even mahogany pedestal desks, in Chippendale style (dating from,

say, 1740-1760), are scarce and valuable.

The earliest bureaux, like the earliest writing-tables, were evolved in the Queen Anne period. Queen Anne bureaux are distinguished by the fact that they had fall fronts, which were lowered for writing, and beneath were three long drawers, one above the other: they stood on much shorter cabriole feet. In the eighteenth century this class of furniture was largely superseded by combined bureau-bookcases and bureau china-cabinets, with tall cupboard superstructures on the bureaux.

It might be thought that one's requirements when writing have varied little with the centuries, and that an eighteenth-century writing-table would be fully as serviceable to-day as when it was first made. But a moment's thought will show that this is only partly true. Antique writing-furniture can, of course, still be used and is still convenient, and a genuine antique example should certainly be a rare treasure to the possessor, but often antiques are not so perfectly adapted to present-day conditions as are the many new writing-desks of modern design. Not only have the fountain-pen and the typewriter superseded the old-fashioned quill, ink-wells and pen-wiper, but space in the modern house is much more restricted, and most people work at higher pressure. We therefore need writing-desks which, although they must take up as little room as possible, give us an enlarged area on which to work.



*ROSEWOOD, inlaid with ivory, makes this effective desk, designed by E. Minns. The grooved border between the two sets of drawers is also of ivory, and the metal chair is comfortably "sprung" and easy to move*

# UNCONVENTIONAL CONVERSIONS

1. FOR A LIVING-ROOM.—An old-fashioned fireplace has been encased in grooved chromium-plated metal and the fender has been dispensed with. The niches on either side are lined with mirrors and the effect of floodlighting is achieved by two metal brackets which throw the light up on to the varnished ceiling. Designed by Messrs. Stanley Hall, Easton and Robertson



2. FOR A BACHELOR FLAT.—An effect in this room by means of the indirect simplicity of the wooden pelmet. In spite mouldings have been allowed to re-converted into an appropriate setting for furniture. Designed by Arundele Clarke

5. FOR THE SITTING-ROOM.—Mural decorations trees in pale pinks, greys and beiges against green this room, designed by Messrs. Minoprio and of lovely designs of similar scenes may be obtained, give interest to an otherwise dull room. Note been pickled and that a wood moulding has re-



4. FOR THE BEDROOM.—A beautiful wrought-iron grille forms a charming alternative to a mere door between the bedroom and bathroom of Lady Skipworth, and a pleasing effect of space is obtained by this unusual conversion. On either side of the doorway hang coloured eighteenth-century prints and cut-glass candelabra fitted with electric candles





## Some Novel and Inexpensive Methods of bringing Your Home up to date



of modernity is achieved  
ceiling lighting and the  
of the fact that the old  
main, the room is thus  
modern wood and metal  
for J. F. G. Lysaght



3. FOR THE DINING-HALL.  
A clever utilisation of  
space is illustrated by  
this miniature sideboard,  
which consists of a  
triple table and an  
ice-box, whose lower  
portion is equipped  
with racks to hold bottles  
and act as a cellar.  
A shallow cupboard is  
set in flush with the wall  
on one side. Designed  
by John Duncan Miller

of shadowy hills and  
walls entirely transform  
Spencely. A number  
and would immediately  
that the door has  
placed the mantel-shelf



7. FOR THE BATHROOM.  
A corner of this bath-  
room has been con-  
verted into a practical  
dressing - table. The  
walls are entirely  
covered by mirrors and  
a strong light hangs  
from the grooved ceil-  
ing. Glass shelves are  
arranged at a con-  
venient level and  
drawers are built in  
beneath. The stool  
is covered in oil-silk.  
Designed by Roma for  
the Comtesse de Pret



6. FOR THE HALL.—A decorative effect has been obtained  
and the banal appearance of a central-heating radiator  
completely camouflaged by bars of forged iron which support  
a slab of black glass. Squares of mirror placed flat against  
the wall above give extra light and an illusion of distance

# Madam, did you Know . . . ?

## Practical Paragraphs for Home Consumption

**T**HAT it is not absolutely necessary to remove the old paint before applying the new colour if you first put on a good undercoat? But it is necessary to keep the surface smooth and to remove all traces of dirt or grease before putting on even the undercoat. Then did you know that there is a preparation for amateur decorators which obviates the necessity for a blow-lamp, should the old coat of paint need to be removed? It is perfectly safe as well as effective.

**T**HAT it is the most simple of tasks to varnish the bath-room or nursery wallpaper? The economical way of doing this is to size the paper first. This can be done with an odourless size which can be bought already prepared in pound tins for sixpence. Apart from the fact that this size is not so objectionable as the ordinary size, it is also to be preferred for the fact that it will not stain the paper. Choose a good brush—about 1s. 3d.—and have it an inch and a-half wide; the same brush can be used for the size and the varnish. When buying the varnish, ask for paper varnish. It costs about three shillings a pint.

*VARNISHING the wallpaper is both simple and inexpensive if you use a specially prepared size and paper varnish*

*CRACKS in furniture can be mended with a plastic wood. This dries quite quickly and becomes absolutely hard*

**T**HAT a crack in furniture can be filled so that it does not show? This is done by applying a special plastic wood which costs only sixpence for a tube. There is no trouble in filling up the crack, especially if a small stick, such as an orange stick, is used. Almost as soon as you have smoothed the surface, you will find that the plastic wood is drying, and in no time it will be as hard as the furniture itself. You have to buy different coloured plastic wood for mahogany, oak, etc., but should you wish to use one tube for several woods, get the natural coloured plastic wood and darken the filling with a stain. Use a small paint-brush and polish when the filling and stain are quite dry. This plastic wood is invaluable, too, for filling up nail holes. A plastic metal used on the same principle can also be bought for sixpence a tube.

**I**T is well worth while saving odd corks for their cleansing properties. A cork dipped in damp salt will remove burn marks from plates and stains from aluminium saucepans. Dipped in paraffin, a cork will remove rust from metal, and often a rubbing with plain cork will prove efficacious in removing a mark from wood and window-panes. Cracks in cork



linoleums can be filled with a paste made from a cork finely powdered and hot beeswax.

A cork which has fallen into a bottle can usually be removed by inserting a loop of wire or string. Shake the bottle until the cork rests the right way up in the loop, then pull gently towards the neck of the bottle.

**A**MMONIA is a commodity which has an almost unlimited household use: as a substitute for soda in softening the water it is invaluable, for there



*ODD corks should not be thrown away, for they have many unusual cleansing properties. Use a loop of wire for removing a cork from the inside of a bottle*

are many cases when it is inadvisable to use soda—such as in the water for washing windows, silk, silver, etc. Ammonia will also remove grease spots on clothing and take the shine out of serge. It may not be known generally that ammonia will substitute eau-de-Cologne and other spirits in the cleansing of precious stones, the settings of which have become choked with dust.

**R**AIN doesn't matter to your shoes if they have been well water-proofed. To ensure keeping out the damp, melt together two parts of beeswax and one of mutton fat some days beforehand. This can be done in a jam jar stood in boiling water. Rub the mixture well into the leather. Next day wipe with a cloth, and then polish in the usual way.



# I HAVE BEEN TOLD THAT.....

By Madge Garland



THE little shoulder cape beloved by Worth is often edged with fox



THREE-QUARTER length or seven-eighths coats are definitely smart

**B**Y the time these words are in print I shall be in Paris seeing all that the most creative minds in the world can devise for our beautification this spring, but already rumours have reached me of what we shall wear and which will be the favoured fashions and colours.

First let us be practical—for woollens and everyday rough wear a greyish beige will be very smart. This may be combined with another sharp colour—say coral red—and may or may not be allied with fur; if it is, lynx is the best choice. Plaids will be seen, so will checks, stripes and squares—in fact all sorts of geometrical patterns, and these will be shown not only on woollens and silks but also on materials destined for evening wear.

The fashion of wearing a dress and coat of contrasting colour is already a habit and no longer a whim; among the several colour combinations which I can safely recommend are brown and hyacinth blue, coral and dark brown, light and dark greys, beige and brown and grey and yellow.

Chanel is launching a new shade of red, something between raspberry and wine colour, and also favours a range of lovely blues, from deep hyacinth, through gentian blues to pale pastel shades.

The popularity of the seven-eighths or three-quarter length coat is assured, and wraps of this description will be slightly flared and beltless.

Puff sleeves are already a memory, but the interest in sleeves is still very noticeable, and much ingenuity will be expended on their cutting.

Furs make scarves, hibs or sleeves rather than collars, and the little shoulder capes, tentatively tried out this winter, will undoubtedly be one of the mainstays of our spring wardrobe. When these are of fabric they are usually bordered with fox, and an effort is being made to (Continued on page 66)



PUFFS have departed, but there is still much interest centred on sleeves



WORTH suggests two or more waistlines indicated by gathers on a fitted dress



PLAIDS, checks and geometrical designs will be much used this spring



CHIFFON, sometimes patterned, will be used by Chanel for evening wear



**FICHUS** and draperies of all descriptions will be seen and are infinitely becoming



**HEMS** are once again items of interest, and Chanel suggests several frills of the material



(Continued from page 65) revive the habit of trimming the hems of our coats with bands of fur.

Our waistline will surely remain a no-man's-land, because although the majority of day dresses and coats show a normal line (or the latter may ignore any hint of a waist entirely) our evening gowns will continue to favour a princess line—many, however, will indicate the normal waist by a ribbon, a bow, or by incrustations or clever cutting, and the exaggeratedly high line which is so hard for any but the slimmest to wear will not be essential.

After the immense popularity of velvet this winter I think we can safely await the return of chiffon, and already wisps of this really best of all materials for evening wear have blown my way. There are some surprises amongst the

weaving and patterning of this material, and another novelty which is sure to have a hearty welcome is the silk organdie, barely distinguishable from chiffon but much crisper and yet uncrushable. Believe it or not, but it is so uncrushable that it makes the most entrancing and successful lingerie.

There is as yet no hint of wider brims to our hats, but brims there are, though most of them are narrow and rolled up on one side; but the tilt at which we wear our hats has subtly altered, and we now prefer to shade our right eye rather than impede the hearing of one ear. A few flowers have already made their appearance as trimmings—chiefly gardenias—and a large proportion of the new models are carried out in a fine pedal straw. The number of hats made of material to match the costume is still unusually large.





# Spring Clothes News and Notions

ON the opposite page Mrs. Ronald Balfour looks intriguingly smart in a Matita suit of grey and yellow striped woollen material: Mrs. Mary Booker, wearing a Matita suit of black and white stripes, appears to be pensively surveying the horizon. Her tie is of two shades of fuchsia colour—purple and red—and her hat is made of the same striped material as her suit



THIS cross-over type of evening décolletage is suggested by Worth in some of the new evening models

# PATTERNS for the



## How to Buy

THE Patterns are post free all over the world. Sizes: Bust, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 in.; Hips, 4 in. larger in each case. Dress patterns 1/- each; blouses, lingerie, hats and children's frocks, 1/- each; costumes, 2/-. Please remit to "Britannia & Eve's" Pattern Service, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. Please note that these patterns may be obtained only by post



No. 354. This ingenious pattern consists of three pieces: a skirt, a blouse and an over-blouse. The skirt is high waisted, slightly flared and has patch pockets. The blouse has raglan sleeves and a V neck around which is tied a triangle handkerchief either of the same material or of a contrasting colour. The over-blouse is of a contrasting colour: dark brown looks well over beige or light green, navy blue over light blue or scarlet, but any number of colour combinations could be evolved with these three pieces. The price of the complete pattern is 1/6

No. 355. A nightgown of washing satin has three frills of washing georgette on the shoulders. The cross-over bodice is tied with a bow on one side. 5½ yards of satin and ¾ yard of georgette are required. Price 1/-

No. 356. Triple ninon makes this demure nightgown which has a fichu tied on either side. This may either be edged with lace or bound with a contrasting colour to match the bows. 5½ yards of material are required. Price 1/-

No. 357. An easily made dressing gown carried out in zenana is fastened with two buttons in front, has short flared sleeves and dispenses with a collar. 3½ yards of 54 in. material are required. Price 1/-

354.



# HOME DRESSMAKER



# How to make A Crocheted Bed Jacket



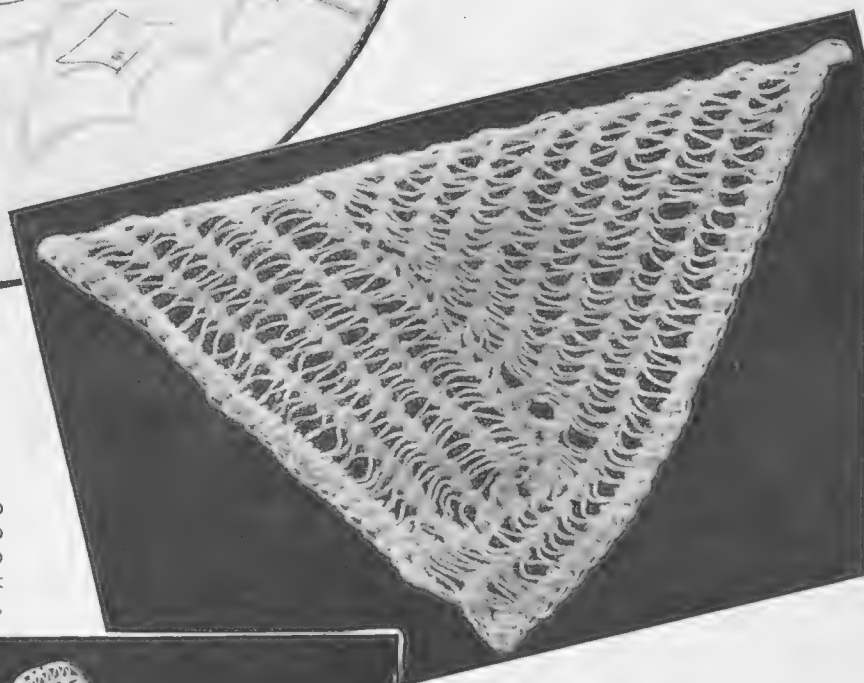
*It is delightfully warm and would look pretty in a number of colour combinations*

## Stitch used

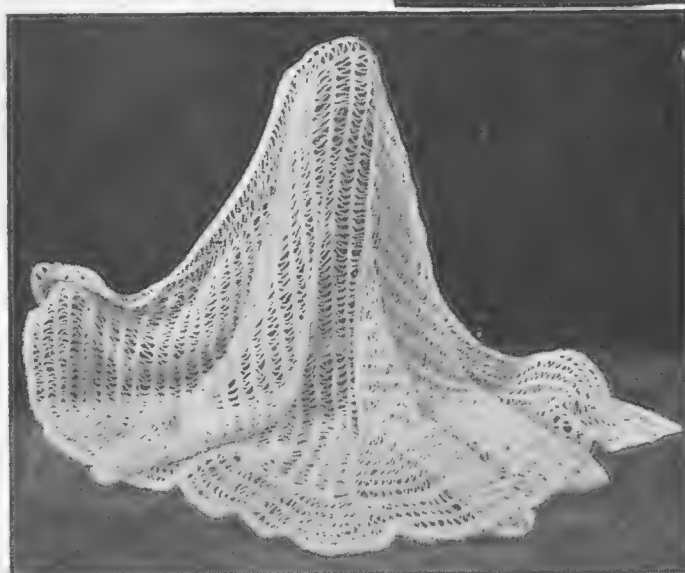
**M**AKE a chain. Put hook into 2nd loop of chain, put wool over hook and draw up one loop. Put wool over hook and slip off the two loops now on hook. \* Put hook into the same chain as before, put wool over hook, draw up one loop. Put hook into the following chain, put wool over hook, draw up one loop, put wool over hook and slip off last two loops on hook, making them into one. Repeat from \* throughout row until there are as many loops on hook as in original chain. Going back, put wool over hook and slip off one loop for edge. Then put wool over hook, slip off two loops throughout row. Second row as first, but making the loops through the middle of the vertical stitches, going straight through each vertical stitch from back to front. The return half of this row is like the return half of the first row. This row, both halves, is repeated throughout.

## To Make the Jacket

Commence with 22 chains, and make 22 stitches (3 stitches



*THE loose stitch makes it quick to crochet and very light and comfortable to wear*



to the inch). Make 2 triangles 23 inches long (one row white, one row pink) by increasing once at beginning and end of row on every line, thus making a triangle.

Change colours by catching wool up on first stitch of each row. To increase, go twice into the same loop, making an extra loop in the middle of the two previous loops. Please note that two rows are required to make one increase. This makes one side look more sloped than the other, but these sections will fit correctly when joined.

Make two pieces alike. Reverse pieces so that the vertical lines of one side join the horizontal lines of the other; sew up neatly on the wrong side.

## To Make the Border

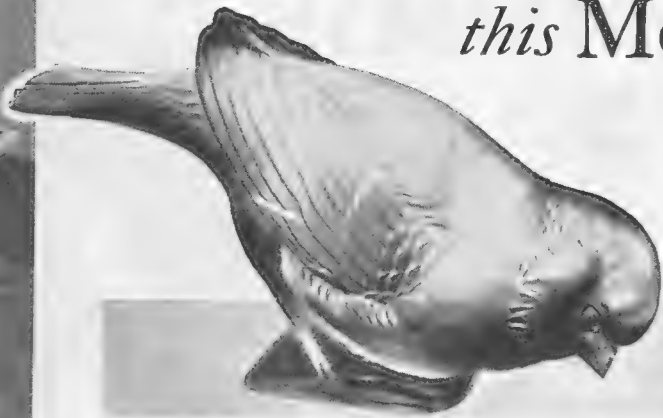
Crochet a chain and make four pink rows round the back and two pink rows in the front.



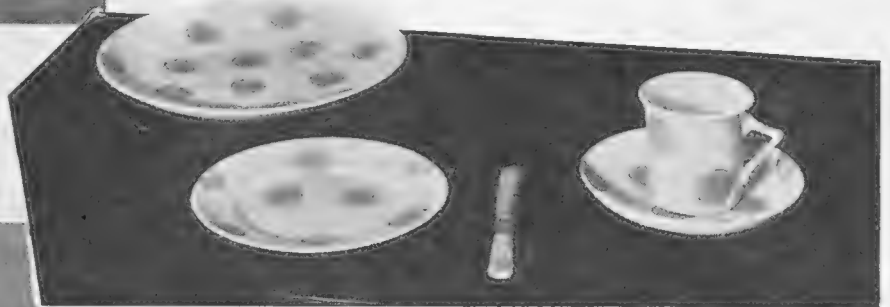
# What I have Bought this Month



**B**REAKFAST in bed is really a luxury when it is served in a Spode service on an apple-green bedside table. This costs 67/6 and can be obtained in any other colour if ten days are allowed in which to complete the order



**T**HIS glass pecking sparrow is an enchanting decoration and several on the dining table look most attractive. It may also be obtained mounted on a heavy block of glass, when it makes a perfect paper weight. A Lalique model, it costs 2 gns.



**A** NEW coffee service is in Foley "Spot" china and is decorated with large coloured spots. It is exceptionally pretty and very inexpensive; a set of fifteen pieces, comprising coffee pot, six cups and saucers, a small sugar basin and cream jug, costs 15/9

**T**HESE attractive Toby jugs are exact copies of the antique models. They are beautifully modelled and coloured and can be had in three different sizes, priced accordingly at 15/-, 10/6 and 7/6



**H**ERE are two toilet accessories which no fastidious woman will be able to resist. "Crêpe de Chine" is the name of a new and delicious perfume which costs 8/6 and is sold in a particularly decorative bottle. "Matt" is a preparation which, when applied to the tip of the nose, prevents it from ever becoming shiny. Price 2/-

**T**HE names and addresses of firms from which articles described on this page can be obtained will be supplied to any interested reader on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2





# By Dr. Maria Montessori

M.D. Rome,  
D.Litt. Durham

*IMAGINE your-  
self in a strange,  
bewildering world*

**T**HERE is only one world for us all to live in—children and grown-ups alike—but this world of ours is really divided into two kingdoms in a way that most of us never suspect. With our quickly fading memories and not very much imagination, we never dream of a little child's kingdom in the midst of our very grown-up world.

It is that childish kingdom I want you to visit with me. But first you must look at the world through new eyes—a child's eyes.

Imagine yourself in a strange world full of shapes and colours and sounds you do not understand, and bewildering people who are always telling you to do different things, taking you up and putting you down, telling you to be quiet, not to spill your food, and to wash your dirty little hands. This is the world of grown-up mystery.

But already in the midst of it you have a little kingdom of your own filled with the people and things you have learnt to know. There is your own cot and your bath, and your woolly lamb you take to bed every night, and mother and father and John and Nurse. . . . But sometimes bewildering things happen and these people call you naughty.

**F**OR instance, you have tantrums while Nurse is dressing you. Poor Nurse! she only knows that in the grown-up kingdom children must be dressed; she knows nothing about the delights of dressing oneself. One minute—she is called away, and when she comes back, what a surprise! There you are, pulling on your own sock as happy as can be, without a thought of tantrums.

So she leaves you alone for a minute because there's Master John being naughty. "Really," you hear her say, "what more can the child want? He's got a whole roomful of toys, and he won't play with any of them." Neither you nor John can explain to her, but if she could see John's mind for a moment she would know that all he wants is the key that he discovered this morning. If only Nurse would let him fit it in the door and turn the lock, then unlock it and take the key out again, he would do it over and over



*HE wants to  
work too*



*HE can only look at the park  
—how he would love a little  
garden of his own, and a spade!*

again and give her no more trouble for an hour—but she has put it safely away so that he shan't lose it. As if he wanted to lose it! All he wanted was to use the key as it is meant to be used.

For that is the way children work in their kingdom. Children as well as grown-ups have their work to do. But it is a very different work. Just think for a moment of how grown-ups work. They want to get things done, they plan to do them by the quickest and easiest ways, and often get other people to help them.

Now you are a little child again with your work to do. You are interested in a key, not to open the cupboard and be done with it, but simply to use it again and again until you are satisfied. No one can help you with your work, because you are at work on your own development, creating the mind of the man you will be—and who can help another to grow?

**W**HEN mother takes you walking in the Park, she doesn't see your kingdom. For her the Park means fresh air and exercise for the children, for you it is a place full of new things you want to know all about. Oh, how you wish you could dig like those gardeners among the beautiful flowers! If only you had a little garden and a spade of your own, it would be worth more to you than all this beautiful park which you can only look at with your hand held fast by a grown-up.



# Visit *my* Kingdom



This is his work, as we have seen—and *it is our part to observe the child at work and provide him with suitable interests which provoke the activities by means of which he develops.*

That is why the educational materials in my schools are all made to be handled. We teach no abstract rules to the children, but simply provide them with carefully designed materials which provide concrete examples from which they may eventually formulate the rule for themselves. All the materials are made in such a way that the child can teach himself with them and he is allowed to choose each day's work for himself; the teacher exists to help only when she is asked.

It is the child's secret which determines his choice of any activity. He cannot explain it and we have no right to probe him, for if we do he will not only become mentally confused, but if we persist we shall injure his personality. The child's secret lies at the root of personal liberty, and on its integrity rests his future independence.

You see how important are the secret places in the kingdom of childhood. It is enough that children have their great urge to work, without our inquiring whence it comes. If your child is interested in a simple key or in dressing himself, treat him at home as we do when he takes down a piece of educational material from the school cupboard. We remember that whatever activity he undertakes, it is his way of learning and enlarging his kingdom; we understand that the only knowledge of any use to him is the knowledge which he discovers for himself, and *his spontaneous interests are the most important things in the world to him.*

Whenever he is interested and active, your child is building up his kingdom, and if you impose your will on him unnecessarily, if you break his concentration and upset his interest, if you try to discover his motives by questioning, you can only expect naughtiness. Sometimes he is naughty deliberately through a sense of frustration, but more often it is the natural consequence of his bewilderment or an instinctive defence of his precious secret.

When once we have learnt to look at the world through a child's eyes we save ourselves and our children a great deal of irritation and misery, and in return we get good temper and laughter from happy children freely developing in the way that Nature intends.



*THERE you are, pulling on your sock as happy as can be*

You want to *do* things, to *work* at things—that is the greatest need in the kingdom of childhood.

ONCE we understand the child's need of work, we have found the key to his kingdom. But we may not enter it until we have learnt an important law which governs there—a law which decrees that there are mysterious places in this wonderful kingdom which we must never try to discover. *In the kingdom of childhood every child must be allowed to keep his own secret.*

"What about child psychology?" I can hear you say, "Surely we ought to know as much as we can about our children. How can we train them if they are allowed to keep secrets from us?"

I have no quarrel with your studying psychology if you are thirsting after knowledge—but I have a very grave quarrel if you try to gain that knowledge by questioning little children.

As well ask your little boy to tell you how he manages to grow taller week by week, as to ask him how his mind develops. For that is, in fact, what you are doing when you question children about their motives. The child knows that he *wants* to be active, that he *must* do things for himself, that he *hates* nurse always lifting him up and down from his chair—but ask him *why*? and of course he can't tell you.

Yet that is just what conscientious parents are doing in their efforts to understand their children. And the result is generally tears and temper—the child's natural defence when his secret is touched.

This secret is simply the mysterious working of the child's growing mind, and it is not at all necessary that we should probe it in order to train him. Just as the inner principle of his bodily growth lies within the child himself, so the inner principle of his mental growth can be left to take care of itself. We must simply see that it is provided with suitable material for work on its own development.

A LITTLE child receives his impressions of the outside world through his senses, and he reacts to these by means of activities directed towards the objects which interest him.

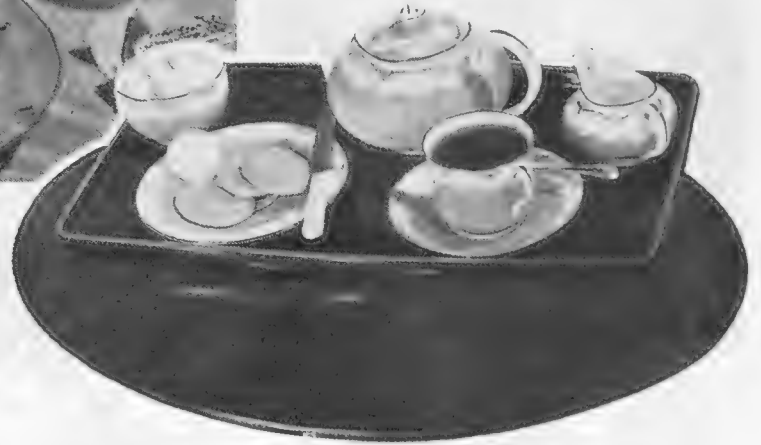


*HE'S got a whole roomful of toys, and he won't play with any of them*

A PARTICULARLY charming tea-set is of Spode china painted in fresh tones of rose and apple-green

By  
*Len Chaloner*

MORNING tea, even if it is a medicinal brew, will be attractive if served in a Spode service of pale lavender blue



MOST of us have some vague recollection in youth of being taught that "an apple a day" would "keep the doctor away," but it is only in the last few years that a great number of people have given their serious attention to the great possibilities of added happiness in this form of economy, and given real consideration to diet and methods of living for the maintenance of health and fitness.

Among the various measures that can materially help without being penitentially tiresome or cranky are the teas and tisanes of proven value. Most of these teas have special virtues to commend themselves for particular purposes. Since it is impossible to cite anything like all of them we will take for the present instance Matte Tea, Marienbad Tea (called Mariaherba), Mint Tea and Raspberry Leaf Tea.

Matte tea is of very long tradition and in bygone days in South America, the home of its nativity, the powers of magic were often attributed to it, so valuable was it found. For us to-day, however, its greatest help lies in relieving the distresses of rheumatism, neuritis and insomnia, while it lacks the tannin so undesirable for any forms of indigestion that is present in all ordinary teas.

Matte tea has rather a subtle flavour and refreshing quality. It is made by placing two teaspoonfuls of the leaves in a saucepan with a breakfast-cupful of cold water and bringing this to the boil. The tea when ready is strained and served, Russian fashion, with a slice of lemon and sugar to taste. In Brazil it is drunk from little gourds through a bombilla or pipe, but over here it is most pleasantly enjoyed in glasses.

Marienbad tea ("Mariaherba") is specially designed to fulfil that almost universal demand for slimming. It is made, as its name tells you, from Marien-

# Drinks

## that Keep

### the Doctor Away

*Your tea can cure many of your ills  
and do much to retain your figure*

bad salts and carefully selected herbs. Thus if Mahomet can no longer afford to go to the mountain, the mountain is conveniently and economically brought over to Mahomet. The Marienbad treatment is far too widely known for more comment to be necessary, but the tea has only to be taken first thing in the morning and last thing at night without any terribly rigorous dieting for a remarkable improvement in one's figure to take place. Naturally extreme cases should help their predicament by diet and exercise if they look for speedy results. The majority of people towards middle years are, however, simply keeping a careful eye on that extra pound or two. But it is well to remember that with all such considerations it is no use taking the tea one day and forgetting it the next, or the same in any effort to diet. ONE MUST BE CONSISTENT.

Mint tea is the name given to a brew of weak and freshly made China tea to which is added a handful of fresh leaves of mint—from your own garden if you will. This is a lesser known herb tea in England but is consumed at all hours and on all occasions in the country from Tangiers to Fez, and also in some parts of Ceylon. The value of mint is carminative and stimulant, and for those who feel they cannot forgo the "tea" to which they have grown so used it

may well commend itself, particularly as the spring comes along. Here, again, the brew is pleasanter with sugar and no milk. (In Tangiers it is usually over sweet for European taste.)

RASPBERRY leaf tea is perhaps of special interest since it is of primary purpose to aid the mother-to-be both during her months of waiting and at the time of the event itself. While it is not recognised generally by the medical profession over here it is becoming increasingly known for its helpful properties in lessening discomfort during the later months and the last hours of stress before the baby arrives. Its action is very gentle and it can do no harm whatsoever, so that it is genuinely worth trying for those who have real discomfort or anxiety during this time.

It is made as follows: Bring water to the boil as for ordinary tea and pour over about one and a half ounces of dry raspberry leaves making for two pints of the tea. It may be sweetened to taste, preferably with cane sugar, and milk or cream can be added if desired. The amount to take for the purposes described is a pint a day, and if poured off the leaves the drink can be reheated but should not be kept more than forty-eight hours.

The raspberry leaves used are those from the ordinary English garden raspberry canes.

Naturally all such tisanes or teas must be taken not for a day or a week but steadily over a period of weeks if we are to give their virtues a fair chance, while we may add to our own virtues that of the "early bird," whenever possible making them our first brew of the day.



# Egg Dishes

*Recipes Which Do Not  
Require New-Laid Eggs*



*THE modern method of learning Cookery: M. Boulestin's record, "How to Make an Omelette," should be part of every wise housewife's equipment. It costs only 1/6*

By A. H. Adair



*EGGS "en cocotte," so pleasant to eat and attractive to serve, do not always require new-laid eggs*

IT is a great mistake to think that new-laid eggs are essential for all egg dishes. Obviously, for eggs boiled, poached, or plain fried, they must be as fresh as possible, but there are many pleasant luncheon dishes, including omelettes, which can be made with colonial or pickled eggs. Scrambled eggs, of course, are better when made with new-laid eggs, but even they can be mixed with all sorts of things: salt cod, smoked haddock, cheese, tomatoes, etc., in which cases cheaper eggs can be used. The same rule applies to eggs *en cocotte*. If we are serving them plain or with cream, then the eggs must be as fresh as possible, but there are endless ways of treating them, such as with a mixture of minced chicken, with mushrooms and tomatoes, with cheese and so on, which provide very pleasant dishes at a small cost.

There is one dish which surprisingly demands the freshest of new-laid eggs, and that is a soufflé. If the eggs are not of the best, the whites will not whip properly, and the result will be a heavy soufflé instead of one which is light and rising well above the dish.

These remarks do not apply to cases where invalids or children are on an egg diet, but it is certainly difficult and expensive to rely on new-laid eggs for all purposes, and it is hoped, therefore, that the following recipes will assist the housewife in adding a little more variety to the daily fare.

## *Eggs "en Cocotte" with Tomatoes and Mushrooms*

Trim and cut into small pieces one rasher of streaky bacon, and fry it with a little butter until it is well melted. Add one onion peeled and chopped finely and cook until soft and brown. Peel and chop finely one tomato and one mushroom, add these to the other ingredients, and season with salt and pepper. Cook slowly, stirring occasionally, until you have a soft and well-mixed purée.

Meanwhile have ready your little fireproof *cocottes*, warm them, put a little of the mixture in them and drop an egg on

top of each one with a tiny piece of butter on each yolk. Place the *cocottes* in a shallow pan of boiling water and cook them in this until the whites are set—the yolks, of course, must remain soft—which should take seven or eight minutes.

## *Scrambled Eggs with Cheese and Croûtons*

Break into a bowl two eggs for each person. Add salt and pepper and beat them lightly, but not too much. Meanwhile melt a piece of butter in a thick saucepan—if your pans are thin, it is better to cook the eggs in a small saucepan standing in a vessel of boiling water, in other words *au bain Marie*—pour in the eggs and cook them very slowly, stirring all the time, turning them well over and keeping the sides of the pan well scraped. When the eggs are nearly set, add, for each person, a heaped teaspoonful of grated cheese. Stir this well in, put the eggs into a hot serving dish and decorate the top with little triangles of bread crisply fried in butter or bacon fat.

## *Fried Eggs with Anchovies*

Fry the eggs very crisply in hot bacon fat, turning them over carefully so that the whites are brown and crisp, keeping the yolks soft. Remove the eggs and keep them hot, and then fry some pieces of bread—one for each egg—which you have trimmed to a round or oval shape. When these are brown and crisp, remove them and spread each one with a mixture of chopped fillets of anchovies and chopped parsley worked to a paste. Place the eggs on top of each piece of fried bread, season with pepper, and serve very hot.

## *Egg Surprise*

Take some large, evenly sized potatoes of the floury kind, wash and scrub them well, dry them and bake them in their skins in the oven. When they are quite cooked—this can be judged by piercing them occasionally with a skewer—remove them, cut them in halves and scoop out most of the insides. Put a little piece of butter, salt and pepper and a little seasoning in each potato case. The seasonings can be varied according to taste, things such as grated cheese, chopped ham, tomatoes—the two latter previously cooked—being examples.

Drop a raw egg into each "case," put a little dab of butter on each yolk, also salt and pepper, and place the potatoes in the oven until the whites of the eggs are set.

Those readers who are interested in egg dishes, and particularly those who are vegetarians, will be interested in two books of which A. H. Adair is part author, in collaboration with X. M. Boulestin: "Eggs—120 Ways" and "Potatoes—120 Ways," both of which are published by Heinemann at 2/-.



# Dried Vegetables

**A**T this time of the year, when we are waiting for the spring and all the new vegetables, we are not to be blamed if we find ourselves tiring of winter fare and longing for something "different." From Christmas onwards there have been very few opportunities of finding something with which to change the menu, and this is particularly difficult in the case of vegetables.

Fortunately, we can always fall back on the many dried things—haricot beans, Lima beans, lentils, split peas and the delicious little pale green beans known as *flageolets*.

All these things can be made into very good dishes, both nourishing and appetising, and they are extremely simple to prepare. The essential thing is to soak them well before cooking them and to have a few herbs with which to flavour them.

## HARICOT BEANS

For every pound of beans have ready one onion and one carrot peeled and washed. The beans should have been soaking in cold water for twelve hours. Put them with the onion and carrot, cut up, into a large saucepan. Add salt, pepper, a bunch of parsley and a great deal of cold water. Bring to the boil, skim well and simmer for three hours with the lid on. Strain the beans, keeping a little of the stock; put them in a clean saucepan with the stock—just enough to keep them moist—and a piece of butter. See that there is enough seasoning, toss the beans for a few minutes over the fire and then serve.

## HARICOT BEANS ANOTHER WAY

Start the beans in the same way, adding a few tomatoes skinned, cut into quarters and with the pips removed. Put in also a small piece of garlic, chopped, and let the beans cook rather longer than usual. Serve in the same way.

*Excellent substitutes for the expensive and still rare spring "primeurs"*

By A. H. Adair

## HARICOT BEANS WITH GRAVY

Cook the beans in the usual way, but without tomatoes and garlic. Strain them and keep them hot. Meanwhile trim and chop a rasher of streaky bacon and fry it with a little butter or bacon fat. Add a small onion finely chopped, and cook until golden brown. Add the beans, stir well, and cook together for a few minutes. Just before serving pour over a little hot gravy left over from a joint or a little stock.

## HARICOT FLAGEOLET BEANS

These little green beans are not so well known as the white ones, but they are perhaps even better. Most good grocers would get them even if they do not stock them. Cook them in the same manner as described in the first of these recipes, but they are usually served with a little chopped parsley sprinkled over them. They are delicious cold, served as an *hors d'œuvre* dish, dressed as one would a green salad with oil, vinegar, salt and pepper and chopped parsley.

## PURÉES OF BEANS

All these beans make very good *purée*. You cook them in the ordinary way (seeing that they are really soft and tender), after which you drain them and pass them through a sieve. Melt a little butter in a clean saucepan, add the *purée* and mix in a little milk, beating with a whip. Season well with salt and pepper. If you are serving the *purée* with roast mutton,

with which it is particularly good, add, instead of milk, a little of the gravy from the meat; but it makes a very good luncheon dish served separately with *croustons* of fried bread.

## LENTILS

These dried vegetables should be treated in the same way as the beans. When they have soaked, put them in a large saucepan with, as well as the usual onion and carrot, a bunch of thyme, parsley and a bay leaf tied together, cold water, salt and pepper. Bring to the boil and simmer until quite tender. It is always better to serve lentils as a *purée*, and they should be finished with butter and milk or a little cream if available. They are extremely good with grilled sausages, cutlets or chops, but can be served also as a separate vegetable dish.

## PURÉE OF SPLIT PEAS

Take a pound of split peas well soaked and put them in a saucepan with lots of cold water, a few cubes of bacon, parsley, salt and pepper. Bring to the boil and keep boiling for about two hours and a half, more if necessary; they should be quite soft. When ready pour the stock into a bowl through a colander, remove the parsley and bacon, and squash the peas through a sieve. If the *purée* is too thick and dry, add to it some of the stock and stir well. In another saucepan put a piece of butter the size of an egg, melt it and add your *purée*, stirring well. See that it is well seasoned, smooth and of a good consistency.

It sometimes happens that one thinks of a dish at the last moment. In the case of dried vegetables one must allow, of course, several hours for cooking, but the soaking in cold water can be omitted if we put a pinch of bicarbonate of soda into the saucepan when starting to cook the vegetables, though there is no doubt that the best way is to soak them first.



# The Care of All your Brushes

*THE don'ts outnumber the do's when it comes to keeping brushes clean and in good order*

By Margaret Currant



*THE backs of household brushes should have a coating of grease applied either with a rag or brush before the bristles are wetted*

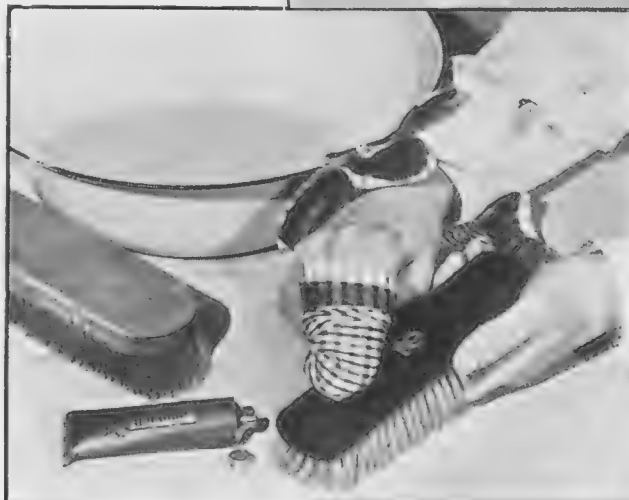


*THE stains on silver-backed brushes can be taken off with whitening moistened with ammonia. Then wipe the silver with a damp cloth and polish in the usual way*

The tortoiseshell can be cleaned by rubbing with powdered rottenstone moistened with oil, then with jewellers' rouge, and lastly polished with a chamois leather.

After washing the bristles of silver-backed brushes in the manner described above, take any stains from the silver with whitening moistened with ammonia. Now wipe the whitening off with a damp cloth and polish with a chamois leather.

**H**OUSEHOLD brushes will last twice as long and do the work much more efficiently if they are kept clean. Household brushes can be washed in soda, for it does not matter about these bristles turning a little yellow. Soap should not be used, for it softens the bristles. Before washing the bristles in soda and warm water remove all fluff and dust with a large tooth comb. When this is done, dip the bristles downwards into the water, keeping the back as free from moisture as possible. A good plan to render the backs waterproof is to cover them with vaseline, oil or polish. Rinse the brushes in cold water and shake them well. Do not touch the bristles, but wipe the backs and place the brush in a draught to dry.



*BRISTLES should be dabbed in water and the backs of brushes should be protected. Ebony brushes can be polished with furniture cream*

**E**BONY and other wood brushes can be satisfactorily cleaned with a little furniture cream rubbed on and then polished with a soft cloth. The bristles to be washed as other brushes and the back protected.

The backs of enamel brushes should be sponged with warm soapy water in which a little ammonia has been added.

Sponge the back of lacquered brushes with warm water containing a little sour milk. Rub with a piece of flannel and, when the back is quite dry, polish with a chamois leather.

Never stand a wet brush on its back. Stand the brush on the bristles or hang up to dry in a draught. Do not stand in the sun or by the fire.

**I**F the bristles of a hairbrush have become soft through old age, it is quite a simple matter to reharden them. All that needs to be done is to dip the bristles in a strong solution of alum which has gradually been dissolved in hot water. Alum can be bought from the chemist quite cheaply.

**S**MEAR grease on the handles and backs of tortoiseshell brushes before washing the bristles, this is to protect the back from the water. Now have a large shallow basin with about an inch of ammonia water in it, and dab the brush up and down in this water. Rinse the bristles well, and either hang up in a draught to dry or put in a draught with the bristles face downwards.



*THE care of all your brushes should include the backs as well as the bristles, the floor and clothes brush as well as the silver and tortoiseshell*

Your Very Good Health

By  
Peggy  
Winefred  
Yeomans

# The Importance of Posture

*EXERCISE and proper  
relaxation are equally  
necessary to the main-  
tenance of a healthy body*



**G**OOD figure and deportment are essential to smartness, grace, economy of effort, correct and easy functioning and undeniably an aid to an efficient nervous system. From the point of view of appearances and squaring one's budget, it is useful to remember that the woman with poise, good development and virile grace can carry a bargain gown and coat with a distinction impossible of achievement by the badly proportioned and ungainly, however expensively dressed.

The suggestion of personality as springing from correct posture, rhythmic movements, co-ordination of mind and body, strength and elasticity of all muscles, both external and internal, is as forceful upon others as upon ourselves. Not only is a measure of charm assured, but buoyancy of spirit, clarity of mind and stability of purpose are ours for the winning. . . .

As I go about, and in the course of my figure-training work, I am constantly amazed and shocked at the amount of needless adiposity, deformity, flabbiness and stiffness that exists among women . . . at the acceptance of a fate of bodily unloveliness, supposedly the lot of women past their youth, and especially of those who have been mothers. Numerous physical disabilities and uncalled-for intimate discomforts generally accompany these conditions, mostly preventable if only women realised this fact early enough and took eager steps to retain beauty of form and natural health.

The great law-giver of Athens, Lycurgus, decreed that women should exercise the same as men (with due regard to their sex), in order that they might "equal men in strength, health, virtue and generosity of soul." . . . (Men readers, please note, but for the writer's sake spare your unexercised women folk!) Then Plato, Socrates, and the physicians of Aristophanes's time urged men and women alike to exercise and dance that they should be

noble and graceful, and that the body and mind work with harmonious vigour.

**O**NE day, possibly not far hence, our rulers, physicians, teachers and municipal authorities will come to regard sane physical training for children, youths and mature adults as an essential health measure, an integral part of social life.

But, before the body can be comfortably and profitably exercised, it must carry and move itself correctly. Small bad habits often are caused by some defect, but they also frequently deform and derange, and thus a vicious circle is formed. The individual is then prevented from participating in movements that would make for health, beauty, contentment and personal profit.

As a start, therefore, here are some major points on good posture which entail the correction of much which prevents a supple figure and bodily freedom.

## 1. Sitting

For ordinary sitting purposes rest the body squarely upon the thighs and that cushioned part of the anatomy specially designed to take the weight of the pelvis. Avoid sitting on the tail of the spine (coccyx). This comfortable position leaves heart, lungs, stomach and intestines free for their several jobs instead of being all cramped up together, with disastrous results to the digestive system. Rolls of fat across the "middle" (known as the "car-bulge") and a lack of energy often accompany the habit of sitting badly. . . . It is also to be condemned, chiefly for its absence of repose, that odd trick some women have of sitting right on the edge of the chair.

Now, since weak abdominal muscles cause not only a bulge but a dragging forward of the spine into an exaggerated curve at the waist-line (sway-back), it is beneficial to draw in the abdominal wall as often as possible. With the curved spines coaxed out to meet the back of the

chair—a valuable correction is performed. This posture is one which can be accomplished anywhere at any time . . . walking, standing, sitting, unbeknown to others except for the evident improvement in stance and appearance which results, with the reduction of the "bulge." One hears such a lot about "diaphragm control" nowadays that it is useful to know of an inexpensive means of achieving this.

Many women would derive much benefit by sometimes sitting Turkish fashion, with legs crossed and arms resting on knees. This is good for the spinal and abdominal muscles, loosens the hips and knee joints. I commend it to the mother-to-be. . . .

## 2. Standing

To stand with one hip forward and leg draped, chest sunk in (possibly to hide a pretty bust unsupported by a natural brassière such as the Kestos), is to ruin the figure. Standing with "tummy" out and back caved in is equally bad. In standing the bones should equally bear the weight of the body.

## 3. Walking

Walk from the hips with shoulders still. Spring the ribs, hold chin at right angles (with that imaginary book on the crown). Hold shoulders down and back, abdomen well in. Tighten those gluteal muscles (so-called "hip-line") and have the knee taut, as the foot, ball and heel simultaneously touches ground, in a perfectly straight line. Grace and rhythm are the result.

## 4. Reposing

Those in normal health should lie as flat as possible. To sleep high is to spoil the line of cheek and throat, and to interfere with the circulation of blood to the brain. Those with too-curved backs, who suffer with stomach troubles, nervousness and insomnia should woo sleep reversed . . . and take their relaxation . . . with a firm cushion beneath the abdomen. Have stomach and chest free and only a flat little pillow for the face or brow.

To help correct uneven hips lie on the higher hip, with the other leg brought over as far as can be to supply tension.



# "Wonderful for Her Age..."

**N**O matter whether she is seventeen, and full of hope and enthusiasm; twenty-five—a young mother, perhaps, and a little serious and pre-occupied; in the thirties, understanding and enjoying life; "about" forty—anxious to preserve her looks and figure; or an acknowledged grandmother, a woman should *always* be "wonderful for her age." To-day, when beauty culture is an art and a science, and a woman is admired and praised instead of being anathematised for taking steps to enhance her beauty and retain her charm, it is entirely her own fault if she fails.

This may sound a little brutal. Readers who have not unlimited leisure or money at their disposal may object: it is all very well for women who can take expensive, much - advertised, and no doubt marvellous mask treatments, who can spend guineas on this and that bath for slimming and health, who can buy caskets as precious and probably nearly as costly as jewel cases fitted with superlative beauty preparations. The average woman with business or domestic preoccupations and worries and a limited income cannot hope to compete.

I am in didactic mood. I say "Wrong again." In spite of the fact that you cannot spend half the day in accomplishing the effect of the other half, in spite of the fact that the little shilling which makes another's pound into a guinea represents the amount you are willing or able to expend on beauty, you can be possessed of a lithe and youthful figure, hair that retains its healthy lustre and colour and a radiant, clear, unlined complexion *if you know how*.

The most important words in the last paragraph are in italics, and you will note that in the preceding paragraph there is also an italicised word: "worries." They are the greatest enemy of woman's loveliness, both mental and physical, and, as a rule, can be eliminated by organisation. I have not space to argue and prove it (besides, the subject will make another article!), but it must be admitted that people who know how to arrange and order their time, their money and their mental processes do not worry, while apparently more fortunate people are fretted and nervy—and no amount of beauty culture will dissipate the facial and physical traces of such conditions. Of course, there is "temperament," but who will admit that they are temperamentally fussy, muddled, "nervy," and doleful?

A Sermon: A Woman's Success in the Cult of Youth and Beauty Depends on Herself

By "Chrysis"

Very well, then, beauty and freshness which result from serenity and confidence, looking life in the face (instead of gaping at yourself in the looking-glass all day!), health of mind and body, *plus* intelligent care of the skin, hair and figure, is more truly beauty and infinitely more magnetic than Venus's vacuous mask, artificially imposed, which is only too

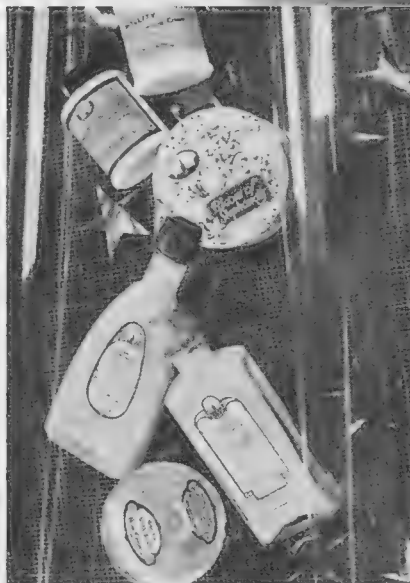
prone to drop at the first jolt to the delicate balance adjusted to the measurement of gold!

"Intelligent care" means the regular and careful practice, (not necessarily lengthy or costly) of a daily toilet routine and the use of sound and pharmaceutically pure preparations, appropriate to your particular needs.



*AN excellent example of a built-in double dressing-table is carried out in white sycamore. Note the clever indirect lighting. Designed by Messrs. Stanley Hall, Easton and Robertson*

*THE toilet preparations of Philip H. Mason are too numerous to specify here, but they are carefully graded to supply every need. Readers who are interested will be sent their book on beauty culture FREE on receipt of a postcard addressed to the Woman Editor, "Britannia & Eve," 346, Strand, W.C.2*



**T**HERE is much to be said in favour of choosing the products of a firm of established reputation. There is such a firm in England with a reputation built up originally on private and medical recommendation. The preparations are founded on chemical and medical research and prescriptions, and are still (after thirty years of increasing success and demand) produced by the same firm of manufacturing chemists. They are guaranteed to be made up, strictly in accordance with the original formulæ, of the best and purest ingredients.

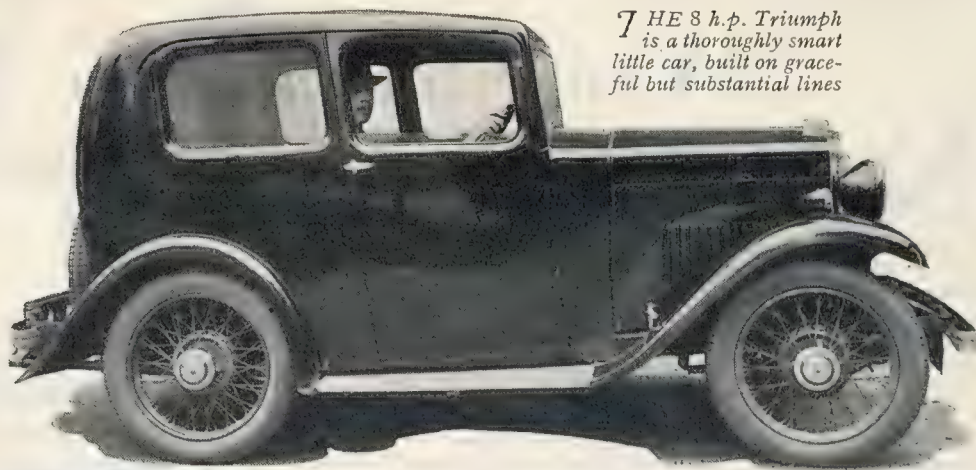
The products of the firm I am thinking of are comprehensive: they include preparations suitable for every kind of skin—dry and sensitive, oily, flabby, ageing or fatigued, and treatments for skin troubles such as acne and eczematic conditions due to acidity. Particular attention is paid to the condition of the scalp and hair, and the importance of this cannot be overestimated. Not only is lustrous, colourful, healthy hair an enormous asset, but an unhealthy condition of the scalp is frequently infective and the cause of skin troubles of all sorts. The use of a really good shampoo and a hair lotion appropriate to your needs is an essential item in the beauty programme, but it must be the special

shampoo and lotion your hair demands, not just any preparation, no matter how good.

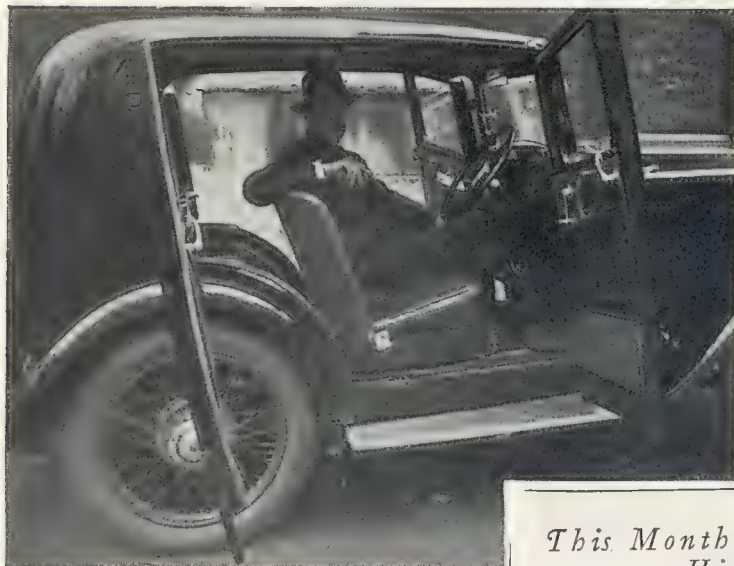
I would never force any particular preparation on any woman: an intelligent one knows what suits her; but I would stress the point that, without spending a fortune or half her day at her toilet, every woman can throughout her life be "wonderful for her age," if she will keep her skin "surgically clean," nourished and smooth if it is sensitive, stimulated if it is flaccid, her hair and scalp in good condition, will use only pure cosmetics, and will learn the elements of scientific home beauty culture.

# A Distinctive New Light Car

*The 8 h.p.  
Triumph*



*THE 8 h.p. Triumph is a thoroughly smart little car, built on graceful but substantial lines*



*THIS car has an interesting coachwork feature: there is no central door pillar, the doors being firmly held by bolts at top and bottom*

IT is always interesting to come across a car which, without being by any means freakish, has a distinctly individual character, and likes to do certain things in a particular manner of its own. Such a car is the 8 h.p. Triumph, which I have recently been testing. Generally speaking, it may be described as a slightly larger and more powerful edition of the 7 h.p. model with which motorists have been familiar for some years past.

One very unusual and interesting feature of this car is apparent as soon as one gets into it. There is, in the case of the saloon models, no central door pillar at all! When all four doors are opened, it is found that an uninterrupted opening extends, on each side, from the windscreen to a point level with the back axle. Since the front seats can also be tipped forward to allow additional ease of access to the back seats, it can readily be understood that there is no small car which renders it a simpler matter for its passengers to get in and out.

Why, one may ask, has the principle of double doors not been more generally adopted? The advantages are obvious, and must include lower cost of construction. The answer, I suppose, is that there are a number of difficulties to be feared, such as the possibility that the coachwork, without its central pillars, will lack strength and rigidity, and that such doors might be liable to rattle. I can only say that I personally observed no such tendency, and a more important fact is that the Triumph company has been using double doors, apparently with satisfactory results, for some time past.

## *This Month's Motoring Hint:*

### Getting Out of Boggy Places

AT this time of year, when almost any sort of weather is to be expected, it is not uncommon for a car to become "bogged" either in mud or snow, or to come to a standstill on ice. Whatever the cause, the wheels fail to obtain a grip, and either spin wildly or tend to "dig in."

There are various remedies for this. If conditions are not too bad, wheel-spin can be avoided by starting in a high gear. Whereas the wheels may spin in first gear, it may be possible to get away, even at the expense of a labouring engine, in second or third gear. The clutch must be let in gradually, and violent acceleration studiously avoided.

In deep mud it sometimes pays temporarily to deflate the back tyres. This is a tedious process, but a deflated tyre will spread out, and in this way a better grip can be obtained. For really bad conditions, however, such as continuous deep snow, it will probably be worth while to obtain and fit a special set of chains.

## *By The Earl of Cardigan*

One cannot drive this car for any distance without noticing another quite distinctive feature, this time relating to the chassis. The designer, being limited to an 8 h.p. engine, has obviously decided to place his faith in high "revs." All the ratios of the three-speed gearbox are unusually low, and thus the speed at which the engine turns over is proportionately higher than the normal.

Such an arrangement, of course, has both advantages and disadvantages. One can accelerate from quite low speeds in top gear, and the engine will continue to accelerate almost indefinitely. One reaches 40 m.p.h. with the engine already running at a little over 3,000 revolutions per minute. This is a high engine speed, but there is plenty more to come. The speedometer climbs up to 45—to 50—to 55 m.p.h.! The engine "revs" go soaring up well over the 4,000 mark. No doubt about it—this 8 h.p. engine is a real glutton for high speeds and hard work!

Inevitably, of course, a little of this immense activity which is taking place under the bonnet becomes apparent, as the higher speeds are reached, to the passengers and driver. It must needs be a very exceptional engine indeed to achieve such "revs" altogether unobtrusively. The fact remains, however, that a very lively road performance is obtained in return for a modest £8 tax. The maximum speed in second gear is roughly 30 m.p.h., again at something over 4,000 r.p.m.

YET another interesting feature is that a four-speed gearbox can be fitted for the benefit of anyone who would prefer it. This has exactly the same top gear ratio, but includes a silent, easy-change third gear. The result, if we regard the bottom gear as suitable chiefly for starting purposes, is that two gears

instead of one are available for hill climbing. This would, of course, be a real asset to a purchaser living, let us say, in such districts as North Wales or Devonshire.

The Triumph is well sprung, which is always an achievement in the case of very small cars, and the steering, although it lacks self-centring action, is very light and pleasant. The brakes are powerful, and the foot-brake struck me as being particularly good. It operates on the hydraulic system, and is thus very smooth and progressive, while it is almost impossible for one brake shoe to come into action earlier or later than its fellows.

The driving position is comfortable, and there is ample space in front, with, perhaps inevitably, somewhat less behind. In appearance, the saloon model is thoroughly sturdy and smart, and its equipment is notably good and complete. Not less satisfactory is the price, just over £150.





C.F.H.





SNIPE "80" SPORTS SALOON £550. Triplex Glass throughout.

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By  
The Earl  
of  
Cardigan



# The Perennial Dazzle Problem

**M**ANY people, and especially people like myself, are accustomed to spend a lot of time discussing various motoring "problems." There is the problem of whether eight-cylinder engines are better than "sixes," the problem of whether the orthodox gearbox is doomed to extinction, the problem of what to do about the horse-power tax, and half a dozen others.

The dazzle problem, however, in addition to being one of the oldest, is perhaps the most important of them all. In one respect, I fancy that it is unique. It is a notoriously fruitful source of accidents, and it provides a type of accident in which, very often, thoroughly well-meaning people are involved.

Most of the other problems of so serious a nature are not really problems at all. The problem of the ordinary road-hog is only a problem because the said road-hog is so often permitted to "get away with it." If a determined effort were made to round up all road-hogs and give them prison sentences, such a problem would immediately disappear.

The dazzle problem, unfortunately, cannot be treated in so obvious a manner. It is quite easy for a well-intentioned person to go about dazzling others with his headlights, and it is quite possible for a person so dazzled to get into trouble before he has fully realised his danger. In neither case, very often, can one accuse the driver of anything worse than momentary inattention.

Let us take such a case as this. A motorist, A., sets out one evening with his lights, as he imagines, properly adjusted. Actually, the nut which holds his right-hand headlamp has worked loose, and this lamp has gradually been jolted into a position where it is tilted upward and slightly to the right. It is a fine, clear evening, so that A. does not notice the ill-directed beam when he switches on his lights. He merely thinks, perhaps, "These lights are not quite right. I'll have another look at them when I get home."

From the opposite direction comes B., perhaps rather preoccupied. He sees some lights ahead, but they do not strike him as being particularly violent, and he does not slow down very much. The road twists and turns. Suddenly, from quite close range, B. receives the errant beam of light full in the face. Now, when it is too late, he hastily applies his brakes.

*Are we any  
nearer to a  
Solution ?*

At the same time, perhaps, C., a cyclist, is riding along the road. He is keeping on his proper side, and he is carrying a red reflector, but he has not taken the trouble to see whether or not that reflector is functioning properly. As a matter of fact, it is completely obscured by a film of mud, but he remembers that the other day he gave it a rub over, and, anyway, he has only got a mile or two to go. Here we have all the makings of a tragedy; and yet, be it noted, not one of the actors in it can be exclusively regarded as "the villain of the piece."

What is to be done? The obvious answer is "Standardise headlamps," but this, after all, is not a very easy thing to do. In a great many modern cars headlamp equipment is more or less standard, but a tremendous number of old cars are going about, and will be doing so for many years to come, with lighting systems of every type and power.

**T**HE modern electric dipping device, for instance, is of very great value; but a great many cars are not equipped with any dipping mechanism, and a great many more, like my own, have dipping

devices which work admirably—sometimes. It is impossible to persuade the man who cannot dip to switch his headlamps off—the danger of such a practice is generally recognised—and one can only hope that he will have the good sense to adjust his lamps so that they permanently point downward and slightly to the left.

What could be done, and what I think well might be

done, is for motor manufacturers to agree, from year to year, on a standard type of lighting set for new cars, of a power which each firm would pledge itself not to exceed. This would, I think, be preferable to any Governmental edict, and would be accepted much more cheerfully by the majority of motorists.

Even then, of course, the identical lighting sets would not stay identical very long. Smith's car would soon be found with its lamps developing their full power, but thoroughly badly adjusted. Jones's car would have its lamps properly adjusted, but the battery would be almost run down. In this case Smith would dazzle Jones, in spite of the fact that the same equipment was being used.

**I**N the meantime, what is the individual driver to do about the dazzle problem? One can only give him two pieces of advice: first to avoid, so far as possible, being dazzled, and, secondly, when dazzled, to slow right down or even stop.

To some extent it is possible to avoid being dazzled. There is no need to look directly into the lights of an approaching car. It is far better not to do so, and merely to keep one's eyes on the left-hand kerb, steering about one foot away from it. Many drivers, I fancy, look at the approaching car with the idea of seeing whether it is giving them room enough to get by. The probability is that the other driver is also keeping a set distance from the kerb on his side, and, in any case, one can see quite well what he is doing by glancing merely out of the corner of one's eye.



*A MORRIS "Ten" in historic surroundings. The building in the background is the Residency at Lucknow, the scene of a prolonged siege during the Indian Mutiny. The Union Jack is flown night and day on this building, ever since Sir Colin Campbell finally retook Lucknow on March 15th, 1858*

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## Ladies—Go East for Romance!

(Continued from page 23)

It's down in the towns where the queer little maladjustments crop up, inevitable in a big colony of men with only the barest fraction of female population. Here women are the dictators, who can amuse themselves at will, if they feel inclined. The atmosphere seems made for it, yet it contains a subtle lesson inasmuch as it is an atmosphere which rears plants to an exotic splendour and kills them within a few days. Passion seems to operate very much the same, only sometimes it grows between two plants of more staple origin and kills them with the ashes of desire.

You would hardly believe, for instance, that a couple who were desperately in love in England grew to detest the sight of each other after a month or two in the tropics. Yet that happened to a very close acquaintance of mine.

It happened because the girl he chose for his wife never realised her possibilities until she went abroad. At home she was only one among thousands, equally fresh, attractive and youthful. Abroad she found herself reigning like a queen in her own right.

Even on the boat out, she found herself the "belle of the ball." There she met one of those care-free bachelors in the early forties, who had long since ceased to regard his emotional life as other than a succession of flirtations. He had no illusions about anything—least of all, women—but the girl fell for him hard and fast.

By the time the boat got to Port Said a few of us wondered whether they would part at Penang, where she was to meet her fiancé. However, much to our surprise, when we docked at Penang, the girl rushed into the arms of her future husband when he arrived on board, and then introduced him to the gay bachelor. All three had a drink together in the saloon; then the couple left by train for Singapore to get married.

In Singapore, as in the rest of the Orient, the happiest couples are those that marry more as pals than as lovers, and decide to put up with the trouble and expense of children as a permanent seal on their companionship. Permanency otherwise is difficult, particularly from the woman's point of view. She is more easily tempted than her husband, with hours of idleness, which stirs up all sorts of conflicting desires. Also she has a rich field of virile young bachelors to choose from, if she wants a flirtation.

This girl was immediately a great success everywhere, her bright vivacity captivating all with whom she came in contact. That perhaps was the beginning of the difficulty, for her husband, many years her senior, though terribly in love, didn't want to spend every night out at dances and cocktail parties. He had married to make a home, but he found they were hardly ever in it.

She always had invitations out, and he grew tired of it, tired also of seeing the attention other men paid to her. It was

difficult for him to compete with all the pretty compliments other men idly paid her. Also he was of too sophisticated an age to play on the romantic strings of early youth, which he had come to regard as merely the technique of affairs. He felt his married life should be a little different.

But these romantic strings are extraordinarily durable in the Orient and constitute an instrument that is ever music to a woman's ears. The air, colour and scenery breathe its background, and if one man is tired of playing it, there is always another who still finds melody there.

For generally, except in the case of professional women, love is all women have to think about out East, while their husbands have to work in the grilling sunshine and require companionship more than romance in the evening.

The girl hated spending quiet evenings in their bungalow out by the seashore, where a few of his friends would gather in the evening for a pahit and talk. So she took to dancing with the various attractive young men available.

I used to find him sitting alone numerous evenings, and, although a close friend, I could never discover if he was merely giving her her head, thinking the novelty would wear off, or didn't care any longer. At all events he looked lonely, and when she returned at night—or small hours of the morning—they would be barely polite to each other.

The climax came, as it very naturally had to, for she suddenly left with one of those young dancing friends of hers, who was going on leave, and wrote from Colombo asking him to divorce her. Whether he did or not I never learned, for he left Singapore soon afterwards looking pretty well fed up with everything.

I didn't see him again until two years later, when I got to Tokyo. He had drifted to Oriental women, like a number of men do. It's queer how that happens, and it usually means that they are finished with European women completely. For the outlook of the oriental woman—I refer principally to the Chinese and Japanese—is merely that of a slave to her husband's every wish. And they are full of what we call sex appeal over here, though displayed in a more subtle manner.

They take easily to Englishmen, for their unconscious chivalry towards their sex is something they have never previously experienced and touches them far deeper than their own menfolk. Normally after an association with an Englishman, they are rarely, if ever, inclined to return to their own men.

Equally the Englishman gets affected by something he never finds in western women; that feeling of adoration, docility and a quiet passive companionship that gives all and demands little in return.

END

## The Super Film To-day (Continued from page 31)

it was a bitter disappointment. Pabst belongs to what Mr. Rotha calls "the best German period," 1921-1925, and is therefore hopelessly out of date. I think it was Paul Rotha who said also that Pabst was one of the directors who recognised "the consciousness of the inanimate" and used "objects rather than persons to create atmosphere." If ever a method was abused it is in "Atlantide." There are, seemingly, miles of celluloid devoted to desert landscape and the sub-desert architecture of the supposed lost city of Atlantis. The prosy, recitative "I'll tell you what really happened two years ago" expedient is used to disguise (but faintly) the old-fashioned "cut back." The dialogue is stilted and dull: I am sorry to say this as it is credited to that intelligent and modernist Englishman, Miles Mander: I imagine his responsibility ends with translation. The movement of the film is in-

tolerably slow. The acting equally so and quite unconvincing. Brigitte Helm, who has, on occasion, shown herself capable of expressing panther-like animalism, passion, fanaticism and mystery, is a static and poor imitation of "She." Her beauty already partakes of the stolidity of the matriarch and threatens to achieve the solidity of the matron. John Stuart in a ridiculous part is ungainly and not even handsome, and all the other English-speaking members of the cast have Cockney accents. I am not a judge of Taoureg Arabic, which may be immaculately spoken in the film, but I do know that the Taoureg tribe does not keep French officers as pets when they take them prisoners, and that the French Colonial soldiers always keep a bullet for themselves rather than become their captives.

*Aufwiedersehen, Herr Lubitsch! Lebwohl, Herr Pabst!*



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patient pleasure. What a beauty! . . . orchidaceous, rare, carved loveliness, but, damn it, too statuesque, and too rich. What horrible luck to meet her after the worst run of luck he had had in a life of very good and very bad luck. That last banquet at Juan-les-Pins made him swallow hard even to remember it. To lose a bank of ten thousand dollars after "punting" up from a meagre hundred and fifty. No matter what one said, lack of money spoiled one's style. That dress she had worn and the one the night before . . . meant at least five thousand a year on clothes. Well, he confidently believed himself the best loser in the world, but it was a bit of a kick in the teeth to meet the most exquisitely beautiful woman in the world while in the dire grip of poverty. Women love a winner. Of course it was not logical, but they did. Something in their nature.

It would be better, he thought, if he kept out of her way altogether. The Lord preserve Tony Drew, "Beau" Drew, from being of the great crowd of frustrated lovers. Yes, decidedly, it would be better to turn to the joys of cards and literature for this particular ocean trip. It would be a rude disappointment for a Baroness to discover she was being made love to by a trespasser from the Tourist classes. Not to speak of the embarrassment. She would not understand. Romanticism in the poor gets about as much applause as a scared little Cockney actor trying to impersonate a "tough" at Oxford. Damn money!

With these and other thoughts Tony, adventurer and shrewd and irrepressible romantic, who had got nothing if not health from Princeton and Oxford, dropped off to a dreamless sleep.

Next morning, dapper in white flannels, Tony snatched a quick breakfast and fairly bounced down the corridor on H deck, which was the safest road to First Class during the daytime. Past the printing-press, past the laundry-room, up a flight of iron stairs, through a group of grinning chefs, he was just emerging through a little door near the swimming pool when he ran smack into the Staff Captain. The Staff Captain, dignified, ruddy, eyed him unsmilingly. . . .

"Are you looking for something?"

"Yes, rather," Tony assumed his most Oxonian manner. "I was looking for the swimming pool. Somewhere about here, isn't it?"

"Second door to your right. But it's ladies' hour. . . ."

"Oh! Well . . . Thank you . . . It must be later than I thought. . . ." With reduced speed Tony climbed the next flight of stairs and then raced to the boat deck. Laura had not arrived. It was three more cigarettes before she made her appearance.

Tony noted with pleasure at his first glance that her morning beauty was as eloquent as her evening beauty. She wore a simple white skirt and short-sleeved camel-hair pullover.

"Here I am."

"Have you ever played before?"

"Aren't you going to say 'Good morning'?"

"No. . . ."

"My, you sound as businesslike as a Swedish masseuse."

"Come on. It's played exactly like tennis. The only rules are that you mustn't throw it over-hand or use two hands or let it touch any part of your body."

Laura was graceful if not effective. After breaking a nail and being hit with the quoin in the nose she began to enjoy it. At the end of four sets Laura was glowing, breathless, and exhausted, so Tony appropriated two deck chairs and ordered two ginger beers.

A marvellous sunny serenity pervaded the ocean. White-caps frolicked over dark blue waves and in the wake of the ship the white foam glittered like diamonds.

All the introductory self-consciousness of the previous evening gone, they chatted and laughed over a hundred subjects of

common interest. Did she know Lessant the funny little fat proprietor at Saint Moritz? Did she? She had seen him the only time he had ever worn a pair of ice-skates. No! Yes!

Laura was on the point of asking Tony to lunch with her when she remembered Jerry's pique and thought better of it. For his part, Tony had no desire to run into the first class dining-room steward who knew him too well from previous voyages in more prosperous days. Laura suggested a cocktail before lunch.

"You forget I drink only once a day. Moreover, you are under strict orders from Dr. Tony Drew not to drink cocktails before 6 p.m. Well . . . not too strict . . . but if I am going to cure you of ennui . . ."

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I only thought of them because it was twelve-thirty, and nearly luncheon time. Where do you dine, Tony—I never see you in the dining-room?"

For the second time that day Tony thought quickly. He did not want to tell her he was economically in the pea soup just yet. But how escape? He stammered . . .

"Oh, I have a corner table in the grill-room and then I sometimes snatch a sandwich in the smoking room."

The odds were she had a table in the main dining-room. Did she suspect anything? No, but it was a close shave.

"See you after lunch, then. I must see what Jerry's doing."

As she disappeared through the hatchway door, he settled back in the sun. Jerry Lightner, the Wall Street broker, of course. If he was her uncle, or brother-in-law, as one was given to infer, then Laura must be incredibly rich, in fact, "stinking with the filthy lucre." Well, it was too bad. Once more Tony made the hazardous trip back to the Tourist Third for a lunch of roast beef and cold Yorkshire pudding.

When Laura, Baroness de Clautré, reached her table for lunch Jerry rose and greeted her with exaggerated politeness. . . .

"Madame la Baroness s'est amusée?"

"Hello, Jerry. Where have you been? I have had the most marvellous time playing deck-tennis. You really ought to take it up. It's good for the spleen. I'm famished."

"Why didn't you ask your friend to lunch with us?"

"Oh . . . I don't know. You were in such a huff last night I thought I had better not."

"Where does he dine, by the way?"

"In the grill-room."

"Really? That's funny; I dined there last night, and didn't see him."

"Maybe he wasn't there . . . I'll take one lamb chop and lettuce salad with Roquefort dressing and a glass of milk, steward."

"And you'll also find it funny, I suppose, that he is not on the passenger list."

Laura smiled.

"A stowaway! How exciting!"

"No. As a matter of fact, he isn't. He is travelling Tourist Third Class and sneaks up here."

It was a full thirty seconds before Laura gave any indication that she had heard him. Then she said quietly, "That makes it different."

Jerry said, "I thought you would be glad to know. These petty backstairs adventurers are the plague of the shipping lines. A tuxedo, an English accent a little too genteel to be true, and unconscionable 'face,' and they act as if the world were theirs."

"You are not going to say anything about it, are you? I think that would be rather unfair."

"As you will, Laura. I think the only reason they exist is that people tolerate them. But if you'd rather I'd not, I won't say anything, but I certainly won't play poker with him."

"It won't prevent me from playing deck-tennis with him."

"Have a good time!"

That afternoon (Continued on page 88)



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Tony noticed a change in Laura's attitude toward him, manifested in inquisitive, confidential little smiles; as if they had a secret in common. Not guessing its cause, he was more debonair than ever. As Laura was a little fatigued from the unaccustomed exercise, they spent the afternoon lazily ensconced in deck chairs in vacant contemplation of the long, unchanging horizon.

Not until the first coolness of the evening made them shiver did they realise that they had spent the whole afternoon together. Laura left before he remembered to tell her that he felt himself "obligated" to play poker again that evening. The truth was poker was his only source of income, but he could hardly explain that to Laura. On the other hand, now she would think he was being impolite.

Sitting down that evening to the same poker game with his first "White Label" of the day before him and the same deceptive air of being half-drunk, Tony noticed that Jerry Lightner was not present, but assumed he would join the game later. For a while the game played itself without Lady Luck showing which way her mind was bent. The first hour, then a second passed. Tony grew absent-minded, wondering where Laura was. Probably angry because he had preferred poker to her company. He was losing, lightly but steadily.

It was nearly eleven-thirty when Tony, picking up four spades to a flush, suddenly realised that it was this hand exactly twenty-four hours before which had brought him his luck. Perhaps this would again be the turning point. Chance has strange consistencies.

He drew one card, peeked at it a split second. Again he had failed to fill the spade-flush; again he had drawn a heart. Had anyone seen him look at it? Here was a dilemma. He had told Laura, and it was the truth, that he usually used this four flush subterfuge for a bluff only once in a game, and then abstained from bluffing the rest of the game. On the other hand, it had worked once and brought him luck, and more, Laura's acquaintance; perhaps it was his lucky hand. He decided to bluff.

At this moment Jerry Lightner strolled into the room, unaccompanied. He declined a place in the game. Instead, he placed himself behind Renault's chair, where he could see the impresario's hand.

Counting on his knowledge that most good poker players knew that a man will not use the same subterfuge twice without really having "the cards" the second time, Tony again packed his cards so that only the bottom card was visible and announced coolly that if the bottom card were a heart he would raise one hundred and fifty. Of course it was. Two hands dropped. Renault shrugged his shoulders and prepared to throw his cards in. He had only a pair of tens. But he hesitated a second and glanced at Lightner.

"What would you do?"

Jerry Lightner had no doubts about what he would do. "I think," he said, looking Tony straight in the eye, "that our friend is a four-flusher. I'd raise \$150 to find out."

Renault, who preferred leaving decisions to others, and to whom one hundred and fifty dollars was just another wrist-watch on the plump wrist of some vivandière, took Jerry's advice.

Tony hesitated not an instant. Eight hundred dollars was all the money he had in the world, but he did not stop once he had started. If he thought of anything he wondered just how much Jerry Lightner had meant by the ambiguity of the term "Four-flusher." He bought two hundred dollars' worth of chips from the banker.

"I'll see you and raise two hundred."

Renault said that was all he wanted to know. After all, he had only a pair of tens, but before he could throw his cards in, Jerry Lightner said disdainfully:

"Let me call his raise, Renault. If I give you bad advice then, half of the cost will be on me. I just have an idea he's bluffing."

Renault was not averse to finding out

## Four Flusher

à l'œil what Tony held, so Jerry called him. It was not exactly according to Hoyle, but Tony could not object. Jerry had not seen his hand and it was all above board. Tony nonchalantly threw in his cards and wrote out a cheque. Anger against Jerry's intrusion rose unquellable within him, but this was not the time or place to show it. He rose from his chair.

"Thank you, gentlemen. I'm afraid that is my limit for one evening."

An expensive evening. That left him with two hundred and fifty dollars. Old Lady Luck had certainly been having a fling at his expense these last three months. This last blow meant he might have to work in New York until the pendulum swung back. Well, "lucky at cards, unlucky in love," maybe the reverse was true. Where was Laura? He stopped at the American Bar for a second whisky and soda. The first time he had taken two in a day in years. From where he stood he could see the dancers. Laura was not among them. He drained his glass and walked past the dance floor out on to the bow of the promenade deck where he had been with Laura the previous evening. A glorious full moon hung like a Hallow-e'en lantern over the western horizon. Someone was standing alone in the corner watching the phosphorus. Tony lit a cigarette.

"Oh, hello!"

It was Laura.

"Have you come to give me a lesson in curing boredom or to send me to bed?"

"Neither. I didn't know you were here."

"I am being romantic, alone, à la manière de Châteaubriand."

"Not the steak!"

"No, the man who broke the bank at Monte Carlo. . . . What luck?"

"Oh, so-so. I dropped a few hundred. It was rather dull."

"Are you, as a rule, lucky?"

"There are no rules about luck."

Silence.

"Why do you gamble?"

"Gambling is not a choice; it is a necessity. Everyone has to gamble one way or another. Besides, I like it. It's one of the great illusions."

"But poker is such a tawdry form of gambling."

"I know it. But it's very good practice for the greater risks. Every good gamble reduces itself to a face-to-face conflict with one or two men. Without training in the art of bluffing you are lost."

"You sound as if you had made a cult of it."

"Not exactly. . . . just a minor cult."

"And what's the major cult?"

"It would sound silly, like an anachronism, if I told you."

"No, it wouldn't; tell me, Tony."

"If I tell you, you will know what makes me go round and then, well. . . ."

"The mystery's gone. I see. Suppose I don't want you mysterious?"

Again there was silence while the music of moonlight played Debussy on the waves. They stood inches apart. Tony felt the sensuous effluvia of Laura's charm creeping over him like late shadows over a meadow. Her nearness consumed him as a flame a moth. Without turning and in a low voice he murmured an answer to her question.

"I'm in love with you."

Laura felt as she had heard him ages ago, as if the words had risen from the slashing waves below. Tony continued haltingly:

"And so, naturally, I want you to be in love with me. And mystery is essential. It is not what one knows about someone, but what one does not know that makes love powerful."

Laura nodded. After a pause Tony went on: "From the first moment you came into my range of vision you were everything I had ever dreamed a woman should be—beautiful, elusive, intangibly mysterious. . . . and that really is all I want to know."

"Illusions." Laura laughed softly. "You do exist on them, don't you?"

"Don't you?" (Continued on page 90)





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*Lady Mary Pakenham  
sister of the Earl of Longford*



*Lady Brougham and Vaux*

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"Perhaps. I had one of my illusions shattered to-day."

"What was that?"

"I thought you were the rich young offspring of a rich old family. But rich young scions don't travel third class."

"Oh, you found that out. Who told you?"

"Jerry put two and two together."

"Now I see what he meant. . . . Well, as your guardian, I suppose he told you not to see me. . . . Of course, it was no great secret. I was going to tell you, but hadn't got around to it yet." Tony felt crestfallen. It was discouraging to find Laura reacting this way. Not that he could blame her, but somehow he had not pictured her as endowed with the inevitable money snobbishness. Then he heard Laura speaking, and her hand was on his.

"... the funny thing is, I knew you could not be one of those spoiled, sluggish, listless creatures. In fact, I didn't particularly like you until Jerry confirmed my instinct with fact. Tony, you know, good-looking as you are, you just couldn't pass for a broker, or a man who has spent his life in an office, or one of those marble-faced youths who glut the dance floors of New York débutantes."

It dawned on Tony that Laura had a new note in her voice. She was holding his hand, intimately, waiting for him to say something.

"Do you mean it? That you don't mind

## Four Flusher

my being a poor little adventurer with no money and no rich moribund grandfathers! Lord! if you do, I'm crazy enough to hope that Laura, Baroness de Clautré, will marry me on credit. . . . Will you. . . ? Laura!"

"Tony."

"Yes."

"It's impossible."

Tony heard the crash of paradise.

"Tony, Tony darling, I shall have to spoil your illusion. . . . You see, Tony. . . . I am not the lovely intangible woman you think me. I haven't even as much money as you. In fact, I am not even the Baroness de Clautré. I am Laura Brown, of St. Louis, Mo. Even the clothes on my back belong to. . . . Jerry. I think that is all there is to say."

Tony could not believe his ears. Laura an adventuress, the Laura he had visioned as fragile, rare, exquisite! An adventuress! The last thing he had imagined her. She was softly crying. He was stunned. He was. . . suddenly, he threw back his head and laughed. Two adventurers. . . .

"You haven't answered my question. . . ."

"Tony! . . . Do you mean? . . . You don't want me on a pedestal?"

"High-heels will do me nicely. . . ."

The S.S. *Parthia* reached New York half a day ahead of schedule.

END

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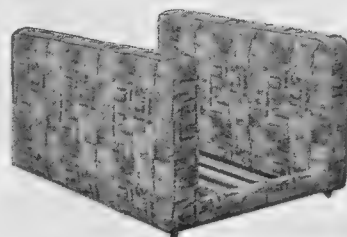
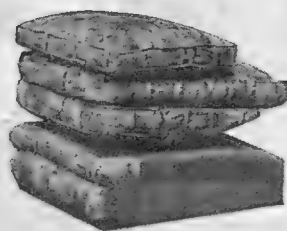


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## Strange Chapters in History

### Camillus and the Schoolmaster

(Continued from page 44)

While the schoolmaster was breathless at the unexpected turn of events, Camillus ordered a squad of soldiers to approach and strip naked the learned villain. A murmur of astonishment went through the crowd of little ones at sight of their dignified pedagogue so humiliated. His hands were tied behind him and rods and sticks were distributed amongst the schoolchildren. Soldiers assembled from every direction and the fun began. Merry soldiers and merry schoolboys have always been the same. As soon as the voice of the general could be heard again, the boys were told what to do.

"Hold him tight, boys. You understand what he wanted to do with you, and you also understand that I am not going to be a party to so disgraceful and so degraded a stratagem. Now take him back and, above all, don't let him go; take him back and tell your parents all that has happened."

The boys soon grasped the spirit of the situation. The ends of the ropes were firmly twisted round their little hands, and away they went amidst the cheerful and friendly remarks of the delighted soldiers.

As soon as the noisy crowd was perceived and recognised, the news went through the city like lightning. The generosity and justice of Camillus could not have been recognised in a more glorious form, and it is no wonder that

the mothers, while pressing their recovered children to their breasts, proclaimed Camillus a father and not an enemy.

Neither Plutarch nor Dione Cassius tells us what became of the old rascal, but we do know that a special committee assembled for the occasion and decided to send special ambassadors to Camillus, not only for the sake of expressing the admiration and gratitude of the whole town but also to tell him that the city gates would open to him and all their possessions were at his disposal. That meant the end of hostilities. The ambassadors were sent to Rome so that they could submit their proposal to the senate; the latter respectfully refused to decide anything without Camillus's consent, and so history continues—but our episode is ended.

What a joy it would have been for me to illustrate this story when I was a schoolboy myself, and with what gusto I would have painted the schoolmaster with the face of a certain other schoolmaster who used to give me strokes of the cane across my hand whenever he found sketches on the margins of my books! I was taught about Camillus when Brennus added his heavy sword to the weights in the scale in order to obtain more money for the Romans, and how furious Camillus was when he told him that Rome was to be redeemed not with gold but with iron . . . But as scholastic history is always deprived of the human tales, no one ever told me the story of the schoolmaster.

### Saint Prisca (Continued from page 49)

under the delicate nostrils of that slender tower of living ivory. The expectation of that moment had petrified the audience.

Not a sound could be heard . . . then the sudden roaring from thousands of throats. The lion had peacefully stretched himself at the feet of the girl like a great affectionate dog.

A few minutes later Prisca was again thrown into prison. She had been an utter disappointment. She was no good. In the arena the whips of the *bestiarii* were cracking and driving the reluctant lion towards the gate. He, too, was accompanied by the imprecations of a disappointed crowd. He, too, was no good.

A few days later the decapitated body of little Prisca was lying in that gruesome enclosure where the executed criminals were

collected before burial. And it is quite probable that she had been submitted to that execrable practice of being deprived of her purity before being put to death, a hideous anachronism deriving from the fantastic belief that it was a sin to kill a virgin, but no sin to submit her to the last outrage and then to slay her.

It is also quite probable that the gruesome enclosure mentioned above proved a constant attraction for vultures and other rapacious birds, which may weaken by explanation the legend that an eagle watched over the body of little St. Prisca.

The legendary interpretation can only improve the purely historical nature of the story: that the Lion, symbol of the might of Rome, and the Imperial Eagle both paid homage to the martyred Christian child.

### Zingo! (Continued from page 29)

"Well, sounds reasonable enough," admitted the General. "No, no, don't move, Mr. Brice—I can reach wheel from here."

As they went coasting down the breakneck slopes of the Alpes Maritimes, Mr. Stevens, soothed by the breeze, closed his eyes and went peacefully to sleep. Mr. Brice, muttering something about the psychological interrelationship of self-attention, consumer-acceptance and retail turn-over, presently joined him. But, save for an occasional forty winks on the straight stretches, General Grampian-Bone remained alert at his post. This was just the time of evening to beware of Afridi snipers, and General FitzHubert V. B. St. C. Grampian-Bone was too old a soldier to be caught napping. From time to time, as the car took bounding short cuts over boulder-strewn meadows, he cried, "Tally-ho!" and "View-Halloo!" He did wish, though, that he had remembered to ask Mr. Brice to give him a rough idea of how one should set about stopping a motor-car.

FOR an indefinite space of time Mr. Brice was vaguely conscious of being somewhere in the universe, and that things were moving fast. He felt annoyed that somebody else was using his vocal chords to deliver a long lecture on the comparative attention-values of red, green and white bottle-labels, and even more annoyed when

he realised that the fellow was stealing a lot of his own pet phrases. He was about to rise and protest to the chairman, when he realised that, save for certain minor items of bridgework, he was naked as the day he was born. Feeling that this costume might be considered a bit informal at so dignified a meeting, he held his peace and struck out for shore. After all, there was nothing like a good old moonlight swim to briskeen a man up.

"By the way," he inquired of the General, who was porpoising about beside him, "just which direction is shore?"

"Which shore?" asked the General.

"Yes, which shore?" chimed in Mr. Stevens, churning along somewhere ahead. "Africa, France, or what? I've really got to insist upon your calling your shots, gentlemen. After all, rules are rules; without them, where would we be?"

"Why, right here at Juan-les-Pins," said Mr. Brice, who, having run aground, was now wading up to the sand. "Well, looks like the old town is shut up tight. What time is it, anyway?"

Mr. Stevens looked at his naked wrist. "It's stopped," he announced. "I guess I forgot to put ink in it."

General Grampian-Bone had wandered up to the road and was looking about him. "D'you know," he observed, "for Juan-les-Pins, this place looks jolly well like Beaulieu.



That's because it jolly well is Beaulieu. Haw, and by Jove, here's a bit of luck. Look, you chaps, here's the car, exactly where we left it."

The car was lying on its side, with large chunks of a cement wall piled on top of it.

"Well, that's fine!" declared Mr. Brice. "We'll take North Platte, Nebraska, as our yard-stick, and check the other jobbing centres against it."

"Why, I'll drink to that any time!" said the General. "Look, not a single bottle so much as scratched."

"We'll soon attend to that," Mr. Brice promised. "Well, Zingo! Tell you what, Mr. Stevens, let's you and I and the General and me take Mr. Stevens up to my house for a little business talk. To tell you the truth, I'd like to come in on this Zingo propozingo. As a business man, it appeals to me. Great future!"

"Great present!" said the General, between sips. "He had a great future before him, but the trouble was, he never learned any of the hill-tribe dialects."

Far up the mountainside on the Moyenne Corniche, the Brice château was brilliant with festive illumination. With it as a guiding beacon, the three investigators started on their climb. "My wife's throwing big party," explained Mr. Brice. "Fifty-thousand people—count 'em—fifty fousand. Give 'em all a jolt of Zingo, and get their reactions. Madam, do you own an electric suds-machine, or are you still a slave of the washboard? Four hundred and thirty-one out of Hollywood's dentists say, 'Wash your dirty things in Zingo.'"

"His wife, though an admirable woman, and by no means bad-looking, antagonized the District Commissioner from the outset," remarked the General. "I say, though, neither of you gentlemen has a stitch of clothing. I don't know your American ideas about what's-what for a party, but it strikes me that you two are in questionable form."

"Oh, the affair's quite informal," Mr. Brice assured him. "By the way, General, what were you planning to wear this evening?"

General Grampian-Bone glanced down at his naked chest. "Sir," he said, rather stiffly, "an Englishman of my birth and station knows instinctively the one attire permissible after sundown."

"Neither of you gentlemen happens to have an Order of the Red Eagle, with Crown, which you could lend me for this evening, have you?" Mr. Stevens inquired diffidently.

"No," said Mr. Brice. "And at this time of night, I don't believe there's a fish store open between here and Marseilles. That's the trouble with the French—they don't know modern merchandising!"

"Well, we'll show 'em!" Mr. Stevens promised. "Let's go!"

"It's pretty high," declared the General, peering up the face of the cliff.

"Well, who isn't?" demanded Mr. Stevens. "But, speaking of whatever we were speaking of, we'd better have a Zingo."

"True," said Mr. Brice. "We want to be at our best."

General Grampian-Bone put down his bottle and wiped his chin. "Dash it all!" he said. "I wish I could think of that chap's name. Merton P. Childers, his name was, but somehow his name escapes me."

So sheer was the cliff that the little grey lizards of the region and even the flies themselves had declared it dangerous ground and out of bounds. But Mr. Brice and his guests, bare, bottle-laden and jaded with the labours of the day, negotiated it on high gear and three additional dollops of Zingo. Almost at the top, they paused for a breath and a fourth. The terrace parapet was just above them; bright lights flooded out into the night as from a stage; they heard the sounds of music and of laughter.

"Now, then," whispered Mr. Brice, "I'm an old hand at ringing door-bells and getting reactions. Let's all just crouch down and get set behind the parapet, and then you follow my lead."

Somewhere in the distance the orchestra was playing an (Continued on page 94)

# ELIZABETH ARDEN tells you how to achieve loveliness with economy



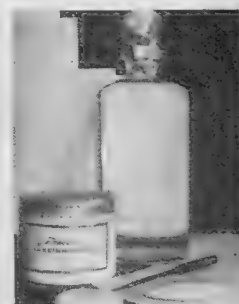
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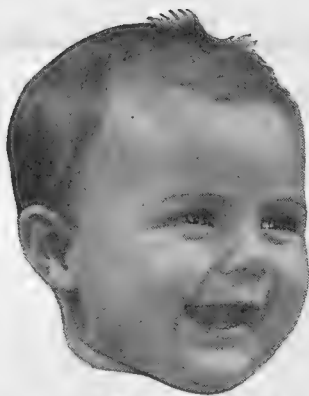
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Andalusian love song. On the terrace, Mrs. Brice and Miss Barbara were agreeing with eighty-four European guests that the United States ought to be divided up between England and France, and the eighty-four guests were drinking up as much champagne as possible before the division should take place. Somebody had brought Count Czch, and the Baron van Hovenhoven, learning from another gigolo that the wealthy Mrs. Brice was giving a party, had borrowed his 'bus fare from a 'bus-boy, and come along, anyway. Thus, thought Mrs. Brice, the evening was all but complete.

"Good morning!" came three voices in cheery chorus. "Good morning, madam, is this a wired home?"

She turned to see three men—three fat men—three naked fat men—pop up from behind the waist-high parapet, each of them holding on high a richly-labelled bottle.

"I have not come to sell you anything, madam," said the one on the left, and Mrs. Brice turned cold as she recognized her husband. "I have come, instead, to give something away. The famous and old-established firm which I represent, invites you, madam, to take a li'l snort of Zingo like a goo' fella, and..."

"But dammit all, his name was something like Childers—Merton P. Childers," declared the fat man in the middle, whom Mrs. Brice could not fail to identify as the hateful General Grampian-Bone. "Anyway, there wasn't a neater ankle in all Upper Burmah, and I'm speaking of '98."

"Zingo!" shouted the third, "Zingo!" Mrs. Brice, about to swoon, saw that this one was a stranger. Also—she breathed a prayer of thanks—she saw that Josef, the faithful Josef, was hastening forward.

But suddenly a curious thing happened. The stranger leaned over the parapet, extended his bottle and said, "Hello there, Josef! Goo' old Josef! Have a snort, Josef! Must get reaction, Josef!"

## The Life of the Party (Continued from page 53)

just now. To Peter's immense astonishment they found themselves soon after midnight back in their own flat, where Flip, instead of yawning herself off to her room, put her feet up on the sofa, became unaccountably chatty, and concentrated on him, turning on all the battery of her charm and wit.

"Hattie's a real comic, isn't she? You've made a regular hit with her. I like you to be a success."

Odd, if she did, thought Peter, that she should have dragged him home like this. He sat, curiously unresponsive, smoking almost in silence until she went to bed. As she passed him he felt her hand drop for a moment on his head.

"Good-night, Flip."

"Good-night, Pete."

But she didn't go. She stood a moment watching him; he felt it, though she was behind his chair. Then her steps passed him, crossed the passage, and her door shut softly.

**L**UNCHING with Marcus next day, the urge came to Flip to unburden herself, to make him serious about this question of Peter. Marcus had a clear brain and a cold heart. Those are the people whose advice it is good to get. Besides, he was a special friend of hers, as they understood friendship in Flip's set.

"I'm fussed," she said over the cantaloup melon, "about Peter and Hattie."

Marcus shrugged. Peter seemed so unimportant; then he saw a real dismay in Flip's blue eyes.

"Let's hear about this guilty passion," he said.

"Well, I've always trusted Peter."

"Soft music, and cheers from the gallery!"

"Marcus, don't try to be funny, it's true. I've always felt he was there, but I've been rather careless lately, leaving him about, and Hattie's definitely picked him up."

Marcus said:

"Perhaps you won't like this, but I

## Zingo

Josef stopped dead in his tracks, gazed at the stranger, and bowed low. Obediently, reverently, he took the bottle and drank. Then, gagging slightly, he wheeled, faced the crowd, and stood stiffly at attention.

"His Royal and Imperial Highness, the Grand Duke Nickolas Yroslav Boris Izstvan!" he announced in clarion tones.

"Zingo!" shouted the three at the parapet, starting to climb over.

Though strong women swooned and pale gigolos turned paler, Josef was equal to the emergency. He whisked off three tablecloths and draped them, toga-like, upon the portly forms.

The eighty-four guests were milling in frantic excitement, and all talking at once. This dramatic return of the long-lost Grand Duke was the social sensation of the season and front-page stuff for the newspapers of the world. Mrs. Brice was showered with congratulations.

"And my dear, my dear—the perfectly marvellous way that your husband arranged to stage it!"

"Yes," admitted Mrs. Brice, still trying not to faint. "Er—yes, tee, hee! Martin is really quite a genius."

"—But Your Highness!" Miss Barbara Brice was cooing. "You must, you simply must, tell us all about your escape from the Reds, and your thrilling, thrilling, perfectly thrilling experiences *incognito* in America!"

"Ask my partner," chuckled the Grand Duke. "Brice and Stevens, Wholesale Liquor, that's us! Izstvan means Steven, but my friends all call me Steve.—Zingo!"

"—Zingo!" said Mr. Brice, suiting the action to the word.

"—Zingo!" echoed General FitzHubert V. B. St. C. Grampian-Bone, Retired. "Well, as I was saying, he blew out his brains at Rawal-Pindi in the summer of '99."

END

think you should let him go. He's rather pointless anyway, or it wouldn't have happened. You wouldn't have overlooked me like that."

"Because you're hard and selfish," said Flip ungratefully. "We should have fought like tigers. I've never had a word with Peter."

"Fatal," sighed Marcus. "Sorry, Flip, dear, I can't advise; my brain refuses to take in Peter going off the deep end."

That night Peter announced that he wasn't coming with her to Babs Clark's party.

He sprang this on her when she was waiting for Napier Trent to call for them in his Lagonda.

"Not coming?"

The sinking feeling of a swiftly descending lift was on Flip again.

"I don't think so."

He spoke with a gentle vagueness, hiding something sinister, which there was no time to find out.

"You see, I've rather finished with all this. I dare say you've guessed, Flip."

"Hattie's going to sing," said Flip, a spot of colour burning in each cheek.

"I know. She told me. She couldn't get out of it."

"Pete, I don't understand, I... oh, hell, here's Napier. Hullo, Naps! I'm ready, you see!"

There was a wild gaiety in the smile she threw him, and an angry bewilderment in her parting look at Peter. It was true then. He was miles away already. Life without Peter would be fantastic; she saw that now with appalling clarity, but there seemed no way of keeping him. Rage and pain were in Flip's heart as she left with Napier.

At the party she was off colour, no fun about her... it was Leila's evening... anybody's evening. Flip might as well not have been there; as she sat on a cushion on the floor, her slim legs crossed watching Hattie do her turn. (Continued on page 96)



# Peter— with one exception

WITH one exception Peter is an ordinary little fellow. Chubby, likeable, just five-and-a-half, full of life and fun and on occasions—be it admitted—of naughtiness.

Just now Peter's rather important, for this is his first term at school, and he's grappling with the intricacies of "A B C" and "Twice Two": difficult subjects to all men of five-and-a-half, but even more difficult in Peter's case because—bad luck—he's totally blind. That's his One Exception.

Peter learns reading, writing, and 'rithmetic through the medium of "Braille"—dull stuff compared with the coloured picture books of most five-and-a-halves. However, he's a stout lad is Peter, and he's making great progress. Would you like to know more about him? How, in spite of his "One Exception," he is being educated and, when older, technically trained and usefully employed.

There is a long waiting list of "Peters" throughout the British Isles for whom training and accommodation must be provided in the immediate future.

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Here's a suggestion. Your eyesight is worth 3d. a year to you. Send Peter and his handicapped pals 3d. for every year you've had it.

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## The Life of the Party

watching her prim, enigmatic smile, her knowing tricks, reckoning up her charm. Charm, and something else as well. Strength. Hattie May was terrifyingly strong. If she had got Peter, it wouldn't be easy to get him away again. Yet one must try. Desperately Flip decided to have it out with her.

Her turn over, they forgot Hattie as usual—except Flip, who walked up to her, and was received with a flicker of those grey-green eyes.

"Let's go and have a little talk. I know a place where they won't come, a room at the back."

"Yes, that's an idea."

Hattie moved calmly, solidly, at Flip's side, like a small ship with sails set.

Arrived at this secluded haven, Flip sat down on a Genoese velvet sofa, patted it invitingly for Hattie to sit near her, flicked out a cigarette case.

"Have one?"

Hattie extracted a Russian cigarette, lit it, and smoked daintily. Flip smoked hers greedily.

"It's Pete," she began. "I'm unhappy about him; he's different. We've always been blissful till now."

Hattie digested this information.

"Well, if that's your idea of bliss," the slow, deliberate little voice answered, "why, show me a miserable man, that's all."

"You mean —?"

"Well, when I first set eyes on him he was the best imitation of one of them dogs you see tied up outside the door of a big store, the kind they leave for hours. I'm being very frank, I know, but I guess that's what you want."

"So you came and unchained him, Miss May?" Flip's voice was edged with bitterness.

"No, Mrs. Rochester, he kind of slipped his lead and followed me."

"Then you stole him?"

"Wrong again, Mrs. Rochester; but I excuse you, for you're certainly in a bit of a mess. You're going to lose your husband, and you deserve to lose him. What kind of a deal have you given him? My, I should think he gets sick of seeing you dolled up for a party, acting foolish night after night. Do you know the life that guy just hungers for? No? Well, I do; he's spilt it all out to little Hattie. You should see the eyes he makes when I tell him about my little farm. It's pitiful."

"Are you going to take him away with you?"

Flip's voice was a thread. She didn't seem to have any breath.

"I haven't made up my mind yet, but I think he has."

"I suppose," Flip said slowly, "you can't understand how these things happen. I mean, loving parties and things."

"Oh yes, I can. I've been raised among the bright lights—had to be. There's nothing you can tell me about that kind of lure. But I've never taken a human being and just drained the life and the hope out of him, and that's what you've done."

"Has it ever struck you that I love Pete?"

"Such an idea never crossed my mind," said Hattie truthfully. "A poor sort of love, anyhow."

"Yes, a poor sort of love, Miss May. But love all right."

Sixty seconds ticked themselves away before Hattie leaned forward.

"Do you want that man of yours?"

"More than anything in the world," said Flip with sudden honesty.

"And you'd give him a square deal? Quit fooling?"

Flip's face worked. How dared Hattie May speak to her like this? But something forced the truth from her.

"I swear I would."

Hattie May leaned back.

"Well, anyway," she drawled, with her most enigmatic smile; "that's just as well. It would be kind of inconvenient totting Peter around. There's my husband, you see. He's



a broad-minded chap, but he hasn't quite gotten all these new ideas . . ."

"You're married?"

"Sure, I'm married. You didn't think I was one of the left-overs. Now, Mrs. Rochester, I've put you wise. You just step on the gas, go home, tell him about that deceitful girl, Hattie May, and then grab him good and hard, and keep right on grabbing him all the rest of your life."

As soon as she closed the flat door, Flip heard Peter moving about in his room, obviously packing, with noisy carelessness, throwing things about, dropping boots.

HATTIE had been right to tell her to step on the gas: there wasn't much time to lose. Inside his room she saw what she had expected. An open suit-case, a litter all round it, Peter in his shirt sleeves, his hands full of ties and handkerchiefs.

With a little rush Flip came to the suit-case, closed it, and sat on it, looking up at him with her old jaunty air. She mustn't let Peter see how frightened she was.

"Hattie's compliments," she said demurely, "and she says you're to stay with me."

Peter's face darkened.

"Get up, Flip, please. I'm serious; it's no good fooling. You don't want me; you don't need me at all. Napier, or Monty, or any of them will do just as well. I didn't know I minded it so much till Hattie showed me; now I can't do with it at all."

"Hattie's fond of showing people things, isn't she, Pete?" Flip's jaunty air was gone. "She showed me a thing or two to-night—things like not being able to do without you, and loving you; things I shan't forget. Pack away, my lamb, and I'll pack too . . . while we settle where we'll go. To a farm in Devonshire, perhaps; or would you rather try Kenya or South Africa; or shall it be Australia? Anywhere you like, except the States. I'll die before I'll let you see the Statue of Liberty."

Then Peter understood.

Dropping dozens of ties, he snatched her from the suit-case.

Still he could hardly believe it.

"Bull, I'm so dull; I'll never hold you, Flip."

"You needn't. I'll do the holding. I'll never let you go again. I've been every kind of a fool, Pete, but underneath I've never stopped loving you, not for a moment."

She was crying, and holding desperately to him; then suddenly she began to laugh.

"It's my fatal charm, Pete. Everybody spoilt me, and you did too. Promise you'll beat me if I breathe the word 'party.'"

"That's a good idea," Peter said, beginning to kiss her.

Presently,

"I must ask you one thing, Pete. Were you terribly fond of Hattie?"

"I thought I was, Flip. She helped me a lot. I hope I haven't hurt her."

"I think," said Flip slowly, "that Hattie really meant this to happen all along." A gleam of mockery stole into her eyes. "You see, she's got a husband of her own," she ended.

"Married?" Peter's brain spun round. The happenings of the last few weeks adjusted themselves. What had been Hattie's game? Had she had a game at all, or just treated a fool according to his folly? He didn't know; he would never understand her; but this made things easier, and definitely he wished her well.

"Good luck to her!" he said rather loudly.

And Flip, peering up under her lashes, left it at that.

So the Peter Rochesters, with large quantities of luggage, left England, and an announcement was made that no letters would be forwarded. A week later Hattie May left too, on the *Arctania*.

Looking at the receding shores of England, she had a moment of feeling really blue, in spite of the fact that New York was waiting for her, and she had a short happy letter from Peter in her pocket, with which he had sent as big (Continued on page 98)



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**LILLA 7, LOWER GROSVENOR PLACE,  
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a bunch of roses as any American could have thought of. In spite of all this, she felt like winking away a tear.

"That was a good idea, inventing a husband, but, maybe, I'm only anticipating," she reflected, as a steward handed her a wireless from Ted Sullivan, the biggest showman in America, telling her he'd meet the ship, and ending.

"Atta, girl! We'll make whoopee when you arrive."

Yes, that certainly wasn't too bad. She'd be ready for Ted after a few days.

But she wasn't quite ready yet.

Those stark white cliffs held a memory.

## The Mannequin

(Continued from page 37)

get another regular job, had to go back to the slaving, the uncertainty of odd outside work, a single cheap room; and, just as Brand was beginning to get a bit better, too. Very unwillingly she picked up the coat and put it on again.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Vallings, but I'm tired. Maybe you'll be seeing the lady I brought them there frocks for."

"Them there! Lil!"

But she did no more than bite in her lip now. "I'll go back to the shop and change. If you'll tell the lady—"

"But, my dear girl," smiled Vallings, "there is no lady. Didn't you hear me ask you what you thought of my little place? Come, come, pull yourself together."

She had been thinking of Brand, weighing the comparative nourishment to be found in sausages and chops: scarcely heard what Vallings said. But the words came back to her now.

"Well, that's the bloomin' limit!" She flung off the coat again and walked to the door. "I'll send the rest of the things back to-morrow, an' get my pay, Mister Vallings."

Vallings watched her, smiling as she turned the handle: then flung round at him, her face white, her eyes blazing.

HE was going to lose the most beautiful mannequin he had ever had, and he knew it: was going to lose more than that. He would have to let her go sooner or later; what was he going to get for it all? A fighting, unwilling woman?

Though—who knew?—she might soften suddenly with roused passion. One never could tell with these people.

"Look here, Lil, you're here in my flat alone with me. The man who let you in has gone home. There's supper in the next room. After a glass or so of champagne..."

"You beast, you beast!" She struck him across the face as he came towards her, put a hand on her.

"Come, come now—a kiss to start with. And look here, I'll send you back to-morrow with a hundred pounds in your pocket, I swear I will. Be a sensible girl. Think what it will mean."

Backing away from him, she knocked her hand against what she took to be a heavy candlestick on the table behind her, and catching it up, struck him across his face with it.

Whatever it was it fell to the ground with a crash and somehow far away in the distance she seemed to hear a bell ring faintly. Maybe there was someone at the door—serve the brute right if he was caught.

Vallings's face was streaming with blood. All the same, that mad frenzy for something altogether flamboyant was rising ever higher. He was in front of the table now, with Lil away at the farther end of the room, backed against the big glass, hands and arms outspread at her side.

"God! how that dress suits her, how she shows it off like that! But larger pearls, a rope of them—" he thought with the famous dress designer's instinct still alive. He even thought: "Yes, raise the draperies a fraction on that left hip, that's what it needs."

## The Life of the Party

She still felt blue, though she had achieved incredible moral heights, far higher than that Ritzy wife of Peter would ever know.

"For I was darn near loving that poor simp," she said out loud, as the choppy seas raced past, and the cliffs of England became a white blur. No one heard this admission but the gulls, dipping and wheeling in the wake of the liner, and their immediate preoccupation with food alone concerned them.

Hattie's secret was perfectly safe.

END

But all the same he had the drawer open behind him; was feeling in it, perfectly clear as to his next move.

"Stand still!" But for her face, those blazing eyes, Lil might have been a black silhouette plastered there, as a shot rang out, and a wide star splintered the mirror a foot above her head.

"Now look here..." It seemed to her that Vallings had completely changed: no more of the tame cat about him—for the moment. But she knew that sort down Club Lane and Wapping way. She had seen men like that, just the same look on their faces, white, set, cruel, ready to kill. There was Tim Burke who did his girl in, then knifed a policeman. And all for what?—for nothing; just saw red. And Sam Cooper, who put that old fence out of the way, thinking he had money; hacked him to bits in sheer fury when he found himself cheated.

Oh, yes, and there were other things too... Why, even Brand, her Brand, when he came home on leave once, thought that she'd taken up with another man...

"Spread out your arms wider."

Vallings's voice was like the swish of a bent knife, suddenly released—she had been in a velvet factory once, cut the pile with a long, fine, almost incredibly sharp knife—that was what it was like. For the life of her she could not resist a grin, the pussy-cat was showing his claws. But all the same, she flung her arms wide. Life was good, and she didn't mean to throw it away.

"Now," went on Vallings, "I'll splinter that glass once at the tips of those pretty fingers of yours, either side. Then just one either side of that little delicious curve in your waist—all to the good, that; waists are coming back. I'll set one at either side of that, and I'll put one above your head, closer than the last though, just cutting the top of your hat... An aigrette will improve it; we'll hide the hole with that... Five shots."

"Five shots and for the sixth... steady, steady now, Lil—" Lil had made one wild plunge forward. But in a moment she was back again in her place with the revolver full upon her.

VALLINGS was kicking away something on the floor. "This damned cord..." he said: "Now—one. And before the sixth you'll say—'I love you, and I'll stay,' or by God, it will be through your forehead."

Of course, he was mad. Not for always; but as men go mad in streaks. He'd do what he said, then go to pieces, she knew that sort.

There was that chap who'd broken a bottle of vitriol over Sally Jervis's face. He'd wept and snivelled in the dock as though it was he who'd been hurt.

Ping! the glass started out upon her right.

And Sally, fool enough to love him—

Ping! This time it splintered over her fingers.

What was it Sally had said, her face masked in cotton wool—

Lil's thought flew. She didn't know why she was thinking like this, thinking of Sally. (Continued on page 100)



# But, my dear,

he looked *tragic*—just back from Le Touquet, and simply 'shickered to blazes' (so he said), Frightfully depressed for seasons: couldn't eat or sleep and hadn't a shred of energy—all *morbid* symptoms of a Hectic Life! The poor boy was so *ravingly* all in, I gave him one of my precious Cachets Faivre. Of course, he was wilfully dubious at first—I mean we're all *rather* suspicious of Other People's medical largesse, don't you agree darling? But honestly, you should have *observed* the difference! "He looked tragic—" In ten minutes he was the old Ted—simply over=*bursting*



"He was wilfully dubious" positively *vituperates* about them. Thanks to little me, he's London's Bright Boy again, my dear. Don't ask me *what* they're made of, darling—all I know is that my doctor says they're *stupendously* harmless—just like a *super* aspirin, a cup of tea and a good cry all repressed into one. Anyway, my dear, they're just Nature's little wonder-workers. You ask Ted!



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# THE PROBLEM of CONSTIPATION

by a physician

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Ping! . . . Ping! . . . either side of her feet.

Sally . . . Sally had said: "Keep your pecker up, Alf, there ain't nothing wrong with me."

But then—yes, that was it, she had loved the blighter.

This Vallings, now . . .

Ting! . . . She felt something like a wind pass over her hair under her high Cossack cap. Fragments of glass powdered it with crystal-like hoarfrost.

And quite suddenly she seemed to see Brand sitting nursing the little fire, keeping it bright, feeding it with scraps of coal: waiting for her, waiting for his supper.

"And now," said Vallings, "just those six little words—'I love you, I will stay!' Come now, we're at the sixth, you know."

There was a moment's silence. "I will count," he said, "count ten . . . Damn that glass!"

A splinter had flown out and slipped in between his shoe and sock.

He raised his foot to shake it: once more found it entangled in the trailing cord, or whatever it was.

"At ten," he was saying, "if you haven't . . ." But though he hadn't stooped he had looked down, and Lil was upon him like a young tigress.

He had been mad to hold her in his arms. But now—now. It wasn't he who was holding her. She had her hands at his throat. He tried to tear them apart with his and she set her teeth in them.

There was a loud banging at the outside door. That confounded man could not have gone after all; he was opening it.

"Let go—you fool—you fool! There's someone—" He bent her back, back, and got his throat free: bent her further and further.

Oh, well, let them come; if he could not have her he'd break her, break himself, too. The very feel of her firm body in his hands maddened him.

They were at the door of the room, itself, whoever they might be. And it was at that moment that Lil went limp in his hands, pulling him down with her.

He was fighting for her mouth. Anyhow, he would kiss her. Anyhow, whatever happened . . . It was amazing how, with all that noise going on, the ruling passion still held.

But the strong young hands were at his throat again as the door burst open and two men in uniform stood on the threshold. At the back of them was the scared grey face of the manservant, and yet another policeman.

There was splintered glass everywhere, over everything; chairs overturned. One or other of the two upon the floor had caught at a tablecloth, and it had slipped down, bringing a mass of books, flowers and photograph frames with it.

"Come now, what's all this?"

For a moment they could make nothing of it all. Then the girl freed herself, at the sergeant's harsh "Now, then, what's all this?" dragged herself to her feet, patted her hair, and picking up a black astrakhan cap from somewhere, she was just about to put it on her head, when she spotted something which might have been a bright coin sewn into it. But it wasn't. It was the light shining through a hole; and she coolly poked her finger through it to show it, held it up for the sergeant to see.

## The Mannequin

"That will show you," she said. "Shot all round me—a bloomin' Wild West Show! Five shots. Why, look at that there mirror. An' they cost money, too, them there mirrors do. Said as 'ow if I didn't give in afore 'e shot six, 'e'd pip me. A bit o' all right that, eh, Officer? An' calls 'isself a gentleman—'ee!"

She pointed a derisive finger at Vallings, who had dragged himself up and stood leaning against a bookshelf, panting and dishevelled, wiping his face with a handkerchief. "There was a bloke as I knew o' the name o' Alf, looked just like that—'ee did. Chucked vitriol over 'is gal. Carried on as if it was 'ee wot was 'urt, once the coppers got 'im."

"Give in to what?" enquired the sergeant, notebook in hand.

"Love, 'ee calls it. 'Ec—" Once again she pointed.

"Remember, miss, everything you say . . ."

"Marm, if you please. Mrs. Brand Haggart, Twenty-Nine A, Little Lothian Street, Wapping." She put on her cap, dragged it down over her forehead. "Ad me 'ere ter bring some dresses 'ome fer a laidy," she pointed to the glittering frocks hanging over the sofa. "Oh, yes, I don't think—a laidy as don't exist . . . All my eye. Got fresh wiff me . . ."

"Oh, well, you'll have to come along to the police court, anyhow; you can tell them that there. Is that your coat?"

The sergeant pointed at the long black coat lying on the floor, and picking it up, Lil put it on, coolly settling her shoulders as she had been taught to do; buttoned up the high astrakhan collar; "Might as well get somefing outer the blighter," she said. "But as to going along wiff you, Officer . . . I don't see as 'ee," she jerked her head contemptuously in Vallings' direction, "is any reason for me keepin' my 'usband waitin' for 'is supper—a man as was knocked out in the war an' all. Come now, Officer."

The glance she gave the sergeant would have brought a bird off a bough, and he gave in.

"You're right there, Missus, a chap wants 'is supper. One o' my men will go home with you, see that it's all right. You, Collins."

He nodded to one of the policemen, who turned toward the door. They stopped:

"Mind your foot, Missus."

He was gathering up that same long cord that had caught round Vallings's feet; was disentangling it.

And quite suddenly Lil realised what it was that she had hit him across the face with: one of his own conceits—they had them in the shop—a telephone shaped like a candlestick, with the heavy shade fallen away from it.

"That's it. Must 'ave knocked it over, set the bell ringing," remarked the sergeant: then explained: "There wasn't any answer when the operator took the call, only the sound of shots, and she rang us up—none too soon either, by the look of things," he added grimly, with a glance round: while Lil Haggart, half out of the door, nodded briefly in Vallings' direction: "So long. Bring your glad rags back to-morrow," she said. While Vallings, knowing himself ruined with the world to face afresh, looking after her, exhausted and bemused, had but one thought: "My God, what a figure!"

END

## Life on the Boulevard

(Continued from page 17)

for the *flâneur* in some side street in the heart of the city to come across a modest orchestra entertaining, during the lunch hour, a crowd of young people employed in *la mode* or *la couture*. The instrumental music in some cases may be supplied by only a melodeonist, but with the collaboration of a vocalist a lively entertainment is provided for the crowd of *midinettes*. A book of songs plays an important part in the proceedings. Some

of its contents are sung first by the vocalist, then by the workgirls. The modern Mimi Pinson is fond of music, and she does not hesitate to spare a franc out of her scanty pay for a copy of the book. It is an investment of some permanence, for she will hum the newly acquired tunes later while plying her needle, thus bringing some of the brightness of the boulevard into the *atelier*.





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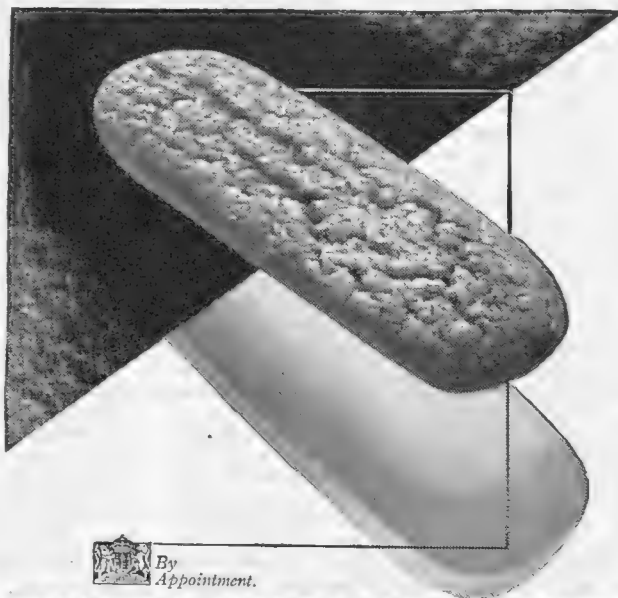
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# The Curse of the Coburgs (Continued from page 7)

had usurped the Kohary name and fortune. Thus the curse which was so to influence the fortunes of the family came into being.

TO follow its workings is to unravel a complicated thread of family relationships. Prince Ferdinand and Princess Antonia had four children, of whom three—Leopold, Ferdinand and Victoria, godchild of the British Queen—died without issue. There remained the fourth, Augustus, to inherit the fortune and the curse. True to the family tradition of improving his position by marriage, Augustus married Princess Clementine, daughter of King Louis Philippe of France. Their three children, Philip, Ferdinand and Augustus, now become the protagonists of the tragic drama.

Let us picture Prince Philip when he first comes on the European scene, young, good-looking and possessed of vast wealth. Flattered and fêted wherever he went, he was the most eligible bachelor in Europe. Conscious of his worth in the marriage market, he was in no hurry to settle down, and when he came to the court of his cousin Leopold, King of the Belgians, as a suitor for the hand of the King's second daughter, Louise, he already seemed an old man to the little princess, who was only a child of fifteen. Such a marriage, which would be impossible now, was a little shocking even to the susceptibilities of that less squeamish age. King Leopold, who hated to lose the chance of such a wealthy son-in-law, but who could not quite bring himself to sacrifice the pure innocence of his daughter to the lascivious embraces of the experienced debauchee, temporised. Let Prince Philip return next year—and then he'd see!

Twelve months had scarcely gone by before the suitor reappeared, as insistent as ever. Leopold, unable longer to resist the golden lure, yielded to his cousin's importunities and bullied his daughter into the marriage.

Now comes the wedding night. One by one the lights of the Palace at Brussels wink and fade. The castle and grounds are wrapped in silence, save for the muffled tread of the sentry on his rounds. Suddenly there is an alarm. Someone is moving among the dark trees of the garden. The sentry's voice is heard in challenge. His finger trembles on the trigger of his rifle. In another moment a tragedy would have occurred at the news of which the civilised world would have reeled in horror. Just at the moment of firing the soldier recognised the intruder. It was poor Louise in her white silk bridal nightgown fleeing from her husband's bed. The sentry wrapped her in a coat and took her to her mother.

Even then the child's parents did not relent. To avert a scandal, they forced the weeping girl to rejoin her husband, and accompany him back to Hungary to the grim Kohary mansion and his vast estates.

What followed is almost too pitiful to describe. To dispel his wife's coldness towards him, Prince Philip initiated the girl into the wild ways of debauchery. He forced her to take part in the maddest revels, he taught her to find oblivion from her sorrows in drink, he encouraged her in the wildest extravagance. After a few years of such tuition changed indeed was the fresh, innocent child of the Brussels court.

Tragedy after tragedy dogged the pair. Louise's sister Stephanie, another Coburg, had married Rudolph, Crown Prince of Austria. Philip Coburg became his brother-in-law's chief confidant and guide; and took part in all his dissipations. Everyone knows how Rudolph and his mistress, Marie Vetsera, were found shot one morning in the hunting lodge at Mayerling. It was Philip Coburg who was first upon that tragic scene. Ordered by the Emperor Francis Joseph to bring his son to him, he had driven towards Mayerling in the dead of night. Only Stockhammer, a trusted gamekeeper, sat in the carriage beside him.

The coachman whipped up the horses to their utmost speed. Tragedy was in the air, and Philip was afraid of being late. Suddenly a hare sprang up in the road.

Philip went pale. Everybody knows that a hare crossing the road brings bad luck. They drove on—an owl hooted on a roadside tree. A bad omen again. Five minutes later a cat ran across the road. That was too much for Philip. "Three bad signs, Stockhammer," he said; "we can't go on." He thereupon bade the coachman turn the horses and take another road, which made them three-quarters of an hour late in reaching Mayerling. Had it not been for that lost forty-five minutes Philip would have found the Crown Prince alive. Truly, the curse of the long-dead monk was working well.

Meanwhile Louise's mad pursuit of pleasure continued. Loathing her husband as she did, it was inevitable that her heart should be bestowed upon another man, the ill-fated recipient of her passion being a handsome cavalry lieutenant named Mattasich. Such a secret could not long be kept hid; Philip learnt of it, and devised a vengeance as horrible as any to be found in the pages of mediæval legend. Mattasich was arrested and imprisoned on a trumped-up charge of forgery, but a far worse fate awaited Louise. By means of a faked medical certificate she was certified as mad, and for seven years she languished like a living corpse in various lunatic asylums in Europe.

The broken woman who at last emerged to freedom was hardly recognisable as she who had entered the grim walls a few years before. The only gleam of light in the dark story is that Mattasich joined her. The two lived together in Paris on a small allowance, and when at last he died, during the war, it was the Belgian princess who stood weeping by his grave.

SCOURGED by fate and haunted by Sremorse, Philip Coburg became a recluse. His only consolation was found in mad debauch and eccentric pleasures. His son, Leopold, in whom he might have found pride and joy, was doomed like his father to the tragic destiny caused by the curse. Once more it was a cat which was the harbinger of fate.

At a charity bazaar held in Vienna in 1913, a beautiful girl sold Leopold Coburg a fluffy woollen cat. Leopold looked from the mascot's green eyes into the equally green eyes of the vendor, and that one glance was enough to kindle a flame in his heart which it needed blood to extinguish.

The girl's name was Camilla Rybika, the youngest of four beautiful daughters of a pensioned civil servant. Unknown to Leopold, she was also one of the best-known "cocottes" of the gay city. The story which followed is the familiar one of the vampire and her victim. A luxurious flat, beautiful clothes, jewels were showered by the lovesick youth on the lovely siren. Even so she was not content. Trading on his infatuation, she secured a letter from him promising marriage. To obtain it she said that she merely required it to win a bet with someone who had doubted her lover's affection. She promised to return the letter the next day. It was an old trick, but it was good enough to deceive the innocent Leopold. He wrote the letter to her dictation and came next day to demand its return.

Camilla did not disappoint him. She handed the letter back with a laughing account of how she had won her bet, but if Leopold had imagined that that was the end of the matter, he was soon undeceived. Photographic reproductions of the letter which began to circulate in the city soon gave the clue to the siren's readiness to part with the precious document. Leopold was now completely disillusioned; his only desire was to obtain back all the photographs and be rid of her for ever. The 4,000,000 crowns demanded by Camilla could only be obtained by secretly, without his father's knowledge, selling the timber on the ancestral estate. The ghost of the venomous old monk must have rubbed his hands with glee to see the youngest scion of the proud house of Coburg reduced to fraud and theft!

On 17th October, 1915, Prince Leopold

called on Camilla Rybika to pay over the money, to receive the photographs and to bid a last farewell.

A little after six o'clock a soldier passing on the pavement in front of the house heard shots from an upper floor. A few seconds later he and the janitor, whom he had summoned, were outside the flat on the first floor, which bore a plate with the name "Rybika." They rang and knocked, but there was no answer. They knocked again, and heard a groan from inside.

"For God's sake, get a locksmith—open the door! Help! I am dying—I am blind!"

Within a few minutes a locksmith had arrived and had opened the door. Inside a horrifying spectacle met their eyes. Leopold Coburg was lying in a pool of blood. Five revolver shots had rent his pale blue Hussar uniform into rags. His face did not resemble a human countenance. A big black hole was in the place of one eye, and the flesh was eaten away to the bones. His mistress had fired five shots at him, thrown a bottle of vitriol at his face, and with the sixth bullet had destroyed her own life. She was lying half-undressed on the carpet in front of her bed, a bullet through her heart, dead.

For six months the best doctors in Europe struggled to save Leopold's life. Perhaps it is as well that they failed. Life could have held no promise of joy for the suffering creature, who had lost almost all semblance to a human being.

This last tragedy was the culminating blow in the life of Philip Coburg. He lived on, stricken and old, until 1921. At the last life must have been the heaviest of the burdens which he had to bear.

The curse which pursued Philip Coburg throughout his life did not leave his brothers unscathed. One of them, Augustus, married the daughter of Don Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, and lost nearly all his money in the support of that ill-starred monarch, who was dethroned in the revolution of 1889.

The other brother was the Bulgarian King, known to the allies during the war as "Foxy Ferdy." The fatal ambition of that crafty sovereign, his unhappy marriage, and finally how he lost his throne after his defeat in the Great War are matters of familiar history.

It is not so widely known that throughout his reign he was haunted by supernatural dread and attributed his downfall to the family curse. Like the other members of his family, he had a superstitious terror of cats. He had a strange belief that if he saw a cat and did not buy it, it would bring misfortune upon him. Thus every cat he could lay hands on he bought and stored in the great Coburg mansion in Budapest. The high, dark musty rooms are full of cats—cats in bronze, cats in china, cats in jade, stuffed cats with their green glass eyes staring out of dark corners, velvet cats, filigree cats, marble cats, gold cats, every sort and kind of cat. As one wanders through the dusty rooms and deserted corridors and feels the glassy stare of those myriad eyes, one is conscious of a strange eerie sensation as though the cats were the evil spirits evoked by the dead monk to bring doom upon his enemies.

LITTLE of the vast Coburg wealth now remains. What there is is disappearing fast into the pockets of the lawyers. Philip's legal heir, his great-nephew Philip, his daughter Dorothea, and King Ferdinand's son, Prince Cyril, are disputing for possession and have been involved in a mass of lawsuits with the Hungarian and Czechoslovakian States. There is still no peace for those who fell beneath the spell cast by the vengeful monk.

Thus the doom of the Coburg millions has been consummated. There will be many sceptics who will deny that the curse of Brother Emericus had anything to do with the ill luck which befell the stricken house. It may be so. There may be a simpler cause and a simpler moral:

"Too much money never did anyone any good."

END



## A Modern Hamlet

(Continued from page 25)

If this was indeed my father's spirit—and several people had accepted evidence of this kind, I knew; scientists of all sorts and hard-bitten, materialistic kinds of men—why should my first attempt to speak to a man I mourned be burlesqued by a phrase which, taken from the greatest of Shakespeare's plays, was sometimes used, in conversation, as a joke.

I remembered that actors, when drawing their salary, said, "The ghost walks," this because of the fact that, of all the great plays they knew, "Hamlet" was the greatest, and a ghost walked in that.

"Will the ghost walk to-night?" was in Hamlet's mind, and sometimes the poor devils of actors had thought the same thing about their salaries.

Then it dawned on me. Hamlet's mother had married her husband's brother! So had my mother. Hamlet had seen his father's ghost upon the battlement, and held converse with him. And here was I, almost on the verge of believing that I was doing the same thing!

Then the rapping began by itself. This time it spelled out dramatic words:

"Hamlet's father was murdered. So was I."

I nearly leapt from my chair.

"What do you mean?" I said.

There came no answer.

I sat there for an hour or more, and every few minutes I asked the wall questions. But, still, no answer came. I went out into the night and, though it was raining, walked for miles. And all the time there conflicted in my mind two stories which met, every now and then, and then had to part because of the differences.

Hamlet's father had been murdered by his brother, who had then married the widow and succeeded to the throne.

What did that mean to me?

There poured into my mind all the dislikes of the man who had taken my father's place. I remembered that I had never trusted him. No, "trusted" was not quite the word. But he seemed so different from his brother. He used to call on regular occasions, and I knew he had come for money. I did not consciously dislike him, because I had scarcely exchanged with him more than a few passing words, and then at intervals.

That was until the wedding, when, naturally, I resented his presence by my mother's side, every detail of the ceremony.

That was natural prejudice, of course, I argued. No son likes to see anybody step into his father's place. It was a resentment that I had to conquer, if only for my mother's sake.

And all the time, too, I was wondering—"Shall I hear any more? Will the wall be silent now, or will it speak again?"

Next morning, I went and sat in the same chair, staring at the wall. I spoke to it. It was silent. I spoke louder. Still no answer came. I shouted. There was not a sound.

Then I walked out alone, my mind a conflict of angry, frightened, reminiscent feelings.

But then, that evening again, about the same time it had occurred before, the rapping began again.

How tedious it was! I was so impatient. How angry I got when I guessed that it had to come and I had to wait for twenty-three taps before the letter was confirmed.

Now and then, in my haste, I would guess the end of the word, wrongly. Sometimes, if I guessed right, it would stop and rap "Yes" to shorten it. But, when, for instance, I had got "whe" and I guessed that an N was coming, I said "Yes, when," to shorten the agony of waiting—usually, the word was not what I guessed—it went on relentlessly spelling, for instance, not "when" but "where."

That night will always be remembered in my life.

I sat in the chair for what seemed hours, listening to rappings (Continued on page 104)

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that went on. They filled me with awe. They forced upon me a feeling of calamity, of doubt, of terror. For the rappings told me that my father had been murdered by his brother!

I had, of course, thought about that for hours, forcing myself, however, to conclude that all that had come because of the Hamlet name that had been spelled.

But, in long insistent narrative, there now came from the wall the rapped-out story of how, one night, when my father was lying very ill, his brother, who was sitting in the room with him, had opened the window, that he had left it open for two hours, letting in icy air and then closed it.

In the morning, all that was known was that my father's condition was so much more serious than, a few hours afterwards, he died.

Now, mind you, I did not believe this. I could not believe it. Besides, here was my father's brother, comfortably married to his sister-in-law, enjoying the sunshine of her favours, well-off, most safely circumstanced.

The doctor's certificate was signed and the body was buried, and if it were exhumed, well, there would be nothing to show. Why, I could not even challenge my uncle. I could not say a word.

What was I to do? There could be no murder trial. There could be no punishment. There could be only the breaking up of a home.

Besides, suppose it were not true.

Yet how could I live in that house again? I should betray myself. Not that I believed it. But I should show doubts, and fears, and hostility, and suspicion and, in a few weeks, aggravate a condition which would force me to leave home.

"I must pull myself together," I said.

Then I remembered all the calamity that followed Hamlet's discovery, how, overcome by similar doubts and fears, he had staged a play scene in the hope that his uncle would betray himself.

Yes, that was all very well. But the end of "Hamlet" was wholesale death, poison, a duel, just tragedy.

No good had come because Hamlet's father had walked the battlement. What good could come of this? Why had the "dead" disturbed me so?

Was I always to be the victim, as Hamlet had been, of doubts and fears? Why, to this day, Shakespearean scholars argued as to whether Hamlet were mad or not! Was I to be thought mad? Were the servants to look on me suspiciously, as Polonius and the rest had looked on Hamlet? Were there to be nudges around me behind my back for years?

The rappings stopped before I had asked any questions about that.

Yet I went on talking to the wall myself.

"Why did you start all this?" I said.

"Why not leave me alone? It isn't fair." It was the next night that I got instructions. Again at the same hour, the rappings restarted.

"Make him listen to my raps!" was spelled out, word by word.

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Sit him where you sit, and give him the code."

Here was a play scene, you see, staged not by living actors, but by a ghost! Two men were to be the spectators, two people only, and the only actor was to be a knocking on the wall!

I cannot remember all that happened in the days that followed. Now and then, I looked forward to the return of the newly-married pair with eagerness. Sometimes, I was afraid, even of myself.

I began to feel, just as Hamlet did, more moody and still more wretched.

I found myself walking about, as he did, soliloquising—yes, reciting quotations from his speeches. . . . "But for the fear of something after death," "the undiscovered country," odd phrases that I recalled. I began to feel like Hamlet. I would stare moodily into the fire for hours.

The rapping had stopped by now. I talked to the wall, night after night, but never got a sound.

## A Modern Hamlet

Well, I had had my orders, I supposed, and that was the end of it.

It was almost with brutish eagerness that I kissed my mother, when they did return. I welcomed my new father with a hand-shake, the vigour of which must have surprised him.

Well, anyway, the end of all my anxiety had come. It was better to have a violent outburst about it all than that these fears and doubts should stop in my mind.

While we ate, I talked eagerly of passing things that had happened. My excitement was such that I spoke of trifles as though they had been great events.

My mother seemed glad to see me in what she thought was such a good mood. My step-father was trying to be friendly, I knew.

Then, when my mother had gone up to bed alone, I knew that the great hour had come.

We were at last together, the two of us, in the room in which had come the great revelation, or where I had been the victim of what I sometimes still thought was imagination, but which I could not test.

Then, gradually, I got the subject round.

It was dark, for we had not lit the lamps, but were sitting merely by a dying fire.

It took me half an hour, perhaps, to prepare the stage. I excused myself to him for believing it, but said that, while he had been away, there had been strange rappings on the wall. Had he ever heard such things?

I did not of course accept them, but they were remarkable. They had spelled out a name and told me things.

"How?" he asked.

And then I told him the code.

"Sit in that chair," I said, and I sat him facing the wall in a low armchair in front of me. I could not see his face. I did not want to see his face. I merely sat behind him.

"Ask if there is anyone there," I said. "If there is, it may answer with three raps. Then ask who it is. One rap is for the letter A and so on, as I told you."

Then, thrill of thrills, the rapping began. I sat in the dark for half an hour, perhaps. It may have been more. It may have been less. But the same pitiless story that I had heard was rapped out, letter by letter and word by word.

This time, though, it did not say "I was murdered," but "You murdered me." It did not say "He opened the window," but "You opened the window."

Not a sound came from the chair in front of me. I wanted to strike a light and push it in my uncle's face and look, but I did not dare.

The rapping went on, accusing, challenging, pitilessly.

Then it stopped.

I waited. Time passed, but how long I cannot say.

I waited. That was all.

Then, suddenly, I shouted.

"What have you to say?" I asked.

There came no answer.

I struck a match and looked

My uncle was dead!

I shouted for the servants and we called a doctor in.

"He has died of shock," said the doctor. "I treated him for his heart some months ago."

So we buried him—and his secret.

Or did we only bury, in his grave, my budding insanity?

END

WE much regret that in a previous issue reference was made to Ben Nicholson in connection with the illustrations of "The Pirate Twins": these are the work of his brother, William Nicholson. The premises of Phyllis Earle are at 32, Dover Street, and not, as we incorrectly stated, in Albemarle Street. Here clients can have their hair waved by the new and painless Madison method, which is guaranteed not to harm the most drastically bleached hair. It leaves the hair delightfully soft and lustrous and its texture quite unimpaired.



## Books

(Continued from page 39)

at first, but on being checked by alternative methods it reveals an error. *Further Reflections on the Death of a Porcupine* (Blue Moon Press, £1 1s.) is a timely essay by Miss Olive Moore, who says many things which badly needed saying about D. H. Lawrence and the cloud of witnessing flies which have settled on him since his death. The work of Lawrence, if it lives, will live because of his art and in spite of his preachings and his squabbling disciples. "A work of art is sufficient unto itself; it need not also be a prayer meeting. The wilfulness of its creator needs no excuse or explanation. The correct answer to Why? is Why not?" I am sorry that only 99 copies have been printed of this shrewd and level-headed piece of criticism, and that its price puts it beyond the reach of those who perhaps would appreciate it most.

It is said (I know not with what truth) that there are more periodicals dealing with the cinema than with any other separate human activity. Certainly it has an enormous Press, for the most part of a frivolous nature. One of the first journals to devote itself solely and seriously to the art of the screen was *Close Up*. The standard of this 3s. 6d. quarterly has always been high—at first rather painfully high, but now a little more tolerant and willing to admit that the other fellow may be doing his best. My excuse for mentioning it here is the growing interest taken in films by the discriminating book-reading public. *Close Up* (26, Litchfield Street, W.C.2) keeps one pleasantly in touch, by means of articles and photographs, with the best work being done by film producers all the world over—even in Hollywood.

END

## Arms for Sale

(Continued from page 15)

a Colonel House or a Montagu Norman. There were private interviews with men who mattered, discreet little parties given to the right persons, occasionally a demonstration. In Russia he did a magnificent business, as the Tulsa and Petersburg arsenals were quite inadequate to provide for the needs of the huge Russian war machine.

He made himself a favourite in Madrid, and brought back a £5,000,000 order for the Vickers-Maxim firm, which he had now joined. He made friends with politicians in high places, provided the money for newspaper purchases useful to the political chiefs whose favour he sought and gained.

As he swelled, he found (as the Rothschilds had done before him) that the external regalia of official rank is useful. The French granted the "Administrateur de la Société Vickers-Maxim," as he was described in the official decree, the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour. He appeared resplendent at Westminster Abbey in the panoply of a Knight of the Bath. He endowed chairs of literature at the Universities of Oxford and Paris in the respective names of Haig and Foch. Oxford granted the war contractor the honorary degree of Doctor of Civil Law. In short, Zaharoff had found out how to move among the great, who can influence war orders, and how to influence publicity. He had also learned that to make money one must spend it. He gave millions towards Allied causes, public and private. He could afford it. His gifts were only a percentage of his colossal war gains. Perhaps in his private book-keeping he wrote the sums down as "insurance."

You may still see the aged armament salesman padding round Monte Carlo in his rubber-soled boots, always overcoated, a funny little round hat pulled down over that head which conceals so many secrets. Despite his post-war entrance into oil, real estate (if one can call his Monte Carlo purchase that), and banking, and his French and British newspaper interests, he remains the archetype of the cosmopolitan dealer in arms and munitions of war, entirely detached, (Continued on page 106)



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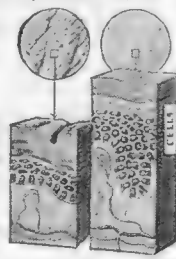
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## Arms for Sale

unmoved, aloof, fond of money-making for its own sake.

He had his moment of romance. He waited a long time for the Spanish Duchess of Villafranca. When she was widowed, and he could marry her, it was 1924 and he was 75 and she was past sixty. You would see them walking round Monte Carlo together, a curious pair, the tall distinguished-looking Turkish-born Greek French-British knight, the mousy little Spanish duchess. Then she died. They had been together only eighteen months. Zaharoff had provided the weapons and projectiles for the slaughter of millions, but this was the first time that the death of a human being had meant anything to him. It broke him up for quite a long time.

One must regretfully remark that there are no worthy successors to this great artist in arms salesmanship. The business flourishes, but it has ceased to be picturesque. Even the sporting element, implicit in that masterly deal of Zaharoff's, when he sold the Greeks, then preparing for war with Turkey, the first practical submarine and then crossed over to Constantinople, told the Turks all about it, and sold them two—even that has gone.

As for the gentlemen of "the business," as the gun-runners call their trade, they more usually resemble commercial travellers than the hatchet-faced crooks or dashing adventurers of popular fiction and film melodrama. They were all on view in Shanghai one day last summer. News of a £500,000 order had brought them hurrying to an hotel in that city, the port and clearing house these days for the war material bought from the British and European arsenals for both China and Japan. There was a lean Dutchman, a fat German, a nervy little Greek, the famous ex-colonel associated with an international business group with headquarters at Belgrade, and the equally celebrated Irish ex-captain representing a French amalgamation of interests. Spies and military attachés pricked up their ears. But almost immediately they were reassured. The Canton crowd were in the market for arms again. Looked like more trouble for the Nanking group whom the Powers find it convenient to recognise as the Government of China; but that was all.

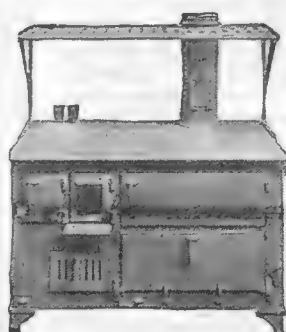
They hang around the fringe of the armament business, the gun-runners, and swing the dubious ready-money deals which the big armament firms do not care to handle direct.

A League commission in 1928 did seek to stop a possible leak or two by suggesting that certain information should be supplied in regard to licences granted firms to manufacture war material. But some small nations buying abroad did not like the idea of the world knowing where, how, or what they were purchasing; and the delegate for Britain put the attitude of the big producers in a nut-shell when he said that his Government had not the information required, the manufacturers themselves would refuse to furnish it, and few Governments anyway would have the courage to introduce legislation to compel them to do so.

The big states prefer to let the private armament business alone, each confident in the patriotism of its own group, and each concentrating on making things hot for any gentlemen of "the business" who try to run stuff anywhere in the territory they are interested in. Try to buy a load of arms in Paris for a destination known to be within the French-mandated territory of Syria, and see what happens to you. But arrive in Paris or Prague with a large letter of credit, and let it be known in the right quarters that you are in the market for a supply of second-hand rifles and field-guns, with ammunition and etceteras, for the lord of a brace of Chinese provinces, and (providing you can prove your bona fides) you will be very unlucky, or singularly inept, if you cannot get "the doings" shipped and delivered without undue delay or fuss.

Italy keeps a strict watch on her home and African seaboard. America watches the Philippines like a lynx. It is easier to interview Greta Garbo than to run arms into Korea. The British secret service spends

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a lot of its time seeing that nothing starts for any troublesome part of the scattered Empire, particularly India, and that if it does start it fails to arrive, while the home Government ignores the expressed desire of the domestic industry to do business on level terms with foreign rivals, and keeps a tight control of all exports. You have to get a Board of Trade licence, which again requires the endorsement of the Foreign Office and the relevant Service department, war, admiralty or air ministry, before you can ship war material.

Outside special zones in which big Powers adequately equipped with secret services, coastguards, frontier guards, and fleets, are interested the gentlemen of 'the business' do not find great difficulties in the way of profitable deals. During 1932 enough stuff to arm and equip several army corps went floating down the great canal-and-river system which runs from the English Channel south through Holland and Germany into the great Danubian water highway which emits into the Black Sea—the "lawless sea," they call it. "Greasing" the waterway has been found easier than "greasing" the railway.

Two shiploads of stuff were successfully run into Brazil for the civil war which has only just ended there. Innumerable boatloads of Mannlichers, Mausers, '303 rifles and '455 revolvers, bombs, small field-guns, arms and ammunition of all sorts unloaded at obscure ports along the Chinese coast and the eastern seaboard of South America and disappeared inland—arms and ammunition needed for the interminable war of tuchun against tuchun, and military junta against military junta.

Among the more intriguing incidents of "the business" in 1932 one may select the sad case of the Greek trader who was found stabbed in his Hamburg apartment. It appears that some time before he had sold a warehouse full of arms to a revolutionary group, collected his money, seen the stuff afloat. But two of the leaders sold out to

the Government group and joined them in a coalition ministry—an equitable distribution of the spoils of office. The betrayed ones fled, registering vows of vengeance. They were in time to prevent the landing of the arms and their seizure by the Government. But they had no use for those arms now. They wanted money, time.

In due course they sat in the trader's office again, proposing a resale. The man of business agreed to take the stuff back for a third of what they had paid him. They had to accept. Eighteen months passed. The unnatural coalition broke up, the revolutionaries' hour struck again. They came to the dealer again for arms. His price was higher than it was before, and for the same lot of arms. They argued, protested, but he was obdurate, and they had no time to waste. They cabled their backers, got the money, paid, and took delivery of their arms. But they left one of their number behind. The police held this gentleman for questioning after the 'discovery of the corpse of the Greek with a knife sticking in him; but they got nothing out of him. They had to let him go. But they advised him to leave by the next boat. He had, in fact, already made that arrangement.

Deals involving a quarter of a million rifles were intercepted by international police work during the year, but four times that quantity got through. I had this figure from a good source. But it is approximate only. For no one knows the whole truth. Too many parties are interested in concealing it. Ask at Geneva about every other sort of international phenomenon, from the incidence of disease to the facts about dope and white-slaving, and the industrious officials will smother you in official facts and figures, the fruit of years of busy probing and collecting. But ask about the illicit traffic in arms, and you find that not a single official document giving the facts and figures exists. The Governments don't care to tell tales. Might prove embarrassing.

## Blind Guess

(Continued from page 43)

I heard a door close softly in the corridor above, and I recollected that the Carshills were sleeping in that wing. I wondered whether Antonia had heard it too. I looked at her, but her expression was unrevealing.

"Never mind about that now, Isobel, but come to bed," she said gently, and put her arm about the girl. "Sorry you were disturbed, Ned!"

Bewildered and rather chilly, I returned to my chamber. As I crossed the lobby something was glittering on the flags. It was a bronze hairpin. I realised that it lay outside Timmie's door.

COMING from breakfast next morning, I bumped into Sara in the hall. She was going to play eighteen holes before lunch with Timmie, she informed me.

"Yours, I think, Sara?" said I, and handed her a bronze hairpin.

"Thanks, Ned!" Unsuspectingly her deft fingers tucked it in her clustering Titian hair. She was a fascinating hussy—a formidable rival for any young wife. Clearly she had marked down Timmie as her unlawful prey. I remembered that one day he would inherit Herron Place and all Jack's money. Knowing Sara, my heart misgave me.

A klaxon honked, and Timmie called from the drive. Sara ran out to him. I turned to find myself gazing into Roger Carshill's yellowish eyes. I recalled the fuddled and rather quarrelsome state in which I had left him on the previous evening. He cast a rancid look after the departing car.

"What's this I hear about you and the Sprote kid seeing ghosts last night?" he rumbled. I laughed. "Isobel obviously ate something that disagreed with her, and walked in her sleep..."

"A woman in black, eh?" he grunted. His lizard eyes rested unpleasantly on my face. I walked away.

Going up to dress that evening, I found that

Isobel had not returned my dressing gown. So I went across to the north wing, where in the corridor I met Antonia, who fetched it. Then "Come into my room for a minute," she begged. "I want to talk to you."

"Ned," she said abruptly, but very earnestly, "I'm going to lose Timmie, and I don't know what to do about it. No, you don't have to sympathise with me. Timmie and I haven't been hitting it off, but I love him and he loves me. Only he's weak and easily led. That Carshill woman means to steal him, and the damnable thing is that I can't see how I'm to prevent it..."

I murmured something about temporary infatigations. "Oh, Ned," she burst out impatiently. "I'm not a fool. Timmie's room is just off the arcade. Don't you realise it was she who was in Tiffany's Walk last night?"

I thought of that bronze hairpin, but said nothing. "The only reason she didn't go to Timmie last night was because Isobel scared her off," Antonia went on tensely. "I can see her game. She means to compromise Timmie so that Roger will have to divorce her and she can marry Timmie. The young face flamed suddenly. "But she's not going to get away with it, if I have to kill her first..." Her voice was harsh with passion. "I have a pistol and I shan't be afraid to use it..."

A pallid woman in shiny black looked in at the door. It was Sara's French maid. She had a small jar in her hand. "I bring Madame back the cream she lend Madame," she said impassively. "All right, Jeannette, stick it down anywhere," Antonia told her. "That woman heard you," I said reprovingly, when the maid had gone. "How can you say such crazy things?"

Antonia's shrug was stubborn. "Why not talk to Timmie?" I suggested. "Do you think I have no pride?" "Jack, then?" Her expression

(Continued on page 108)



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softened. "Poor darling, he has his own cross to bear . . ." She gave me her hand. "Thanks, Ned. I wanted to tell someone. But I must work this out for myself . . ."

After dinner that evening, however, I had a word with Jack. I told him everything I knew, excepting only Antonia's foolish threat, which I did not take seriously. Jack was very calm about it. "Thanks for letting me know, Ned," he said. "But leave this to me—do you mind?"

He must have spoken to Timmie. The next afternoon he sent for me. I found him with a rug over his knees in his accustomed seat at the south end of the arcade. "The damned young fool wants Antonia to divorce him so that he can marry Mrs. Carshill," he grumbled.

"He ought to be horsewhipped," I declared. "What does Antonia say?"

"I haven't spoken to her. But Timmie has. He says she refuses. And she's right."

"Look here, Jack, do you want me to have a word with Sara?"

He shook his head. "No. I'm the one to do that. But it'll be in my own time . . ."

In the Long Gallery, that evening after dinner, I noticed that Jack made Sara sit beside him, and they had a long chat.

It was not my business to interfere between husband and wife. But I resolved to be on the watch, and if I caught Sara again at her nocturnal prowlings, to tackle her and read the Riot Act. The night after Isobel's adventure there was much whispering and giggling in Tiffany's Walk, and I gathered that the gang was out ghost-hunting.

Two nights went by without any spectral manifestation. Sitting up was no hardship for me. On the third night, the household had retired a good two hours, and it was getting on for three, when, casting one of my periodic glances towards the north wing, whence I knew the "ghost" must emerge, I descried a figure standing motionless at the entrance to the lobby.

In a flash I was on my feet and down the stairs. The figure had not budged. Preferring to challenge her under cover of the house, where we should not be overlooked, I made across the garden, keeping well in the shadow of the house. The night was dark as only the midwinter night in the country can be, with a touch of frost in the air. As I neared the far end of the gallery a shadow seemed to detach itself from the gloom of the lobby and went flitting past the first bay of the arcade. I realised then that I had missed her. If I wished to confront her, I should have to head her off.

I pointed half-right and darted swiftly over the flower-beds, following with my eye that dark form slipping from bay to bay. Then, looking towards the turret entrance whence I had emerged, I was brought up short, my blood freezing in my veins.

What happened thereafter was the affair of split seconds. From where I was halted, panting, I had a clear view of the turret entrance. A shape lurked there, a shrouded, amorphous shadow. As I gazed it moved forward, its hands, which were clasped beneath its robes, rising and falling in a gesture of despair.

At that instant I heard a clanking sound in the arcade and knew that Sara had passed over Jack's "detector"—that row of loose bricks. They lay a little more than halfway along the walk, nearer the south than the north end, and I realised that as soon as the second figure I had seen had turned the corner of the gallery, she would meet it face to face. Scarcely had the thought come to me than I heard a dreadful, blood-curdling shriek. Its echo was swallowed up in the ear-splitting crash of a shot.

I was aware of an orange flash that had split the darkness, of a stealthy footfall within the arcade. But I paid no heed to these. I sprang forward, vaulted the nearest bay into the gallery and recoiled in horror.

A dark mass lay on the ground. It was Sara. A dark kimono covered up her black nightgown and she wore black slippers. It did not take me a moment to discover that she was past help—the doctor told us afterwards that she was shot through the heart and killed instantaneously.

A light footstep and Antonia in her white robe gazed down on me where I knelt. "Ned," she gasped, "what is it? There was a shot . . ." Then she saw what lay in front of me. She had an electric torch and flashed the beam on the dead woman.

"She's dead," I said.

"Dead?" Her eyes were wide with fear. "Oh, Ned! . . ."

"What did you do with that gun, Antonia?"

She stared at me in tearful dismay. "Ned, you don't think . . ." She seized my arm and shook it. "Ned, I never even saw her go out. I left my door ajar, meaning to follow her if I heard her leave her room. But I fell asleep. It was the shot that wakened me. Ned, you've got to believe that . . ."

Two pyjamaed figures broke from the south wing—Timmie and Sims. Timmie raised a haggard face to me from beside Sara's dead body. "Who killed her?" he demanded, with a sob in his voice.

I took him aside. "She's dead, Timmie, and we can't do anything about it. We shall have to send for the police and they'll ask questions. You've got to pull yourself together and stand by Antonia . . ."

"Antonia?" blankly.

"Don't you realise that she'll be the first the police will suspect?"

"Good God!" His glance sought his wife, but she had disappeared. "Find her," I told him curtly. "And don't leave her. And listen, let me have that gun of hers . . ."

"Ned," he cried, horror-stricken, "you're not suggesting . . ."

He went off. Jack was at my elbow, telling Sims to ring up the county police. "Just a minute, Jack," I interposed. But he shook me off. "I heard what you said to Timmie," he remarked gruffly. "Nevertheless, the police must be notified. Is Roger Carshill anywhere about?"

"He went to bed tight as usual," I rejoined. "I was just about to wake him. But he'll keep. Jack, I've got to talk to you before the police arrive . . ."

He let me take him a little way along the arcade and tell him what I had seen. "So you were out prowling, too, were you?" he remarked, mildly curious. "Policemen are material beings, Ned. I shouldn't start telling them ghost stories if I were you. . . ."

I glanced at him sharply, but his sightless orbs robbed his face of all expression.

"But, old man," I cried, "you don't understand. It's Antonia I'm thinking of. She threatened to shoot Sara Carshill, and, what's more, that French maid of Sara's heard her. . . ."

He frowned. "I didn't know this. Even so. . . ." He broke off. "Go and wake Carshill now and bring him to me. I must wait here for the doctor. . . ."

"Is there nothing we can do to shield Antonia?" I persisted.

"We shall clear Antonia, never fear!"

He spoke with so much assurance that I gazed at him, a dread suspicion clutching at my heart. His apartments were but a step from the arcade: he might well have conceived the plan of dressing up to frighten Sara out of her little dodge to confront Roger and Antonia with the accomplished fact. Had Jack fired the shot? Impossible. How could he, a blind man, have recognised her, seen to aim? Even when I remembered his detector and his boast that he could identify any footstep once heard, I could not believe that old Jack could have murdered a woman in cold blood.

ONE glance at Superintendent Smith of the Medford police, and I decided that Jack's advice was good. I told this heavy, plethoric person, therefore, merely that, writing late, I was disturbed by a noise in Tiffany's Walk, and, going down to investigate, was accidentally an eye-witness of the fatality. With regard to the direction from which the shot came, I was unable, in all honesty, to help him; but I apprehended from the drift of his questions that the bullet had struck Sara from behind, passing through the lung and lodging in the heart—the suggestion was that she had been

## Blind Guess

shot down from a distance of about 25 yards by someone who entered the arcade behind her. This cleared Jack; but it made things look blacker than ever for Antonia.

It was the evidence of Roger Carshill and Jeannette between them that first turned the Superintendent's mind towards Antonia. Carshill had seemed dazed when I awoke him with the news of the shooting, and remained in the same confused state when confronted with his wife's dead body. But the arrival of the police roused him from his stupor, and in hysterical tones he blurted out, in my presence, the whole story of his wife's love affair with Timmie.

Colonel Masser, the Chief Constable, arrived towards dawn. He was personally acquainted with Jack as a prominent resident of the county. When Carshill's statements were communicated to him, he at once sent for Antonia. The examination took place in the Long Gallery. She threw me a pathetic, hunted glance as she passed me at the door—poor child, I pitied her from my heart. The next I heard they were searching her room—for the gun, of course; and then Jeannette was fetched.

Soon after Timmie, white to the lips, came out. Jeannette had told her story. The gun that had killed Sara had not been found—and Antonia's pistol was unaccountably missing. It was a small Browning he had given her when they were motoring in France. Antonia was quite frank about it, Timmie said. She had come across it in a drawer a few days before and might have left it out—at any rate, it had disappeared.

I was brought in and asked to corroborate the maid's story. The first person I saw was Jack seated at the table with Colonel Masser and the Superintendent. Antonia, pale but composed, faced them in a chair, and Carshill, who kept mopping his face with his handkerchief, lounged on a settle.

It was no good lying about it. I made light of Antonia's remark, saying it was merely an outburst of childish temper. But I saw by the expression on Masser's hard face that his mind was made up. After questioning me closely for particulars of Antonia's appearance after I had reached Sara's dead body, he turned to Jack. "I'm sorry, Major," he said, "but I shall have to ask Mrs. Herron to accompany us back to Medford."

Timmie bounded forward. "You're not going to arrest her, surely?" he faltered.

"She will be detained on suspicion pending enquiries" was the dry rejoinder as the Chief Constable stood up.

Jack's arm went out groping and detained him. "One moment, Colonel. There's yet another eye-witness to be examined . . ."

"Oh, and who might that be?" Masser demanded.

"Myself . . ."

The Chief Constable cleared his throat and cocked an eye at the Superintendent. "An eye-witness, Major?" he said.

"If you'll defer action with regard to Mrs. Herron for a very few minutes," Jack offered delicately, "and will come down with me to the arcade, I'll show you what I mean." He rose to his feet. "Ned, are you there? Give me your arm. And, Carshill, I heard your voice just now. Be a good fellow and lead me on the other side. All these strange people confuse me! Are you there, Antonia? You come too!"

We entered Tiffany's Walk from the north wing and traversed its whole length as far as the bench in front of the south lobby, which was our host's favoured retreat. Guided by Carshill and me, Jack sat down.

"Last night," he said, "as often happens, I could not sleep. So I came out here and sat down on this bench, which, as everybody in the house knows, is my particular pitch. In this way, I happened to be here in the arcade when Mrs. Carshill was shot . . ."

"Of course, I'm not an eye-witness in the accepted sense," Jack proceeded, "but when a fellow can't see, his ears must serve him for eyes. And now for a little experiment to explain my meaning. Let anybody who is staying in the house go to the far end of the arcade and approach (Continued on page 110)

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me, and I'll guarantee to tell you, by the footstep, who it is!"

With a supercilious smile the Superintendent consulted the Chief Constable's face. But it was evident that Masser was impressed. Silently he signed to Carshill. But the latter shook his head sullenly. With an enquiring glance at Masser, Antonia proposed herself. But the Chief Constable's headshake negatived the suggestion, and he signed to me.

I began to see old Jack's game. He had dressed up to frighten Sara, and as he advanced along the gallery had heard the footstep of her murderer approaching from the other end and recognised it. But who could it be? Timmie? As the result of some bitter and dramatic lovers' quarrel?

Taut with suspense, I threaded the garden to the north wing and went in under the arcade. I walked briskly along it, striking with my heels, and when I reached Jack's detector you may be sure I made it ring. "It's Ned," Jack cried, when I was but a few yards from him.

But apparently Masser was not entirely satisfied. I saw him draw Carshill out of earshot and argue with him strenuously, with the result that, with obvious unwillingness, the latter slouched off across the garden towards the other end of the covered way. "Once more, Major, if you please," the Chief Constable commanded curtly.

Carshill's footsteps approached. My eye sought out Jack. He was leaning forward in his chair, his head canted forward and sideways, listening intently. Tense and erect, Antonia stood beside him, her hand resting protectively on his.

The sloppy footfalls came nearer. Clank—clank, went the detector. Jack's face was stony. But as Carshill rounded the angle of the gallery and halted sheepishly within a few paces of our little group, the man on the bench shot out an accusing finger and cried harshly "Carshill!" Then, moving his head from side to side, he said querulously, "Colonel, where are you?"

"Beside you, Major," said Masser.

"Take him," Jack rasped. "He's your man!"

There was an angry growl from Carshill. He recoiled a pace, casting suspicious glances about him. "What's this nonsense?" he snarled. "The fellow's off his chump!"

"Last night as I sat here," Jack declaimed, in a swift, triumphant voice, "I heard someone coming along the arcade. I knew it was a woman, by the lightness of her tread,

and that she was hurrying. Standing up and going forward, I discovered from her footstep that it was Sara Carshill. I suppose my unexpected appearance scared her, for she screamed. At the same instant my ear picked up another tread, heavier and stealthy, approaching along the gallery. As it drew nearer I identified it as her husband's. Then I heard the shot..."

"It's a lie!" roared Carshill. "I was asleep when it happened. Ask him!" He pointed at me.

"If you'll search his room, Colonel," Jack went on evenly, "I've no doubt you'll find the gun—the gun he took from Mrs. Herron's dressing-table..." He broke off and called out in alarm, "What's happening?"

A savage scuffle had broken out between Carshill and Timmie. While Jack was speaking, Carshill had suddenly sprung backward, brandishing a pistol. Without hesitation Timmie leapt at his throat, bearing him to the ground. With a crash that awoke a thousand echoes under the vaulted roof the pistol went off. But the Superintendent had hurled his 200 pounds into the mêlée, and Carshill, sullen and enraged but unhurt, was overpowered.

Superintendent Smith held out his hand to Colonel Masser. The Browning looked very small in that immense palm. "Here you are, Colonel. With two cartridges missing from the magazine!"

"Why, it's my pistol!" Antonia shrieked.

"And the gun that killed Mrs. Carshill," Jack put in.

Carshill, slumped in a chair, was babbling out a lachrymose confession. Jeannette had told him of Antonia's threat: he had seen the gun in Antonia's room and abstracted it as a measure of precaution. He hadn't meant to kill his wife. He was drunk: he had only fired to frighten her. Twice before she had left him for other men.

They took him away on the first stage of his progress towards the five years' penal servitude he got at the assizes on the manslaughter charge.

THE house party broke up incontinently. Jack was in Medford with the police all day. But that evening we dined alone together before the fire in his study.

"Jack," said I, raising my glass, "I look towards you. You're a marvel!"

He laughed. "That rat," he pronounced deliberately, "always gave me a bad feel!"

"There's one thing I don't understand," I

## Blind Guess

put in. "You told the police you identified Carshill by his footstep when he followed Sara into the arcade. But when he shot at her he can't have been within 20 yards of your detector, as you call it. How did you spot him, then?"

Jack chuckled. "Pure bluff, old boy!"

"Bluff? Then that experiment in the gallery..."

"Fake. Not with you—I'd know your elephantine tramp anywhere, and you sounded those bricks like a good 'un. But with Carshill. You see, he'd always steered clear of me, and I wouldn't have known his footstep from the Queen of Rumania's..."

"Then how did you work it?"

"Antonia. She morsed his name on the back of my hand. Yours, too, only with you it wasn't necessary. Antonia and I have been practising for ages. It saves all kinds of explanations in public. I got the idea from Edison and his wife, though Edison was deaf..."

"That's all right for the experiment. But how did you know it was Carshill who followed Sara into the gallery?"

"I didn't. It was a blind guess." He chortled. "'Blind guess' is good. You see, Sara and I were old acquaintances, though her name was Stella Young when I knew her in Egypt. She never dreamed that I, blind as I am, could possibly have known her again. But I'm pretty sure she recognised me; the way she kept her boy away from me proves that..."

"Then you'd met Carshill before, too?"

"Rather. The pair of them were playing the badger game—blackmail, you know—in Cairo, way back in '15. The Provost Marshal ran them out, and I was the A.P.M. that put them on their ship at Port Said..." He raised his head sharply. "Who's that outside in the arcade?"

I stepped to the window. "Two young idiots making a fresh start," I said.

As I turned back to the table I saw, hanging behind the door, a black domino, relic of some old masquerade, and with it a black silk handkerchief large enough to serve at a pinch as a veil. I glanced accusingly at Jack; but he had settled himself back in his chair, his clear-cut face illuminated by the look of inward peace that comes to a man whose day's work is done.

END

## When You Come Home (Continued from page 13)

wife. Trust a man with business of that sort? No!

Archer's mule, free of the saddle, dropped down and began to roll. When he got it up it kicked him on the knee. When the pain subsided, and he had mended the girth roughly, the shimmering deceitful landscape was clear of Dora. He gazed to the left towards the mission roof. What would the priest make of her if he were there? Or she of the priest? What fun!

THE shimmer of the heat made the world unreal. There was no one at all in the old trading post except Katy; and sleeping on her bed, mosquito nets down, Baby.

The white dress was the finest dress in the world.

Katy had an overall of thin musty sacking over the white dress, and her sleeves rolled up, for she was opening some of the canned goods from the store for the feast.

Then, looking up, Katy saw framed in the open doorway a very strange sight. She saw another woman for the first time in more than sixteen years.

"How d'you do?" said Dora. "Mrs. Ladley?"

"Yes."

"I've something important to say to you, Mrs. Ladley, and I'm sure I feel for you as one woman for another." Now Dora walked in and stood close. "I know all about it, my dear. All, I assure you. Now your husband and I are crazy about each other. I'm not ashamed of my love. And I'll have

you know that neither you nor anyone else can stand between us. Archer's willing to do the right thing by you, and I'm the last girl in the world..."

Then, though this was the only woman who had come here for sixteen years; though, in the long-lost days before that, the only kind of woman she knew had been sweet and prim as herself, Katy knew this blond as not one woman, but as all the women, who had soiled her love and Archer's. As she stood at the kitchen table, looking only at Dora's throat above the open-necked blouse, her hands were down fumbling in the drawer. They closed on the sharp butcher-knife.

"... last girl in the world not to wanta see justice done," the blond was still saying when a hand caught that throat, squeezing the voice from it, and the knife went down deep. The blood spouted up as Dora sank down.

For one moment Katy stood over her, wiping the knife quite clean on her sacking apron. And then she began to shiver. Then she stooped, and, lifting Dora under the armpits, she dragged her into the lean-to scullery that opened off the room. She thrust her inside, practically under the chicken that hung grotesquely above. Then, locking the door, she dropped the key mechanically into the blue jar on the mantelpiece where they had always kept that key, when it was not in the door, for nearly seventeen years.

Then she saw the blood on her hands and

forearms; on the apron; and she whipped off the apron and mopped up with it the wetness on the floor; rubbing, rubbing at the dark floor. Something ran out of her grey hair over her brown forehead—blood, where it had splashed. She ran on silent feet through the store to her slip of room, where there was a pail of water. Her grey hair on her forehead was dyed deep.

As Archer rode up, the doors of store and hut were open and both empty. He dismounted and pulled his reins over the mule's head, but the beast did not stand. It sensed its companion, which had wandered round the corner of the building into a patch of shade and sweet grass. Archer did not see the other mule, but went straight into the living-room which Katy, by all the standards of the wilds, had made strangely homelike.

To Archer the empty room spoke, "You are home." And he was home, the years fallen back, and that yellow-haired slut, waiting for him up at the mission, just—a yellow-haired slut. No more.

He stood wiping his hands, dusty and mucky, upon the seat of his breeches, and stared and wondered.

He tiptoed to a closed door—that was surely a slip boarded off from the main room; it hadn't been so in his time. He fingered the door so roughly joined together, and opened it, and looked in. He saw his frail little daughter, asleep. "God! that must be my girl!" She was a very sick girl. . . . Ah, well, thank God all the luck had come in time! He tiptoed (Continued on page 112)





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from the door and his heart was soft and gentle.

His quite womanish intuitions apprehended at once the scouring, the polishing; the wild flowers. But he was dirty; in this room so clean! The buckets of water fetched from the spring had always been kept in the cool lean-to beyond. The door was locked. He reached for the key in the blue jar with another smile for memories, unlocked the door and went in.

There lay the body of the woman who had surmised correctly in not trusting him with the dirty business they had come to do.

He went rigid, knowing in an instant what had been done and why.

Burial, instant and secret, somewhere way off in the forest where no eyes noted fresh-turned ground, and perhaps some old grizzly routing about for a meal . . .

He lifted Dora; all her beauty had gone. She was only terrible. He opened the outside door of the lean-to, and there were the mules browsing together in the rich grass. The body was warm, limp and pliant; he hoisted it across the back of the mule she had ridden, covering it with the two blankets, rolling them round, lashing them under the mule's belly. She was just baggage on a pack animal. The mules ate on greedily.

Then he went back, knowing that he must find and love Katy. On the way to the living-room he washed his hands—same tin dipper, same tin basin he remembered. As he scoured his hands he kept remembering Katy, and how, in times of pain and fear, she could bear anything if only she could be loved very much. Strange long memories—strange long thoughts out of the past!

*Oh! what had she done?*

Noiselessly he stepped into the living-room, put the key back in the blue jar. He made himself ready to present an unknowing face to her; then he heard a stumbling sound in the store and she came through in the white dress.

The white dress. He knew that too, instantly.

She stood the space of the room away from him, making signs for him to come no further. She thought: "He will have to know. But how? And what then?"

He saw her haggard brown face, her thin greyed hair; the fighting side of him rose to her need. Woman to protect; and that little daughter in there . . . His cruelties and appetites submerged. He thought: "When I have loved her a little, we must—we must—fix the thing together."

He obeyed her sign to keep still.

"That dress," he said softly, forcing his eyes to linger on it. "Little dove."

She had made no reply, he had not forced himself to think or say further, before they could hear, in the still air, the creak and jingle of saddlery and bits. From the depths of the forest, out to the clearing where the old trading post stood, had come, cantering, a sergeant and a trooper of the North West police. They rode up, drew rein at the open door. "Mrs. Ladley!" the sergeant, dismounted, was a smart, hard silhouette against the sunshine, in the doorway.

The sergeant saw Katy, that little brown rock of a woman that every trapper and every trader and every policeman respected: "How d'you do, Mrs. Ladley?" But his hawk eyes flew from her to the stranger.

"Good-day, sergeant," Archer nodded.

"Good-day!" said Katy, and swayed forward.

"No, Mrs. Ladley, don't put yourself about, we shan't ask for refreshment. We've just stopped by to ask you if you've seen Red Desmond in these parts lately."

"I have not, sergeant."

"Well, ma'am, he's running crazy, and he's shot up the post out beyond Swan Lake, and if he passes your way"—all the time the sergeant's eyes travelled over Archer—"why, you want good padlocks on this place."

"We have them, sergeant."

"That lad of yours at home?"

"He's gone to meet the steamer, sergeant."

"Then I'll just look round, ma'am, and make sure you're O.K. And keep your gun loaded."

The sergeant gave a quick look about him, and moved to the door of the lean-to. "I never seen you in these parts before," he said, as he passed Archer.

"That's so, sergeant."

The trooper stood holding the horses out in the sunshine.

Why didn't she scream, faint, die, as she saw the sergeant's hand discover the door was locked? Because she was looking into her husband's eyes. And they commanded; they reassured; they held her.

"Key's in the blue jar, sergeant," said Archer.

"I know that, stranger," the sergeant reached up for the key, "but how d'you know?"

"I got it out to wash my hands just now."

The sergeant's back was turned, he was going in. Katy felt herself to be drowning in her husband's eyes. The command, the strength, the reassurance that she, lone woman, had longed for, blazed there.

*But Archer had washed his hands.*

"Hello!" the sergeant exclaimed, but lightly.

*Had it come?*

She heard the sergeant laugh. "That blood on the floor—killed your old rooster, eh? Well, I'll have a shake at the other door. If you haven't mended it since I was here last . . ."

His voice ceased, then came again:

"Whose mules?"

"Mine," Archer called back. And he knew that he dared not move, dared not take his eyes from Katy.

An infinity of silence lasted only seconds. The sergeant was outside, as a matter of routine, casting a cursory eye over the mules. His look stayed on that pack animal. He laid a hand on Dora's body and knew it instantly for what it was. He ripped aside the blanket. A whistle—they both heard it—brought his trooper round.

Under the imperative command of Archer's eyes Katy was beginning to do something; anything. To set out food.

The sergeant strode back, and looked at Archer.

"Name?"

"Jack Robinson."

Every nerve in her body listened as she stood back now, against the dresser, staring blindly at Archer's face.

"Where from?"

"Last place, Edmonton."

"Domiciled?"

"Nowhere."

"Who's that on your pack animal?"

"A woman."

"Name?"

A shrug.

"Travelling with you?"

"Yes."

"Who killed her?"

"I did."

"Where?"

A jerk of the head, indicative. "Up on the bluff there."

"Why?"

"Quarrel."

"Where's the knife?"

"I left it."

"What did you come here for?"

"Pick up some food and wash my hands. They were bloody. That's how I knew where the key was kept. The lady said: 'The key's in the blue jar.'"

Now the sergeant turned to Katy. He spoke gently:

"Did you notice his hands, ma'am?"

Archer's eyes directed her.

"No, sergeant."

"All right, ma'am. Thank you. We'll take this customer off you rightaway. Never seen him before, I take it?"

The sergeant looked at her, at her face weathered into its seeming impassivity, but he did not look suspiciously, for she was Katy, the good woman of the wilds. Archer's eyes continued to direct her to the horrific betrayal.

She turned from him towards the sergeant. "No, sergeant; never."

The sergeant was surprised that the man Robinson made no attempt to evade the handcuffs now clapped over his wrists.

## When You Come Home

Katy was beyond thought; she was even beyond suffering as she stood impassive, a can of beef in her hands; but the words Archer was speaking broke through to her.

"When I came in five minutes back, sergeant, I wanted a wash and meal off this lady, but now there's only one thing I want of her, and that's a little talk that you don't listen in on. It's the last time I'll ever speak to a kind good woman on this earth."

"Let him talk, sergeant," said Katy. "You stand outside that door."

Because the order of a woman like Katy is readily obeyed by men in the North-West, the sergeant nodded, and backed to the door.

Archer sat down heavily at the table, facing the door. Katy sat down stolidly in the chair opposite him, with her back to the policeman. Only Archer could see her face.

To women, Archer had been cold and hot, cruel and gallant.

"My darling," he whispered. She did not move in her chair, and only he could see her face, "have I ever told you that your eyes are blue? Have I ever told you that you're the loveliest woman in the world? And see, Katy, I came back to you. See, my dear, now I will be always yours. I would love to take you in my arms and I would love to put my head on your breast once more."

"Now, listen," he said, as the policeman shifted in the doorway, "we have a sick little girl, you and I; little girl who needs her mother. Be strong, my dear, be strong. Obey me, Katy. Give me one of the grandest feelings a man can have—the feeling the finest girl in the world is willing to obey him. Makes him feel a fellow! When I'm gone, you're to pack up. Get the steamer back to Edmonton. Write to Clowes and Clowes, solicitors, of Montreal, Canadian agents for my family's solicitors. They'll help you with it all. Take the children home. Home, Katy, Home. Listen: in due time my death will be presumed. The boy'll be Lord Rosemount. Got your marriage lines; got all my papers, haven't you, dear? Don't answer. Look. Got their birth certificates? Look at me. All's well. Thank God I haven't any identification on me at all."

"Don't ever tell the children," whispered Archer, "don't weaken. My gallant little woman!"

He rose from the table.

"Thank you for hearing me my last prayers, ma'am," he said realistically.

As he walked towards the door, she got up and leaned against the table, looking after him. "God bless you," she answered vaguely.

"Sergeant," said Archer, "I've a wad on me I'm not likely to want any more. I wish to leave it to this lady."

He held up his shackled hands, and the policeman found the roll of notes and thrust it on the dresser just inside the door. "You could do worse," said he. "So long, ma'am."

"So long," she said vaguely.

She sat at the table, unmoving, and the day cooled and the light softened. Deep, deep silence. And into this silence came the sound of dogs panting, and a young voice addressing them—Boy's. The loaded sled, on its makeshift summer wheelbase, was at the door. Out of her room, refreshed, and free from pain, came Baby with a shawl over her nightgown.

"Why, Boy, you've been smart!"

"Yeah . . ."

"Don't say 'yeah,' say 'yes,'" said Katy.

"Oh! gorbliney!" He shook impatience from him. "Yes, then, yes. I didn't stay for anything this trip. I'll say I'm hungry. That table looks like something good, and why's this room all dressed up? Flowers. Pretty, Baby, eh, pretty? You'd think Mum was actually expecting Dad."

The boy laughed; the girl joined in.

Katy was on her feet in a moment, in the white dress, a woman crazy with pride; alight and worshipping. "Don't let me hear a word from either of you, ever, against him! Don't you dare sneer! Your father—your father—WAS—a wonderful man! A wonderful man!"

END



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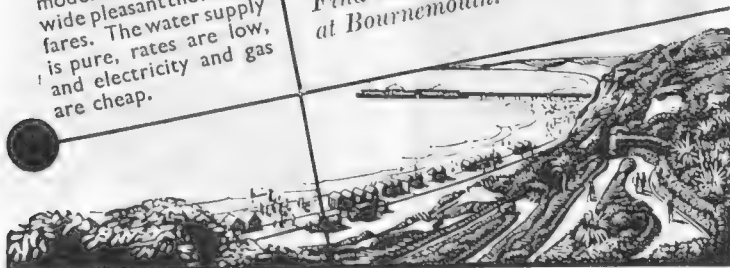
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**Literature Competition.**—A Lyric. Prize 10s. Awarded to Gwendoline Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903. Hon. Mention: Mary L. C. Roberts, G.C.S. 5603; M. R. Agar-O'Connell, G.C.S. 5916; G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784.

**Needlework Competition.**—Anything in Colour. Prize 10s. Awarded to Sybil Stallibrass, G.C.S. 5783. Hon. Mention: Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905; Marjorie Webb, G.C.S. 4578.

### Members' Circle

**Art Competition.**—Design for a Calendar or Christmas Card. Prize 10s. Awarded to Ursula A. C. Moss, M.C.S. 3080. Hon. Mention: Joan Hunton, M.C.S. 2930; Jessie Winwood, M.C.S. 3348; Patricia Hepburn, M.C.S. 3261.

**Literature Competition.**—Short Story entitled "Better To Have Sold It." Prize 10s. Awarded to Clare Ackroyd, M.C.S. 3340. Hon. Mention: Olive Dockree, M.C.S. 3366; Joan Colyer, M.C.S. 2889; John Hayne-Edwards, M.C.S. 3388.

### Associates' Circle

**Art Competition.**—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 5s. Divided by Joan M. Gibling, A.C.S. 1536, and Michaela Danckwerts, A.C.S. 1441. Hon. Mention: Irene Smith, A.C.S. 1529; Veronica Price-Harris, A.C.S. 1281.

**Literature Competition.**—A Lyric. Prize 5s. Awarded to Marit Guinness, A.C.S. 1530. Hon. Mention: Ursula Scott-Morris, A.C.S. 1275; Beryl White, A.C.S. 1206.

Award of Prizes, December 1st

### Graduates' Circle

**Art Competition.**—A Portrait Sketch. Prize 10s. Awarded to Dahlia Anson, G.C.S. 5806. Hon. Mention: I. McClure, G.C.S. 5879.

**Literature Competition.**—A Short Story. Prize 10s. Awarded to Olwen Lawton, G.C.S. 5392. Hon. Mention: Iris Loring, G.C.S. 5941; May McCoy, G.C.S. 5940; Gladys M. Cumpste, G.C.S. 4573; Jane Castle, G.C.S. 5902; Betty Crowther, G.C.S. 5831.

**Needlework Competition.**—Prize 10s. Divided by G. M. Kaye, G.C.S. 5784 and Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905. Hon. Mention: Amy G. Haydon, G.C.S. 4316.

### Members' Circle

**Art Competition.**—Do-As-You-Like. Prize 10s. Awarded to Isobel Jackson, M.C.S. 3191. Hon. Mention: Betty Weir, M.C.S. 3242; W. Wilson, M.C.S. 2147.

**Literature Competition.**—"What I Enjoy Most in Winter." Prize 10s. Divided between Jean Fletcher, M.C.S. 3319, and Margaret Barrett, M.C.S. 3295. Hon. Mention: Olive Dockree, M.C.S. 3366.

### Associates' Circle

**Art Competition.**—A Still Life Study. Prize 5s. Awarded to Stephanie Weir, A.C.S. 1517. Hon. Mention: Evangeline Weir, A.C.S. 1516; B. Barker, A.C.S. 1470; Joan Gibling, A.C.S. 1536.

**Literature Competition.**—Quotation Suitable for a Christmas Card. Prize 5s. Awarded to Patricia Baldwin, A.C.S. 1524. Hon. Mention: Evangeline Weir, A.C.S. 1516.

### Snapshot Competition.

First Prize, 10s. Awarded to S. C. MacLeod, G.C.S. 5855. Second Prize, 5s. Pat Stanley Low, M.C.S. 3389. Hon. Mention: Olwen Lawton, G.C.S. 5392; G. Bertelsman, G.C.S. 5903; Yvonne Earle, G.C.S. 5905; Jean Fletcher, M.C.S. 3319; Winifred White, G.C.S. 5611.

## FUTURE COMPETITIONS

(February—March)

### Graduates' Circle (over 20)

**Art Competitions.**—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. Study of Flowers in a Vase. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. Do-As-You-Like. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. A Design for a Poster advertising Cigarettes.

**Literature Competitions.**—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. A Paper on Any Topical Subject. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. Review a Recent Book. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

**Needlework Competitions.**—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. Anything Embroidered. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. Do-As-You-Like in Wool. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. Anything in Colours.

### Members' Circle (over 15)

**Art Competitions.**—Prizes 10s. No. I.

Patrons:  
H.R.H. The Princess Royal,  
H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, etc.

CORRESPONDENCE  
AND CRITICISMS  
(November 16)

**Betty Weir.**—The gay scheme is appropriate, but the forms of the flower masses are not sufficiently characteristic and are out of scale. This just spoils an otherwise interesting decoration.

**Margaret Barrett.**—Very well composed. The snow scene might be a bit more explicit and the lettering, which is well drawn, rather better placed. It could stand being dropped a quarter of an inch.

**Peter Recaladin.**—Look at some good pencil work and study it carefully. Also strengthen your knowledge of anatomy. You seize character accurately, but your technique wants smartening.

**Margery Hall.**—The title is an apt description, but actually no story must be a "patch-work." That is exactly what must be avoided. You should do good work if you discipline yourself.

**Marit Guinness.**—This has a fine opening line. The rest scarcely lives up to it, but all through there are signs of a promising talent. Criticise your work severely for yourself and compete regularly.

**Joan Colyer.**—The lettering is a bit lacking in emphasis, otherwise this card is well designed, the reticence of the scheme arresting the attention in exactly the right manner. The story begins well, but is too drawn out for the thin plot. All the detail and characterisation, however, are above the average.

**Doris Seth-Smith.**—A quaint conceit put together with your usual facile touch, but since the agony is somewhat prolonged a better climax should be offered the reader in the last verse.

**Clare Ackroyd.**—Neatly handled. Within its limits one of the best things you have done. Avoid using such a cliché as "ran him to earth" twice within so short a space.

**Norman F. Bunker.**—A bit obscure. It has character, of course, and is not without beauty, but the argument isn't as convincing as it should be.

**Mary L. C. Roberts.**—The first verse must make the reader surer of your meaning. There is some lovely work in the other two and a striking quality.

**Ursula Scott-Morris.**—It is a good exercise to get things down quickly, occasionally, but careful editing is generally required later. The syntax, for instance, in lines one and two of the third verse needs a little attention. So glad you feel a new interest. Keep it up!

**I. B. McClure.**—Charting in breadth, repose and colour, but slightly of background quality, needing a bit more kick, without hurting its quality. Very sincere work.

**Gwendolen E. M. Moss.**—The smaller book needs sharpening to hold position and the shadow is rather inky and dense. So far the flowers dominate too much for breadth. A good fresh subject.

**Yvonne Earle.**—Very sweet colour; rather inclined to curve and roundness in drawing and over gentle handling. Well penetrated shadow colour, the least bit laborious in method. I congratulate you on the lovely needlework entry. It is a charming set most neatly made in all respects.

**Zenobia Forster-Brown.**—A pleasant little study needing sharpening and force. Put beside the model to see what is needed to give balance and projection.

**V. Horn.**—The texture, whilst it gives atmosphere and breadth, makes sharpness difficult. A bit prismatic, but so good that a less tricky surface would do you more justice.

**Marjorie Naylor.**—A very difficult subject in which the reflections should have been the chief beauty. Pierced lights distance and sky well suggested.

**May W. Harrison.**—Clever semi-decorative tempera study, but force and simplification have a charm which fades with familiarity. Very expert handling.

**Virginia Forster-Brown.**—Well composed, spirited and artistic in feeling, but a bit quaint in drawing. Excellent promise in daring of action and line.

**J. Waterhouse.**—Your lino cut does not do you justice, though its simplicity and mediæval feeling are good. You will soon improve upon the over rounded drawing.

**Ursula A. C. Moss.**—A good idea with a lot of care and knowledge in it. More light and dark relief against a simplified background and less reliance upon flat colour would help. Still, interesting work.

**Joan M. Gibling.**—A very clever little scene well put together and full of quiet character. A bit soft all over, but remarkably good.

**Michaela Danckwerts.**—An extremely fresh and clever bit of style, delightful in colour and character, but hurt by the want of foot room. Work of remarkable quality.

**Irene Smith.**—There is excellent drawing and type character in your horse in the wind, though with so low a horizon you would get rather less top side. Good, promising work.

**V. Price-Harris.**—A remarkable landscape at your age. Sky and distance especially good. Charming colour throughout. The foreground bridge would be better omitted. Most promising.

**Pamela Childre-Freeman.**—A charming fantasy, but needing much more considered and careful treatment. This is only a skeleton, as it were. You can, I am sure, greatly improve it by working at it again. Correct typing mistakes in spelling before dispatching manuscripts for competition. (Continued on page 116)

Conducted by "LEVANA"

Closing date, February 15th. A Portrait Study. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. A Study of Spring Flowers. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. An illustration to a Well-known Poem.

**Literature Competitions.**—Prizes 10s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. A Letter Announcing Some Good News. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. A Paper on The Spring Landscape. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. A Short Story.

**Needlework Competition.**—Prize 10s. Closing date, March 15th. Do-As-You-Like.

### Associates' Circle (under 15)

**Art Competitions.**—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. Anything Taken From BRITANNIA AND EVE and Coloured. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. A Still Life Study. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. A Design for a Book Jacket.

**Literature Competitions.**—Prizes 5s. No. I. Closing date, February 15th. Do-As-You-Like. No. II. Closing date, March 1st. A Short Story. No. III. Closing date, March 15th. A Letter Asking a Friend To Come To Stay With You.

**Needlework Competition.**—Prize 5s. Closing date, March 15. Anything in Wool.

**Open to All: Age taken specially into Account**

**Snapshot Competition.**—First Prize, 10s. Second Prize, 5s. Closing date, March 1st. Subject left to Competitor.

## Competition Rules.

1. The name and number of competitor must be written on all Art, Literature and Snapshot entries, and firmly attached in the case of those of Needlework and Handicraft.
2. The work submitted must be the unaided effort of the competitor.
3. No professionals may compete, and all work must be original unless the competition specifies otherwise.
4. Art and Handicraft entries will be returned if required, provided labels and postage are sent. Except where specially requested, Needlework entries are retained by the Salon for sale on behalf of the Cots Endowment Fund.
5. Prizes must be applied for.
6. Competitions and Correspondence must be addressed to "Levana," The Children's Salon, 345, Strand, W.C.2.

## NEWS OF THE MONTH

DON'T FORGET the Annual Competitions are to be held at the Hyde Park Hotel, 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., on February 4th. Everyone in or near London should try to come.

We are most grateful to those who have supported the Pantomime Fund in spite of the depression, the Income Tax assessor and the heavy calls of Christmas. The second list of subscribers is as follows:—

Penelope Sheffield, Joan Colyer, Zenobia Forster-Brown, Doreen and Paul Mann, F. Joan Peters, Catherine Baldwin, M. B. Orsman, Elspeth Duxbury, Peggy Berkeley, Olive Dockree, Douglas Burton, Helen M. Lillie, Sheila Apted, Dora Malfatti, Betty Gardner, Joyce Shipway, Marjorie Blareau, Sylvia Roberts, Jean C. H. Crawford, Jean G. Dewar, Mary Roberts, Olive Dwyer, Madge Turnbull, Barbara Stallibrass, Anne and Penelope Burra, Florence M. Fairbrother, Stella Welchman, Joan Le Feuvre, Sybil Amiel.

(A further list will be published next month.)



Two unusual snapshots: (L.) Olwen Lawton's camera gets London very successfully by night and (R.) Pat Low's Munich by day

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Britannia & Eve for February, 1933



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**Jean Weir.**—A vigorous sketch, but needing better appreciation of facts. Take some simple object and endeavour to make an exact copy of it. This will help you forward better than sketching from imagination.

**Oliver Dwyer.**—Avoid the over-worked phrases of current, quickly written fiction and write as far as possible from first-hand experience. You will do good work if you are able to take this advice.

**John Hayne-Edwards.**—The end is neatly done, but some of the detail, particularly in the beginning, needs overhauling. Don't rely too much on other people's experiences. Find out things for yourself and write as far as possible from your own point of view.

**Stephanie Weir.**—Not a bad impression of these very difficult flowers, but another time analyse them as masses of light and shade, in the first place, to get at real truth.

**Iris Loring.**—This is pretty to the ear, but on a closer investigation some of its first charm goes, because one does not feel that the conditions described could support the statement in the last line of all.

**Mary J. Clack.**—Avoid clumsy sounds such as that produced by "not what" in line six. The poem is interesting in matter, but is rather rough from the technical standpoint.

**Audrey Tresidder-Wills.**—Had you carefully analysed one of these flowers first before attempting the group you would have dashed them in just as effectively but with a bigger grip on their character and construction. Very pleasant truthful colour. The poem has a fine title, but the verse itself is of much narrower scope.

**Florence McCoy.**—Not a very attractive metre, but what you say is good. In a short poem of this type, however, the last verse should have a more epigrammatic character.

**M. R. Agar-O'Connell.**—I find the title odd, but the verses themselves have some charming passages and the whole effect is very good. I hope that you will be able to compete regularly.

**Irene McCoy.**—Good versification and fresh and original in idea, but what is said seems occasionally too much governed by the necessity to find an apt rhyme. That should never be apparent, naturally.

**Amy G. Haydon.**—Dainty in colouring and stitchery, but I feel that an item of this size is better (for the purposes of a competition) hand made even if along simpler lines in consequence.

**Zenobia Forster-Brown.**—In feeling your work is always interesting and sincere, but you must be stricter with yourself to see that the words chosen convey exacter meanings. This applies here to the last line in verse two and the two final lines.

**Oliver Dockree.**—You are making big strides but allow your work to be spoilt by small errors (sometimes of taste) easily rectified. For instance, avoid such fashion journalese as "matching velvet coatee," a description totally out of place in a story. The card is charmingly designed but a little weak in technique. Better lettering, particularly, is necessary.

**Marjorie Webb.**—The doyleys are, as ever, beautifully made, but a set more alike would be more useful. These are too odd to use together.

**Joan Wyatt.**—Very neat in rhythm and dainty in conception. I think "stately" is a little too extravagant; "composed" might be better, or a word of similar meaning.

**Gwendoline Dewsbury.**—A simpler colour scheme would suit most people better—a point to bear in mind; and make sure you have selected a good shape before setting to work. This errs a little in both these directions.

**Joan Huntton.**—A most successful little design. Of its type it could scarcely be more satisfactory. Drawing and colour are alike first rate.

**Arnold Parkin.**—I didn't quite get the significance of the last sentence, but that may be my own fault. Very well done. You have improved enormously this last year or so.

**Brenda Milligan.**—First-rate technique, but the sophisticated damsel seems a little out of place for this particular season, associated so immemorially with a different outlook.

**Sybil Stallibrass.**—A delightful little effort; you excel in dainty items of this type and they are very much appreciated as gifts for our sale.

**G. M. Kaye.**—This needs some careful attention; if you can give it in the right places it should be a first-rate little effort. It has all the charm of originality and spontaneous expression. I found it rather difficult to read.

**Seymour Harris.**—Quaint and ingenious, too. The New Year's greeting should have been similar in character of the lettering to the Christmas one, but in other respects this is very well carried out.

**Beryl White.**—Delighted to see you competing again. The first verse is much the best; the others are pretty, but their ideas are not so happy in sequence or construction. "Thou" and "you" cannot be used together. Send in again soon.

**Penelope Burra.**—Charmingly sensitive in form and colour. The weak item is the dish which doubtless did not explain itself very easily, seen from this angle.

**Gwendoline Bertelsman.**—The artistic side can well look after itself in your case. Such technical exercises must be of the greatest benefit. This marks a distinct advance. All good luck to you.

**Gladys M. Cumpstey.**—The last line but one begins a fitting finish, but I do not think the final line is quite satisfactory. The idea in it is too suddenly introduced.

**Marjorie Dennis.**—Rather stiff in design, but in all other respects beautifully carried out. The space left for the calendar itself would be better another half-inch lower, instead of being so immediately below the damsel's feet.

**Dora M. Daniels.**—The form of this is rather more interesting than the matter, but a very little would rectify this. It is easy to let a hackneyed thought or expression save us from hard thinking, but the tendency must be checked!

**Violet Dennis.**—Excellent balance of black and white, but hair and drapery need reference to these items to get at actual facts of form and line. Their study will reveal some fascinating modelling.

**Anne Burra.**—One of the best entries you have submitted so far. The lettering, however, would have been better placed along the top in a larger type and the calendar suspended below.

**May McCoy.**—A better second line to the last verse should be sought for; it is too clumsy for the rest of this graceful effort, which has character and charm.

**Rena Recalain.**—You have caught the Japanese spirit very well in the treatment of the tree and the maiden, but the flowers, etc., in the foreground are in another style altogether. Experiment by all means, but strive for a consistent outlook in a single piece of work.

**Virginia Forster-Brown.**—This idea might work out very successfully indeed, but is here underdeveloped and not treated in a sufficiently subtle fashion. Keep it by you; you may be able to do something with it later.

**Patricia Hepburn.**—Cleverly designed and remarkably well handled. The silhouette of the boy lacks subtle drawing and is anatomically weak, but a very little would put this right.

**Jessie Winwood.**—The main lines of the design are very pleasing, but too much small detail has destroyed



An eddy and a reflection—submitted by Pamela Searight for a recent competition

## Our Literary Competition Circle

COMPETITIONS, principally of a literary character, are set monthly in this page. The Competition Circle is an offshoot of the Children's Salon, and has been formed primarily to enable those members of the Salon whose amateur status has been lost by acceptance of their work professionally to continue to enter for competitions of this type.

These competitions are open to anyone outside the Salon, of either sex, who cares to join the Competition Circle, membership of which is secured on the payment of 1s. annually (to be sent with first entry), which will go to the Hospital Cots Fund of the Salon. All entries should be addressed to LEVANA, The Competition Circle, "BRITANNIA & EVE," 346, Strand, W.C.2.

### RULES.

1. The Competition Coupons herewith must be attached to entries, members being allowed to enter for all the competitions, if they please, with the one coupon.

2. A pseudonym can be used, but members' names and addresses must be written on each separate entry.

### HUNDRED & FORTY-EIGHTH SERIES

#### Literary Competition Circle COUPON—February 14

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best triolet concerning a golf widow.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia & Eve" not later than first post February 14th.

### HUNDRED & FORTY-NINTH SERIES

#### Literary Competition Circle COUPON—February 28

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best short verse introducing the two

## The Children's Salon—(continued)

repose. A simpler background would greatly help this sound scheme and pleasing big effect.

**Annie M. Waters.**—The imagery is rich and it sounds very good, but a close analysis reveals some extravagance—"white" flames, for instance, in the third verse and "eddy" sight a little farther on.

(December 1)

**Marjorie Naylor.**—Direct work, rather hard and monochromatic. Cooler lights and warmer reflexes and brushing across contours with big brushes will help. Work promises well.

**Yvonne Earle.**—Your heightened chalk drawing has very good qualities, but loses by the crumbled touch on rough ground; the modelling of shadow side suffers most. Otherwise excellent. As for the needlework entry, it is charming, and the whole set is much appreciated.

**Gwendolen E. M. Moss.**—Too carved quality in hair and nose a bit knife-edged, but, on the whole, a clever and artistic pencilling.

**May W. Harrison.**—Strong but rather monotonous in colour. Even sunburnt skin reflects daylight with more difference between direct and reflected light. The background rather emphasises the prevailing tone and the modelling is a bit abrupt.

**Dahlia Anson.**—The hair is rather wig-like and the mouth over-emphasised, but this is a very clever and delicate bit of pencil work.

**I. McClure.**—A very delightful pencil portrait, charmingly put in and, except for the downward lines of the neck which give a slightly haggard effect, thoroughly good and attractive.

**Zenobia Forster-Brown.**—Your "portrait" looks like a caricature of genius. I hope your sister appreciates its humour and the broad simplicity of technique.

**Ursula A. C. Moss.**—A few strong touches and masses would not only give masculinity to your figure but would also give the needed projection. Well composed, though one doubts the chain mail tights.

**Maud Schwabe.**—Spirited work. The falling horse and rider too small, and the gleaming lights should be modified. Rather exaggerated but interesting and promising work.

**Isobel Jackson.**—Remarkably artistic and beautiful sketches. The pencilling of the horse not so good as the brilliant buck and bison drawings, which are exceptionally good.

**W. Wilson.**—Very sound and expert penwork, but the retiring parallels are not quite consistent. Cleverly managed for reduced reproduction. The vertical treatment gives impressiveness.

**Penelope Burra.**—You would get a better result on smoother paper. Your mules are well drawn, though the foreshortening does not quite come off. Excellent on the whole.

**Joan Gibbling.**—The tint suits the vase well, but is less happy for the plate. A broad and effective study with well-managed lights. Distinctly clever work.

words "Britannia," "Eve," but not as the title of this paper.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the offices of "Britannia & Eve" not later than first post February 28th.

### Results of 142nd Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best lyric.

Awarded to "Una."

Hon. Mention: M. Scott Morris, Isabel M. Smart, "J. A. B.," G. Whitcombe, C. Campbell, "Phillippa," B. Richardson, Gertrude Pitt, "Caroline," "M. R. A.," K. F. Solloway, Alice de S. Georgano, M. Belben, M. W. Harrison, M. E. Young, Blanche Jones.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best completion of a limerick beginning "There was a young lady of fashion."

Awarded to B. Richardson.

Hon. Mention: Alice de S. Georgano, W. M. Offord, May W. Harrison, "Radio," Mary Hughes, "J. A. B.," "Phillippa," Victoria Tyrrell, F. Peel, J. A. Sage, Mary Mathew, Elizabeth Adams, J. H. G. Gibbs, "G. G."

### Results of 143rd Series

COMPETITION I.—A prize of one guinea for the best short poem.

Awarded to Isabel M. Smart.

Hon. Mention: Vera Staff, "M. R. A.," Irene Doxford, M. Scott Morris, Anne Kerr, M. W. Harrison, M. Asher, G. M. Hudson, M. Palmer, F. Peel, Marjorie Daniels, Sidney T. Shuttleworth, "Radio," V. A. Ralph, G. Phillpotts, W. M. Offord, May Belben, F. A. Edinborough, Mary Low, A. F. Hearder, M. R. Watson.

COMPETITION II.—A prize of half a guinea for the best short verse suitable for a Christmas card.

Awarded to D. Avril.

Hon. Mention: Mary Low, Alice de S. Georgano, Isabel Smart, "J. A. B.," Elizabeth G. Robins, Victoria Tyrrell M. Palmer, "G. G.," B. Paul, May Belben.



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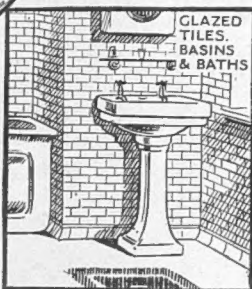
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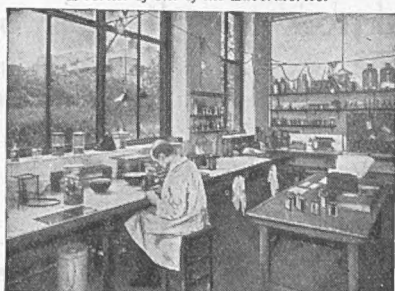
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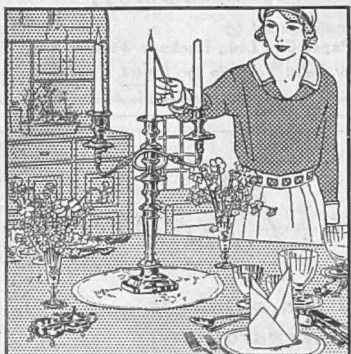


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